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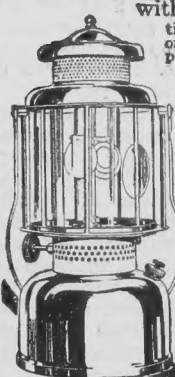
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXIII

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 4

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He has seventy
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—tomorrow there'll be another 70 million, and the next day, and the day after!

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Western Home Monthly Chat

By B. Dale

Cont'd from page 6

down thar. Want to make a wee written contract with me for ten dollars. Cost nothin' if no water found. No! Do tell! Perhaps you don't think I can find water. Yes! Do tell! Perhaps you are goin' to live here without a well. No! Do tell! Perhaps you are not comin' back soon! No! Do tell! Perhaps you beant never comin' back! No! Well, tarnation, why couldn't tell a feller so in the first place." And we heard him muttering all the way down to the boat and all the time he shoved her off, and all the way across the silent fiord.

Then we got into the tent and the much rattled and banged typewriter flies, or the note book and pencil are busy and Laddie raises his merry brown eyes to the great solemn ones of the guides and asks, "Won't you fellows ever go to bed. Another day coming right along to-morrow."

In closing I want to talk to the many cheerful correspondents which make the "correspondence column" such a bright part of the good old magazine. You want to be careful asking all us readers to write you and at times almost inviting us to see your beautiful farm homes, or you will have an old fellow like me packing up bag and faggage and jumping on the first C.P.R. train for the Western home. You have a glorious part of Canada to live in. I know it. I have lost my way in a blizzard in Brandon in early days. I have shot ducks in numbers near Moose Jaw. I have lived in Portgale, Calgary, Regina and the muddy old Winnipeg of '90. I have seen it 40 below in Fort MacLeod. Goodness knows what above in Medicine Hat. Nearly all Indians on the platform there in '90. I bought imitation buffalo horns from them, real cow horns those. Oh! the poor Indian and my new nice five dollar bill. Saw a pair sold for two dollars later. Even then the crops were attracting the attention of the world. Go on! Write some more of those letters, and you'll see me out there again in the land of No. 1 Hard and good fellowship.

About the Farm

By A. Campbell

Cont'd from page 33

during the spring. These periods may be guarded against by making sure that the bees have a few pounds in reserve, but if the periods of bad weather be long, feeding will have to be resorted to. From early spring onwards, a weekly inspection of the hives should be the rule.

SPRING PREPAREDNESS

In spite of what may have been done over winter, there are always a number of tasks to accomplish in the spring in the general rush to the land. In the stable, the harness should have a final inspection for the summer season's work and also receive a good oiling. The horses' feet should be in first-class order; this rule should be applied to their teeth as well.

By all means have the harness fit snugly to avoid soreness of shoulders and back. When our boots hurt us we soon investigate the cause, but the horse must depend on the intelligence of his driver to save him from unnecessary pain during the performance of his work. Especially in the spring season when horses are more or less soft, it is necessary to guard against the event of sores caused by harness. Loose hames, loose sweat pads, collars too large or too tight, and sweat pads with poor surfaces are unfair to the horses.

All machinery should be ready for instant use in the field and all axles have their share of grease. Sometimes the application of axle grease is not nearly as hard a task as the hunting up of the grease tin from the place where it was left the previous fall.

When Mrs. Siddons was acting in the "Grecian Daughter," her part was one night taken by an understudy. But the character of Isabella was a moving one, and an Irish lady present was almost hysterically affected by it.

"It is fortunate Mrs. Siddons is not acting to-night," said the gentleman beside her. "If this moves you so much, you would hardly be able to bear that at all."

"Mrs. Siddons not playing!" cried the weeping lady. "I thought she was. I never should have cried if I hadn't."

A Ruthenian Wedding Feast

By Sara G. Mosher

Cont'd from page 36

In a moment all is bustle, for Paraska is still wearing her maiden's wreath of artificial flowers, and this must be exchanged for the matron's hoostea before her husband and his kinsmen arrive. But the new white hoostea has been mislaid.

"Stupid one!" Paraska cried, shaking her sister Tatiana. "Did I not tell you to have the hoostea ready? Damian will beat you when he hears of this."

"That little man?" Tatiana laughed scornfully. "Let him try. When I marry, I shall at least choose a man who is able to beat me when he wishes to do so!"

"Saucy good-for-nothing!" Paraska raged. "You will indeed be lucky if you get a man at all, with that temper—though of course I shall do my best for you," she added, mollified by the sight of her mother coming with the missing head-kerchief.

Tatiana's retort was cut short by the arrival of the bridegroom's party. There is a mock fight, the bride's friends pretending to defend her from her captors. A volley is fired from some dozen rifles, and the bride's friends, pretending to be overpowered, fall back, and Paraska is carried out to the democrat waiting to take her to her father-in-law's house.

The wedding guests stay until late that night also, but the fun is not so furious now; three almost sleepless nights are beginning to tell. Shortly before dawn, having shaken hands with the last departing friend, Tofan and his family threw themselves on the sleeping benches for much needed repose.

"A fine wedding," Tofan said, as he tucked his sheepskin coat under his head in lieu of a pillow. "Now that Paraska is off our hands, time it is to think of somebody for our Tatiana."

But that damsel careless of her future fate, is already sound asleep on the mud floor.

In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

"We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields."

(This is quoted from the copy of manuscript in "Canadian Singers and Their Songs," where the word "grow" is written instead of "blow.")

Then there is Mrs. Jean Blewett, who writes the everyday kind of poetry, her verse puts us in touch with the highest of ideals. Her lessons are of self-denial and of the power of love to mould men and women. One of her poems, "Spring" won the prize of six hundred dollars, awarded by the Chicago Times-Herald several years ago.

Her poem, "For He was Scotch and so Was She," is an example of her sympathetic soul.

"They were a couple well content
With what they earned and what they spent,
Cared not a whit for style's decree,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"And oh, they loved to talk of Burns,
Dear blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!
They never wearied of his song,
He never sang a note too strong,
One little fault could neither see,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"They loved to read of men who stood
And gave for country life and blood,

Who held their faith so grand a thing
They scorned to yield it to a king,
Ah, proud of such they well might be,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"From neighbors' broils they kept away;
No liking for such things had they,
And oh, each had a canny mind,
And could be deaf, and dumb and blind
With words or pence was neither free,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"I would not have you think this pair,
Went on in weather always fair,
For well you know in married life,
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;
They couldn't always just agree,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"But near of heart they ever kept,
Until at close of life they slept;
Just this to say when all was past,
They loved each other to the last.
They're loving yet, in heaven, may be,
For he was Scotch and so was she."

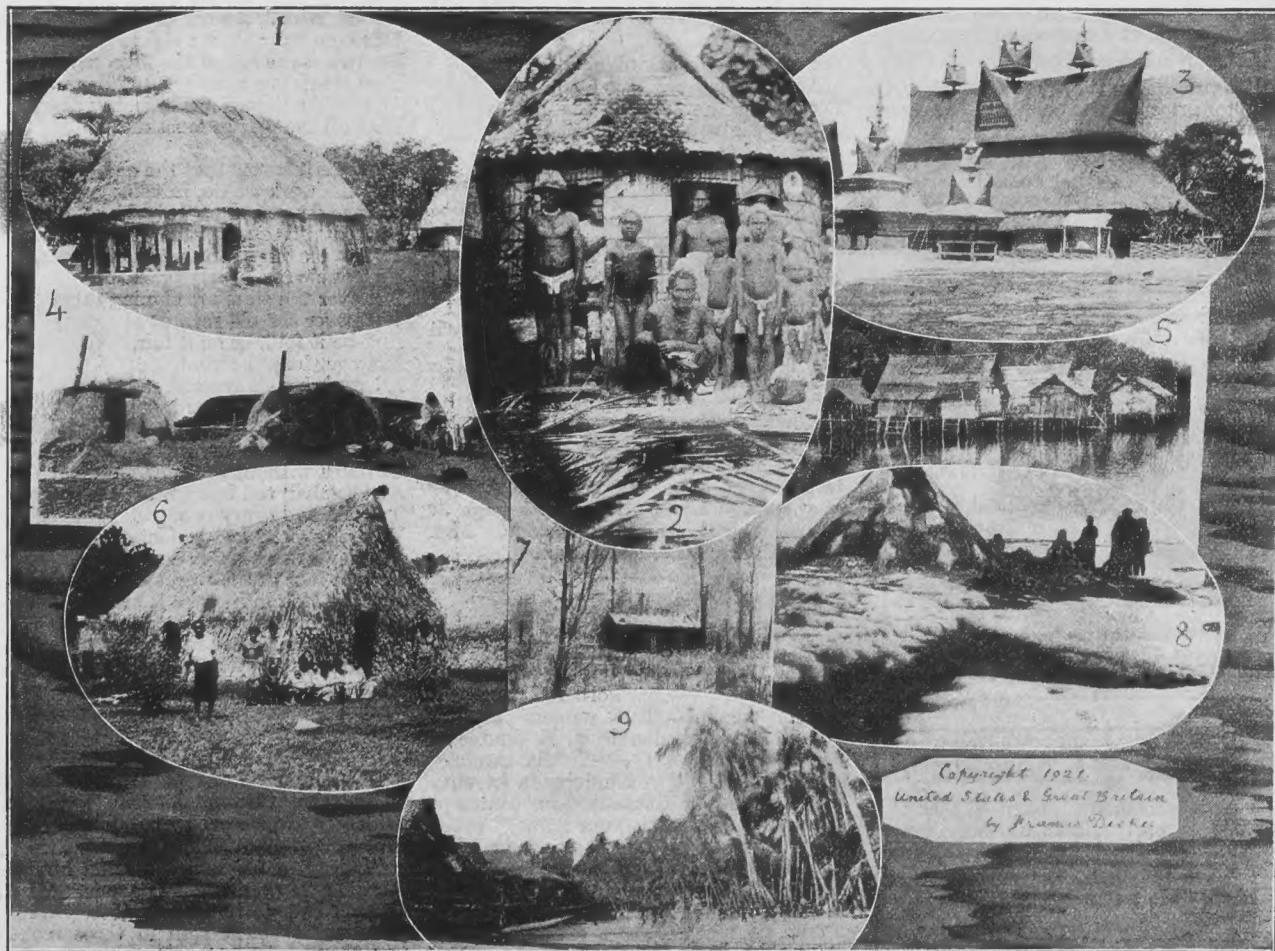
Next month I shall quote some gems from our Western Canadian poets. trust teachers will use more poems from Canadian poets in the schools. Patriotic poetry, songs of praise of Canadian scenery, nature beauty and love are all wonderfully expressed in language of music.

A teacher of several years' experience told me the other day that she knew very little Canadian poetry. A rich treat is in store for any one who determines to study and learn the poetry of Canadian men and women.

His Face

It would be difficult to find a more caustic comment than that in the following brief dialogue from the Passing Show:

"I 'spect they refused Jim 'cause 'o that growth at the back of 'is nose."
"No, 'e wouldn't. 'E calls it 'is fice."
"Growth?" 'E never mentioned no growth to me."



In these days of great house shortages in all the civilized countries of the world, and when rents are high, and even apartments hard to get at any price the average city dweller may well look with envy on the group of houses shown here, owned by people in lands where the landlord never troubles and rent days ne'er come round.

Photograph one—The last word in South Sea architecture, a Samoan Island home of poles and thatch. The walls work like theatre curtains and are dropped in bad weather.

Photograph two—Homes of savage Solomon Islanders; the interiors dark and

dirty. Human heads often adorn the interiors.

Photograph three—Ornate and beautiful house made by Battick natives of Sumatra.

Photograph four—Summer home of modern Eskimo in Northern Canada. The stovepipe is innovation borrowed from white man. The houses are of canvas, or seal skin, or caribou laid over bone or wood framework.

Photograph five—Houses of Malays built on piles out in shallows of sea. Fishing can be carried on from the front door and the sewerage problem is eliminated by ocean.

Photograph six—Fiji house in Mountainscool. Clean but dark. After using a little while these are deserted for new ones.

Photo seven—A trapper's cabin in Canadian wilderness.

Photo eight—Winter home Yellowknife Indians, Northern Canada. Made of caribou skins and poles. In foreground part of white is snow, part white foxes offered for sale.

Photo nine—New Guinea village. The houses built on piles high off ground requiring a ladder to enter.

(Photo collection from Francis Dickie)

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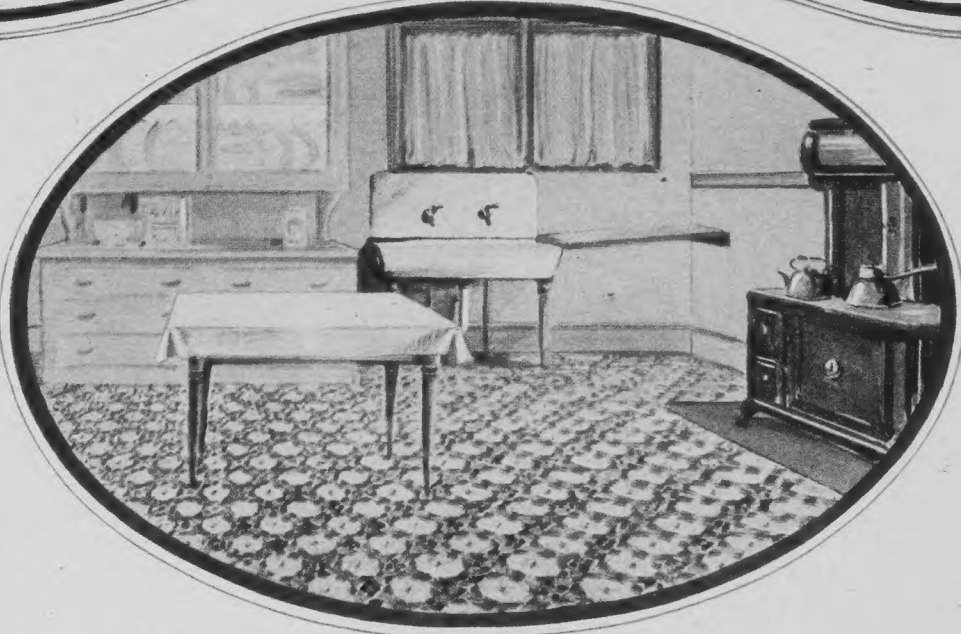
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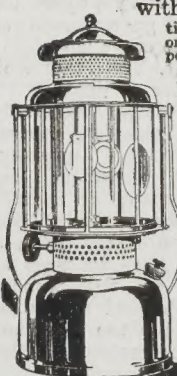
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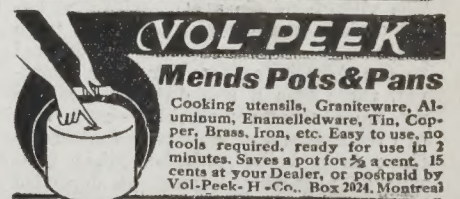
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The Case Against Moving Pictures

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

ONE of the faults of our age is our tendency to leave things alone, even though we know they are in a bad condition, until the crash comes. We may know that the pot is bubbling dangerously near the top, but we are all too busy to apply the dash of cold water, or, better still, move it back on the stove. So we let it boil over! And then we all rush in, declaring to each other that we saw it coming all the time, and now something has got to be done!

This is the way we advance. It is not wise, but it is human.

Well, the crash has come! The pot has boiled over, and the smell fills the house! People talk excitedly, on street cars, street corners, at public and private gatherings; of crime waves, juvenile offenders—of agencies of evil which are corrupting our youth—of the evil effect that pictures of crime are having on our boys, and of the lack of modesty shown in girls' dresses. The world is aroused on the question of moving pictures!

Some there are, who, in their wrath would close every picture house in the land, and throw the key in the garbage can. When they were young there were no such things, and they got along fine without them, going swimming in summer and sliding on the same pond in winter, further distinguishing the summer and winter season by stone bruises and chilblains respectively. Life was simple, sweet and serene!

These criticisms come from old and staid members of society, whose thrills days are over, and who now enjoy sitting in a heavily cushioned chair in their own homes, with a good strong cigar and the "Stock-Breeders' Gazette" in their hands. Their indignation against the movies reflects creditably on their country born love of decency, but their proposed method of dealing with it lacks imagination.

The moving picture industry has come to stay. It is the seventh largest industry in the world. Moving pictures are the night school of the people. In them the ethical mind of the people is being formed. Many people have not had the advantages of school, many more do not go to church, and it is to these that the moving picture makes a special appeal.

They may see a play they do not like, but they forget all about it when the comedy comes. Moving pictures are not subject to the same criticism as a real play, for when the real flesh and blood actor says or does things we don't like, we call her up at the hotel and tell her so; but these airy, filmy creatures of light and shadow, are no more responsible than a silver winged butterfly. They come and go unrepented.

No one appears to take any responsibility. If you go to the manager with a complaint, he throws up his hands with a gesture of despair, and tells you he can't help it. He thinks exactly as you do—only perhaps more deeply, and if you are not in too great a hurry he will tell you his other troubles just along the line you have spoken, and soon you will be sorry you have added another worry to an already overburdened man!

But most people believe they know where the trouble lies—it is with the censors! They are not faithful to the highest good—they are asleep at the switch, or else they are really people of vicious judgment. It is perfectly lovely to have some one to blame. That is one of the successful features of married life.

The censor is "in bad" all around. The picture people are especially scornful of him and his narrow, small town prejudices. In one picture presented to the Alberta censors for their approval, there was a scene where a mouse ran up a woman's stocking—at a cost of over a thousand dollars, for although there is a belief prevalent that mice will do this they cannot be depended on to do it without practice. The proprietor of the picture explained to the chief censor the great difficulty, in-

deed delicacy of the situation, and tried to enthrone him with admiration for the achievement. It was no use, the chief censor said it had to go. He said he was sorry they had gone to so much trouble over it; he said if he had only known what they were doing he could have saved them all the bother—but, even so, it must be cut! And it was.

And the great public—women especially—were denied the thrill prepared for them at such cost of time and money!

In this issue of the Pictorial Review there is an article on the movies by one who is said to be president of four picture companies, who bitterly complains that there is too much sex stuff in the movies, and after giving considerable publicity to one of the sex-appeal artists lays all the blame on the public. We are to blame for it all. The picture people are kindly indulgent folk, who obey our slightest wish. They know that sex stuff is not good. We must have it. They are ready to sacrifice their finer feelings and give it to us.

Incidentally, we gather from the gentleman's remarks that the censorship of pictures bores him very much. It hampers free art he says. Censorship does not understand the needs, the aspirations and the struggles of the new art; and in conclusion he begs everyone to just go and see for themselves. Be their own censors! Go and go often. Sure! Everybody welcome! Let the box-office tell the story.

That is, in brief, the picture producers' attitude. The one part of the business which to him has the greatest importance is the box-office. If it is doing well, he can afford to let the people howl. The more they howl the bigger a crowd will gather to see what the row is about!

This attitude on the part of the producer and exhibitor has been tolerated by the public until now, but recent events have turned the public to look for the causes of juvenile delinquency. Last summer at the mid-year examinations about fifty per cent of the students failed, and the teachers refuse to accept the blame. They say they can't teach children who are mentally jaded and enervated from frequent attendance at exciting picture shows. The teachers say it is impossible to get the interest of children whose minds are crowded full of gun-play, hold-ups, train robbers, sex intrigues, murders.

They are over stimulated, the teachers say, suffering from movie-intoxication. The judges of the juvenile court say that all the delinquent children who come before them are constant attenders of picture shows; their truancy from school has been to attend moving picture shows, particularly serials, which exert such a fascination over the young mind. Undoubtedly it is hard to leave Pearl White, or some other indestructible maiden hanging in mid-air, over the boiling cauldron, with the rope which holds her being slowly eaten by the acid which her father's ancient enemy has put upon it. It is hard to leave her there with her two lovely arms stretched out appealingly to her brave lover, who is shooting the bad men at the rate of ten a second.

It is hard to leave, and absolutely impossible to stay away, even if at the school a history lesson is on at the same time. The history lesson really has no chance with Miss White, and so truancy begins. If the money is not at hand, Miss White's admirer takes it from his mother's purse.

"Every child who comes to my court charged with juvenile offences is a movie fan and a cigarette user. Invariably the money they steal is used for these two purposes!" This is Judge Emily Murphy's statement.

From truancy and stealing the young offender passes on to graver crimes. Last summer two little girls in this city confessed to the judge that they obtained money immorally, so they could attend the picture show.

These little offenders would not find anything in the pictures to rebuke them either. They see the women of the

underworld, swathed in shimmering satin and sparkles, enjoying all the delights and comforts of life, with many lovers and no regrets; as they languidly puff at their cigarettes, holding them so daintily in their jewelled hands. The ladies who attend the picture show do not like to say anything. They know it is wrong, but go out when it is over without saying anything. People might think they are narrow-minded! So the little girls go merrily on!

And meanwhile the box-office is doing all right. So why should the picture people worry?

We need not wonder at the crop of juvenile offenders. We need not wonder that the homes for unfortunate girls are filled to overflowing. Immodest clothes, evil suggestions, and the gilding of sin are doing their deadly work. The picture houses are crowded, and we are paying the bill, not only in money, but in heartaches and shame.

This is not to say that the picture houses are not places of education. They are, and they may be so, infinitely more. The art of moving pictures, with its wonderful possibilities, is like a great fortune given to the human race. It came so easy, and is so intoxicating, that we have not been able to use it wisely yet. We have used it to go on one great, noisy and protracted spree, and are just now beginning to wake in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, with a bad head and all sorts of damage to pay for.

But the human family, having made mistakes, is capable of putting them right. They have to have sense beaten into them with a club occasionally; but they can always be depended on to get the right impulse at last. Humanity is never hopeless—it always has in it the seed of reformation. So when we know just how foolish we have been, how utterly careless of public morals we are, how easily we have allowed our children to be exposed to moral contagion, when we get a full grasp of this there will be something done.

It does not reduce the charge against the moving pictures to say that other causes are at work in the deterioration of juvenile character, although that is quite true. The moving pictures are feeders for all the other causes—loosening of family ties, Sunday desecrations, disrespect for law, thirst for pleasure, lack of modesty in dress and behaviour and consequent sex stimulation—these influences are all at work undermining the character of young people. But while no one would say that the movies are entirely to blame, we know they are a contributing cause to all of them, and because they are easy to get at, and can be controlled, it seems logical, to begin with their reformation.

The harm done by moving pictures is twofold—there is the direct and indirect. The direct harm has been outlined—the indirect is more subtle, but none the less deadly. By their thrilling appeal to the child, they make home, church and school things of dull gray monotony. I am not sure that there is not a deliberate intention in the mind of some producers to discredit the church and put it in evil odor.

Notice the character of the great majority of preachers as shown on the screen—poor, grovelling, anemic, whining hypocrites, ready to flinch a dollar anywhere they can get it. Even in "Behold My Wife," which is a very good picture story, one scene is spoiled so far as an artistic effect is concerned by the missionary in the far north, prompting the hero to hand over his fee, the very second the marriage ceremony is completed. This is something that is entirely unknown, and can only be dragged in for one purpose, that of prejudicing the beholder with the thought that to get his fee is the only interest the minister has in the case!

Another well-known picture, has for its theme the failure of Christianity, contrasting the highest type of heathenism with the lowest type of man to be found in a Christian country, and then sneeringly raising the question of

why we send missionaries so far in advance of ours. Slams on the church, on missionary societies, on ministers, are so common that it begins to dawn upon us that all these are not merely happenings, but a definite, concerted action, calculated to decry and defame and bring into disfavor the Christian Church.

The same is true of other forms of established authority. It is rarely that a policeman on the screen is anything but a fool; judges more often than not give wrong decisions; men are imprisoned unlawfully—and all of this is done with no definite plan of righting wrongs, but just to bring constituted authority under suspicion. No wonder we are reaping a crop of juvenile crime that appals us!

Now for the remedy. It is pretty good tactics to win our enemy and make him your friend—if he has been working mightily against you, cause him to turn about and work just as mightily for you! This could be done with the picture shows! They have wrought havoc in the schools by drawing away the boys and girls, by overstimulating their imagination, by familiarizing them with crime. If picture shows of an educational nature were put on in connection with the school work, they would add attractiveness to the curriculum, bringing to school the students instead of leading them away. They would stimulate imagination along the lines of romance and loveliness, teaching geography, history, literature in the easiest and most telling way.

The fine auditoriums in our schools could easily be utilized, and the plays given under the direct supervision of the teachers, and because picture shows are so easily manipulated exactly the same teaching could be given in the U.F.A. Hall in Pouce Coupe or Fort Vermilion that is given in Victoria High School in Edmonton, and thus the force which is now disintegrating society could be made a means of empire building and of unifying a scattered people.

But before that is done a strong hand will have to be laid on this industry, and the element of personal gain will have to be eliminated, and something more idealistic than box-office receipts made the controlling force in the selection of films.

Governments have been most obliging about taking over decadent railroads and taxing the people to run them. Here is an industry which is not decadent, which is most prosperous, which would not tax the people at all, but pour a surplus into the public treasury, and relieve the chronic state of "N.S.F.," which meets every project for human betterments that governments are asked to father. People crave entertainment and should have it. Entertainment is a necessity like water or light.

Government, or municipal ownership of picture shows, and complete control of them, making them serve humanity, leading, guiding and educating our growing population, instead of degrading and misleading the youth of our land, is more than a dream. It is a possibility. We will have to come to it, and when we do we will wonder why we so long tolerated a system which made fortunes for the few, but sowed the seed of dire trouble and disaster for society at large.

Besides, people like good plays. See how the crowds flock to a really fine play, and we have many such. Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, are always seen in clean, wholesome plays, and they always bring out crowds to see them. It is an utterly indefensible falsehood to say that people want crime and filth. Crime and filth are shown, it is true many times, but the average person does not like it. But having paid their money they sit through the performance, hoping it may improve. Not many people will complain. But now the time has come for the public to speak out, and say we want decent, clean pictures—pictures of romance, beauty, pleasant to see and pleasant to remember.



THE MOVIES

THERE is a continent-wide protest against the kind of pictures shown at the movies. Parents and teachers have united in condemnation of the evil that is poisoning young life and undermining the home.

It is in vain for home, school and church to inculcate respect for law, honor and chastity, when murder, robbery and marital infidelity are set forth so vividly as features of every-day life. It is no excuse to say that all the vices set forth are condemned by the pictures themselves. This is absolutely untrue, and even though right were made triumphant in every case that would not justify the advertising of sin and crime before young minds. The poet was quite right when he said:

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The most common and the most dangerous of all plays is that which makes light of the married relation. Some of the stars have themselves a history which is not enviable, and it is not creditable to any community to hold them in honor. It is a strange thing and marvellously inconsistent that we should look askance at one in our own community who has slipped outside the bounds of propriety, and yet go wild over a smiling actress who has openly violated that law which Canadians hold most sacred.

Next to the triangular play in its power for evil is the low comedy. Charlie Chaplin is the greatest teacher in America. Is it possible that he is the worst? Pure fun ennobles and refines; buffoonery and horse-play destroy genuine feeling and develop irreverence. Some of the so-called jesters who have been engaged by the movie trust, have succeeded in enriching their masters, but they have robbed young life of its purity and sweetness, and lowered the standard of national life.

CLASS DISTINCTIONS

There are great national classifications of people which cannot be avoided, such as classification according to color, to sex, to mental ability. The color line may be broken through intermarriage, and as a result mixed races arise. Unfortunately there is a prejudice against these, which is not altogether removed by the fact that some of the most distinguished people are of mixed origin. There are at least two races represented in our Western population with whom Canadians will be very slow to mingle through intermarriage. It is a pity that these were encouraged to settle here, or a pity that they came of their own accord. As we see it now their children will grow up distinct and separate from the great body of citizens. They will be strangers in a strange land for all time.

As for those born with less than normal ability, we can never hope to be without them. They exist in all nations and in all families, and they are classed variously as weak-minded, imbecile or idiotic. These it is the duty of a nation to care for in the wisest way possible, but every pains should be taken to prevent marriage among themselves or with the normally minded; for there is a certainty that a large percentage of the offspring of mentally deficient parents are also mentally deficient. And the weakness persists to the third and fourth generation.

There are even among those of Caucasian or Semitic origin, some who ban themselves or who are banned from full citizenship because of race or religion. One or two classes are so insistent upon remaining separate that there is small likelihood they will ever be assimilated through intermarriage. It would be better for them and for us had they never come to settle in our midst. Nationally it is of the utmost importance that every unit of the population should assume the duties of citizenship. This is impossible where there is no true sense of brotherhood, and brotherhood is unthinkable when racial and religious barriers prohibit intermarriage.

The Ethics of the Wilderness

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Travellers from the North tell us that the dweller of the far country is always honest, not only honest but neighborly. His cabin is never locked, he leaves kindling, matches and food for the passing traveller, who in turn is bound by the same ethics to leave things handy for the next comer!

Indians have been known to pass by a cache hungry; the law of the wilderness is honor and honesty! And there is encouragement in this for the student of sociology. Man when alone—in the big places—with time to think, to be himself, is a decent, honest, neighborly fellow! It is only when he gets too close to his fellowmen that he grows grasping and "ornery."

The reason for this is apparent. In the wilderness each man has to depend on the other man to help him in the great big fight they are waging against cold, hunger, dangers seen and unseen, their lives depend on co-operation. The responsibility is clear and definite, it is concrete. In the city both faces and morals blur a bit! We falsely reason that it does not matter if we do fall down in our duty to our fellowmen, we are only one and it will not matter! This is what causes the trouble, we lose our sense of social responsibility; but the hungry are with us whether we see them or not; the homesick, weary, discouraged, distressed, frightened, tempted. They need shelter, companionship, friendship, as badly as any of those who ever trod the out-trail!

Let us pray that the ethics of the wilderness may prevail!

There are class distinctions, however, which though purely artificial are more ruinous than any of these. Such are distinctions according to occupation or political belief or social standing.

Expediency urges members of all callings to unite for purposes of self-improvement and self-protection. Union is both a right and a necessity. But there is surely something wrong when unions become so self-centred that they cannot recognize national claims as even more urgent than those of any class. The surest way to destroy a nation is to entrust its management to any one class, whether it be industrial, military, religious or capitalistic.

The fight against military domination is not quite ended, but the end is near. The fight against religious domination will go on here and elsewhere until freedom of conscience is universally recognized. The fight against capitalism is now being waged most fiercely, and what has taken place in England will surely take place in Canada. The fight against the domination of workers as workers must next

be waged, until men learn that the only sure way to national peace and prosperity is a co-operation which recognizes both quality and quantity of service and which assures to every man full liberty and pursuit of happiness. When one considers the various autocracies that have usurped the function of government it is difficult to say which is most hateful, the political despotism of the French and English kings and of the Russian czars, the religious despotism of the far east, the nearer east, and of the middle ages; the military despotism of Prussia, Austria and all Central Europe in 1914; or the existing so-called workers' despotism in Russia, —the most unjust attack upon the liberties of a people and the most conspicuous failure in all history.

The one lesson that all history has to teach is that class rule is a failure, and it is a failure because it is unjust. Good government looks to the welfare of all the people. The foundation of all good government is justice.

WEALTH

Wealth is not necessarily evil. It is sometimes honestly gained; it is sometimes penuriously saved; it is sometimes blamelessly inherited. It is easy to condemn it in every form and to caricature it. The enormously fat man with the high hat and an insolent swagger is the cartoonist's symbol, and the picture is dear to all who have a grievance. Yet every wealthy man is not a bad man, nor is every man devoid of wealth a saint. After all, this fight about wealth is comparatively unimportant. What should chiefly concern a man is his moral rather than his financial standing. What does it matter to a real man that he can not enjoy all the luxuries of the rich? To have good health, a true heart, a kindly disposition, to be just, generous and conscientious, to live for others as for self; all this is open to every man. There is no true wealth except the wealth of character.

In a large gathering a man was pointed out to me as the meanest man in this city. He was a multi-millionaire, yet poor in every grace of soul. He was to be pitied, not envied. It will be well for individuals and for communities to rise above the worship of material things, and to estimate people by what they are rather than by what they have. Envy is unworthy of good souls, and it frequently leads to injustice in thought and deed.

GERMANY'S PLIGHT

Those who feel sorry for Germany at this time and who feel that the assessment for reparations is excessive, should remember that the tax can not be compared with that which Britain and France will have to pay as a result of the war. True Germany will not be in a position to pay as readily as countries which have a world open to them, but in this matter as in all others it is well to recognize that the way of the transgressor is hard. We can all feel sorry for Germany's plight, but her chief sorrow should be, not that she has to pay reparation damages, but that she occasioned the war.

(Continued on page 19)

TOP O' THE LADDER

By EDITH G. BAYNE

THE little town of Minterville lay in that twilight, slumberous state between the dark and the daylight which, on a mild September evening, with a rising full moon coming up over the river like a big silver plate, is particularly conducive to the interests of lovers. In a garden that still bloomed bravely, and was riotous with late roses and asters, a pair of lovers strolled, but not in a manner that would have led a casual observer to fancy that the wedding date must be just around the corner. Lady Luna was exerting her potent charm in vain, it would seem, for the girl slender and white-frocked, walked aloof and with head up and small round chin in the air held some tiny object at arm's length towards the man. He disdained to see it and walked on, also very erect, his stalwart shoulders and a certain imperious way he carried his head spelling stubbornness. He, was a tall young fellow, with a lithe muscular body and the clean straight limbs of the out-of-door man.

Presently an abrupt turn in the path forced them to stop. Here a low stone wall ran along the edge of the river bank. A little skiff, one in which they had had many a pleasant row, was moored just below among the willows.

"I can't understand what's come over you!" the young man said in a sulky tone as he gazed gloomily across the water toward the darkening woods.

"Phil, dear, it isn't that anything has come over me as you say," the girl said in a troubled, regretful voice. "I think I've always felt this way deep down, only—only I never diagnosed myself."

She turned the little glittering thing she held round and round, regarding it with an impersonal look—a look almost of cold dislike. It was the symbol of her bondage!

"You're still talking in riddles," he complained. "You declare there's no other man—"

"And there isn't. Can't a girl have a good and sufficient reason aside from 'another man,' Phil?"

"If you think I'm going to take that ring back without good and sufficient reason—"

"Please, Phil. It's rather valuable, you know."

"I'll throw it into the river!"

He leaned against the wall and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I suppose it's useless trying to make you see my point of view," she said, with a little sigh. "But, oh, don't let us quarrel, Phil. This is the nearest to 'having words' we've ever come, isn't it?"

He straightened up.

"Listen Stelle. As I came up the street to-night I was feeling happy as a king coming into his own. I'd have whistled only for the fact that your aunt is so recently gone," he declared. "My one thought was that now you were really and truly mine, and that we could be married right away. I felt so good I nearly embraced old Susan!"

Stelle, listening with bent head, smiled a waverily, uncontrollable little smile, at the picture of that faithful severe spinster being caught in Phil Langdon's bear's arms.

"I'd waited a decent length of time after the funeral," Phil went on hotly, "and when I did come what did I have handed me? The mitten! The mitten dipped in ice-water!"

"Not—oh, not—"

"Yes, the cold and shabby turn-down, Stelle, and no satisfactory reason for it! You declare you still care for me—"

"And I do!" she interjected quickly.

If you did you would want to marry me!"

"But I don't want to marry anybody! I want to be free! Oh, can't you understand!" she cried in a sudden passion

of resentment. "It's not you I object to, it's marriage. I don't want to tie myself up, Phil. I've had so few pleasures. Only once was I ever out of Minterville, and then it was only to the fair. I've never seen the world, nor met nice people—I mean different people. Marriage would stifle me—it would, Phil. I nursed mother through her long illness—gave up university to do it—and then Aunt Isabel through hers. Dear souls, I don't begrudge what I was able to do for them. But don't you see, Phil, that after all that siege of housework marriage—the very idea of marriage—repels? I want something different! I want to do things—make friends—see the world a bit. I want to forget what a cook stove or a broom looks like!"

Phil, manlike, shook his head in a puzzled way.

"Stelle, I believe your aunt leaving you that money made a mistake. It's put foolish notions into your head," he declared. "You want to indulge in a spending orgy. Well—go ahead and spend all you like dear, only let's get married first."

"You talk as though it were a fortune!" smiled the girl. "I don't intend to touch a cent of it. I have a little money of my own. I was going to frivol it away on a silly trousseau, but—I've a better plan."

Suddenly she turned to him.

"Phil, you know I'm clever, don't you?" she demanded, anxiously. "You—you wouldn't want me to fall into the dull, hausfrau class? Look at Mina Walters, or Sally Bentwick, or Anne Everett—all were smart, bright girls when we went to school. Look at them now! Annie was musical—now she never touches the piano. Sally has six children and she's an untidy, scolding, house-tied woman, who looks forty, although she's barely twenty-seven. Mina, who used to lead our debating class is a dull, good-natured matron whose only conversational topics are the housework, the children's ailments and the neighborhood gossip. I'm twenty-four, Phil. If I married I'd be just like they are in a few years. You know I'm clever. You wouldn't want to see me waste myself like that?"

"You'd never be like them, Stelle! You're—why, you're the most wonderful girl in the world!"

"And that's probably just what their husbands told them when they were courting! But you haven't really answered my question. Please tell me I'm clever."

"You're beautiful," he said, with a sudden catch in his voice, looking down at her flower-like face under its tumbled mass of golden-brown hair.

"Strictly speaking, I'm not," she said practically. "But I have certain things that atone. I have talents I could capitalize in a pinch. Miss Fletcher said I had dramatic ability and a very expressive face."

Phil looked at her in a startled way. He gazed a moment blankly at her averted face. Then he gave vent to a long, low whistle.

"So that's the darkey in the woodpile!" he exclaimed, with a short laugh. "You're stage-struck!"

"My father was an actor," she said, with a proud little lifting of her head. "The best critics all said that he would have reached the top of the ladder only for his untimely death. He named me Stella, because he hoped that some day I might be a real star."

With mutual accord they had turned and were walking up the garden toward the house. Silence held them till they had reached a little rustic pergola. Here as they swerved to cross the lawn Phil put out a hand to break off a starry blossom from a little exotic-looking tree in a squat green tub. Stelle stopped short and regarded this act of vandal-

ism with reproachful eyes. With a caressing touch she ran a slim hand over the glossy leaves of the shrub.

"Smells nice," Phil remarked, sniffing at the blossom, and then holding it under her own dainty nose. "What's wrong?" he asked in surprise.

"Oh, Phil, it's my darlingest blossom! Never mind, though. Seeing it's you I'll forgive you!" she added.

"Why, it's only a weedy-looking thing! The smell's the only thing to it."

"Some day it would have been a lime. This is my baby-lime tree, Phil. See, some of the fruit is already forming. I—I've been experimenting. I crossed a tangerine with a lemon, and I'm watching the result like a fond foolish mother watches her red-headed, freckle-faced kid develop. Poor Aunt Isabel used to say I was plant crazy. She loved flowers just as flowers, and had no sympathy with my burbanking. Do you remember that pomegranate I cultivated, and the prize it took?"

Phil felt that she was purposely leading him away from the main topic with all this talk of plants. He made no reply, and when they had reached the gate he flung the lime blossom away and swung about with a gesture of impatience.

"Come, Stelle. When is it to be?" he asked in a tone of appeal.

"Phil dear—"

"If I come up again to-morrow night—it's a work night, but I can get off I think—will you be ready to say? You can't expect me to take this stage idea seriously!"

"I haven't mentioned stage, Phil."

"You meant that. Anyway it's likely just a silly, passing fad—"

"I didn't mean the stage."

"What! Then I'm deaf in both ears and weak in the understanding as well!"

"No, dear, you're just—a little dense. Think!"

"That's something I find mighty hard to do, when I'm looking at you," he returned in soft, thickened tones. He had taken her unwilling hands in his.

"You're—you're trying to break down my will—this way!" she flung out, averting her head sharply and pulling away her hands. "Let me go—please."

He let her go.

"Stelle, I can't make you out!" he cried bitterly.

"Men are all like that!" she retorted.

"They never can understand that a woman asks something more from life than—petting and pretty words! Go and find a doll and marry her. You can't make a—a tame house-cat out of me!"

She stamped her foot and wheeled to fly to the house, but he caught her by one shoulder, rather roughly.

"Look here—" he commenced angrily, and then exerting a superb command of his rising wrath he added quietly: "We mustn't both get mad at the same time. I'll say good-night, Stelle."

She paused, breathing rapidly.

"It's goodbye as well," she said, quietly.

He stared at her, frozenly. Her long, slanted eyes with their fringe of dark lashes held a smoldering fire—an ardor and a purpose in which it was very evident he had no share or place. By day those eyes were green-grey. Now they were dark as purple pansies. Had he looked closer he must have seen something silvery trembling on the lashes. Both her hands were clenched tightly at her sides. He had never seen her like this before.

"What—da—you—mean?" he demanded in a kind of slow horror.

"I mean it's good-bye! I'm leaving Minterville to-morrow morning."

"For good?"

"Or ill."

"Stelle—"

"Here's the ring, Phil," she said a little sadly, tendering it. "Wait though." She drew it back and kissed it. "There,

now take it, Phil. I—I was just kissing our little dream good-bye."

This time he took it—too dazed to protest.

"It's the end, then—the end of all things," he said, heavily. "You don't love me—any more!"

"It's in my blood, Phil. I can't fight it," she cried feverishly. "I don't want to fight it. I've got to get out and into things. I've got to, I tell you! I won't be just a housewife and—and slump!" she added passionately.

He opened the gate, slowly, passed through and shut it gently. She reached out, fearful that he might go away wordless, touched his arm and smiled.

"Shake, old-timer," she said with a tremulous little laugh. "Be a sport."

He turned, and after a long look down at her shot out a hand, wrung hers briefly and drew away.

"You're absolutely free, Phil dear!"

"When—do you go? And where?"

"Seven o'clock train, west. . . Good-bye, Phil."

Haunting the post-office daily for three long, long weeks Phil was finally rewarded with a fattish little letter in Stelle's round, school girlish hand. He hadn't expected to hear from her—her air of finality on that last night seemed to preclude any such boon—and yet, hoping against hope, he had. His instinct had been right. Stelle had a warm heart, and was going to be as kind as she could. Phil had much pride, but he was also very deeply in love, so he snatched at this missive like a starving dog at a bone. It bore the postmark of Los Angeles, California. So, she was further west than he had guessed! He had decided that Chicago was her goal, but had been too proud to ask, when she didn't give the address to which she had been bound. The letter said:

"Dear Phil—I'm writing this in the studio club's waiting-room, a privilege, which is now mine by reason of my recent appointment as an extra in the coming production—'Madame X's Diamonds.' Yes, Phil, I'm in pictures. I'm a motion picture actress now; earning six dollars a day for an indefinite period. This is a piffling sum out here, of course, but to me it represents opulence. I'll wager this gives you a jolt. (Dear old boy, you never once guessed pictures, did you?) Well, everybody thinks my luck positively astounding. Some girls with lots of stage prestige behind them can't get in at all, plenty with much more beauty than I can claim are waiting week after week and month after month for a director to even glance at them. Yet here I come, a poor little unknown from a hick town back east, as the secretary said to the director, and after hanging about just two weeks less a day, a 'big gun' passing through the lot notices me, and stops short staring, then comes over and shunts me ahead of him into the office, and—here I am! I didn't expect that heaven would be half so good to me. I heard later that the director said it was because I had 'those long, artistic eyes that register like a million dollars.' And oh, aren't I glad I've got perfect teeth! They count for even more than eyes I think, because eyes can be touched up."

"But enough of shop talk—though I'm so full of it I could burst! How are all the dear Mintervillians? I half expected to see you at the station that morning, and was just a wee bit disappointed. Would you mind seeing that Miss Emmeline Perkins takes my baby-lime over to her place? In the hurry I came away and forgot all about the precious thing. And Phil, dear, you needn't say anything about this screen appointment. Everybody thinks I'm out here visiting relatives, so just keep 'em thinking so. Bye-bye dear old pal, and let me know when you pick out a nice cuddly doll (Continued on page 8)

THE BLIND GODDESS

By NAN O'REILLY

NOW, please, dearest, don't worry, and have a good time," begged Sylvia Spencer, as she deftly tied her mother's veil, pinning in the loose ends carefully, and then turning her about kissed the high bred face lovingly.

There was a little furrow in the elder woman's smooth forehead.

"But I hate leaving you like this, Sylvia," she objected. "I can't see why your father doesn't come. If only I hadn't let Margaret go out—What if anyone should come for a room?"

"Oh, no one will come, mother, and if some fair youth should appear, I don't suppose it would kill me to exhibit our wares for once!"

Mrs. Spencer's distress only increased.

"No, dear, you'd better not. I'd worry all the time. Just tell them to come some other day, and if they don't well—Better lose the chance than have you all alone in the house with a stranger."

"All right, hon," Sylvia laughed. "If I must be the princess in the tower, so be it. Anything to insure your peace of mind. There's Aunt Ellen. Give her my love and many happy returns of the day."

She stood at the door watching her mother start off on this rare outing, a slender upright figure with heavy chestnut hair caught round her head like a wreath, her brown eyes laughing under their curled lashes as she waved the little party out of sight.

When the car turned the corner, she closed the door and going back to the bright, wide kitchen picked up her book and slipped into a most ungymnastic but comfortable position for reading.

Instead of going back to her story, however, her eyes fixed themselves unseeing on the swaying willow in the next yard, and the dimples faded from the curved young cheek, as her mouth fixed itself in a grim, straight line.

"Poor little mother," she murmured, "all this fuss and worry over one day away from work. It makes me just sick—and she's so sweet and pretty to be nothing but a landlady to a lot of horrid men!"

Her eyes filled with hot tears, and while she fumbled blindly for her handkerchief, the bell pealed through the house.

She jumped hurriedly to her feet, winking away the tears as she glanced at the indicator. Going down the long hall, she could see a man's figure through the curtain—an agent, probably. Perhaps it would be better not to go to the door—she was all alone in the house. She hesitated, and then scorning her lack of courage opened the door about an inch, her eyes on the man's feet in case he intrude one as a wedge in the opening.

It was such a well shod foot that unconsciously her grasp on the knob relaxed as she let her eyes travel to his face.

A very likeable face it proved, with keen, humorous blue eyes, and even white teeth that gleamed attractively when he smiled.

He was smiling now, a somewhat puzzled smile as he stood before this haughty young maiden who had, "Pray what is your business, sir?" written all over her proud, clear cut face.

"I—I'm afraid I'm in the wrong house," he stammered somewhat confusedly, twirling his hat uncomfortably. "I thought she said next door, but—" under her clear, questioning eyes he felt himself growing hot in the region of his collar, and putting his hand behind him groped for the handle of the vestibule door while he picked up his suitcase with the other, and prepared to beat a hasty retreat.

Sylvia, meanwhile, had glimpsed the suitcase, and realized that this remarkably handsome and prosperous-looking young man had come to rent a room. She felt very much like following her mother's instructions and letting him go, in fact, by now his going was almost an accomplished fact, but with him went

the opportunity of renting the front room, vacant so long, and eating up gas as fast as if with an occupant. All the things they needed flashed through her mind as she said in a quick cool voice.

"No, I think you're not mistaken. You wanted to rent a room?" and before the astonished young man could collect his scattered faculties, she had picked up the keys from the hall table, unlocked the door and was leading him up the stairs to the next floor.

The house had been built for two family flats and it was from the upper one that the Spencers earned their livelihood, reserving the lower apartment for their own use. The two entrances made it ideal for its purpose, especially as it was unnecessary for the women to see the roomers from week to week unless some emergency arose.

Sylvia threw open the door to the airy front room and walked quickly in, pulling the shades with rapid, jerky movements.

"This room is seven dollars a week," she said monotonously, her face very red. "There are only men up here and hot water all the time."

The man had let out a little exclamation of pleasure as he followed her into the room. It was spotlessly clean, but besides that there was the charm of old mahogany and dull hangings that he was almost totally unprepared for.

"By jove, this is like a bit of home," he exclaimed boyishly. "I'll take it. May I leave my suitcase here?" He was fumbling in his pockets. "Seven, you said?" he questioned, as he counted out the money, "and here's my card," he added, handing her the bit of paste board. She took it silently as she had the money. He frowned, a little puzzled—then a smile twisted his lips. "If you care for references," he said courteously, but with a laugh sternly repressed, "you may inquire of Mr. Dorset, of Dorset, Sprague and Cumpson."

Sylvia felt utterly bewildered. Temporarily her sense of humor was nil—all she could feel was the humiliation of her first experience as a renter of rooms. With most of the men who came she could have assumed and maintained her most regal manner, which she felt was quite sufficient to convince even the least subtle of her superiority to her position; but this man was of her own world, and how could she make the position appear anything but what it was?

Still silently, she gave him a key from the ring, and then led the way downstairs.

"I'll be back to-night," he said, smiling his charming smile again as he opened the outer door. He stood there a moment as if waiting for her to speak, and then finding no response, put on his hat and ran swiftly down the stairs.

Back in the kitchen the reaction came to the girl. Flinging herself down by the table, she burst into angry tears, and there her father found her with the card clutched in her hand and the marks of the recent tempest still very much in evidence.

"Why, Sylvia, sweetheart, what is it?" he asked anxiously. She threw her arms about him, laughing unsteadily.

"I've rented the front room, dad."

"And is that such a tragedy?" he inquired.

"No, but it is that I'm such a horrid little snob," she quavered. "Here's his card, Sherman Keating. He sounds and looks like the Duc de Bon Bon, and I'm the poor chimney sweep." Then as she saw the old man's sensitive face flush painfully, she kissed him with swift tenderness.

"Promise you won't tell mother what a goose I've been, dad. It would just ruin her day," and then having sworn him to secrecy she smiled, April fashion, and set about getting their evening meal.

During the next month it seemed that a surprising number of emergencies made it necessary for young Keating to ring

the Spencers' front doorbell. Though he might, try as he would not to, see Mr. Spencer in the upper hall as he went about lighting up in the evening, the next minute would find him at the door, either to pay his rent, or with some palpably thin excuse for a question. He was a stranger in the city. Could they tell him how to find the City Hall? Which was the best theatre? Was it possible for Mr. Spencer to call him at seven to catch a train? But his persistent efforts met only once with any reward. Out of a dozen rings, Sylvia answered one. She was going to a dance, and thinking that Ted, who was so familiar as to be almost a nonentity, was at the door, answered the bell. Her beauty almost took away young Keating's breath. Without invitation, he came in, holding the door slightly open behind him.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, "but I'm afraid there's a draught." He looked at her almost hungrily. "You're going out—to dance," he stated rather than asked.

Sylvia nodded her head.

"I wish I were," he said slowly, and then because she was so like the girls at home in her slim draperies, a sudden wave of homesickness came over the boy, and forgetting that he had come to ask anything, he simply turned and went out.

Sylvia walked slowly into the dining-room. Her mother was reading the paper, but looked up over her glasses as the girl stood beside her, running her fingers through her mother's hair.

"Wasn't it Ted, dear?" she asked, thinking how lovely the girl was, the green shades of her frock-like a sheath for the glowing flower of her face.

"No, it was Mr. Keating," Sylvia answered. "He's a queer sort, isn't he mother? Why on earth is he always ringing the bell? To-night he just rang it, walked in, looked me over and walked out. I felt a perfect silly."

Mrs. Spencer smiled. The picture of Mr. Keating, usually so suave and self-assured, being twice reduced to inarticulateness by a mere glance at her daughter was too funny, and suddenly they burst into gales of laughter.

"You know, dear," Mrs. Spencer said, when she could finally get her voice, "I think the boy's lonesome." She glanced questioningly at the girl. "He seems a nice, well-bred sort—we've never done it, of course, but I can't bear to think of him homesick—you can't tell what might happen to him in a big city like this in such a frame of mind. Shall we ask him down to tea on Sunday? I could write a note and leave it on his dresser."

Sylvia frowned a little, but after all there was no use in being ridiculous about the thing. She had no idea of letting Sherman Keating become an obsession—better meet him on her own ground, once and for all, and probably he would lose this feverish anxiety for chance meetings on the threshold.

The next day Mrs. Spencer wrote the note, her fine old writing like spider webs across the heavy vellum, but instead of waiting for anyone else to take it up, Sylvia stole a march and slipped upstairs with it herself. Almost never did she go beyond their own flat—it was one of the few things that her mother was firm about, but to-day she felt an irresistible impulse to see just what his personal effects might tell of this very unusual young man.

It seemed almost unfair to her as she pushed open the door and found herself for the first time in the boy's room, and she decided to leave the note and hurry down, but as she put it on the dresser her eye was caught by a dozen details, first the picture of a lovely woman, with high-piled, snowy hair, smiling at her from a frame of hammered silver.

"His mother," she whispered, "what a shame that the frame's getting dull," and then blushed to find that she was eagerly looking to see if there was any girl's face smiling at her, too. But

none there was, and Sylvia turned still more scarlet when she realized that she was actually sighing with relief. She turned away impatiently, and there were his books, Conrad, Rupert Brooke, a volume of Kipling, all things she liked. The table was littered with magazines, good ones she noticed as were the cigarettes her fastidious eye caught sight of.

She turned back to the dresser and picked up the frame.

"I'll clean this," she said decisively. "He probably won't know it," and she dimpled, "but his mother will."

Needless to say, Keating was prompt to the minute on Sunday afternoon. Sylvia set the table with dainty doilies and thin old silver, and then sitting down at the piano played idly while waiting for him. She had resolved to be her most charming, for once at least, to the man, not only because he was their guest, but because her pride insisted that she obliterate what she felt must have been two distinctly unfavorable impressions.

She had put on a frock of dull taupe velvet, cut square in the neck. Around her slender throat was a chain of topaz belonging to her mother, and with shining hair swirled in a great fan across her head, she was like a bit of Renaissance beauty charmingly alive.

The living room was large for an apartment, with a great bay-window space that just held the square piano. As the light grew dim, the leaping flames in the fireplace were the only light, flickering over the old rosewood, and wrapping the girl's figure in a nimbus of dancing shadows and flushing gleams.

As she played and dreamed there in the twilight, Sylvia let the bell go unheeded, so Keating, admitted by her father, came upon her unsuspecting. He thought he had never seen anything so pretty, as this dusky room with the afterglow just reddening the window panes, and the girl's white fingers flitting like fairy things over the yellow keys.

It seemed desecration to spoil the moment's perfection yet unfair to stand there with her unmindful, so he walked slowly into the room and stood there beside her.

"What is that you're playing?" he asked quietly. "It sounds very familiar."

She finished the exquisite song—then looked up, apparently not surprised to see him appear so suddenly.

"It's that thing of Rachmaninoff's, 'Oh, Thou Billowy Fields,' that McCormack sings so wonderfully. I wish he'd do more like it."

"I remember now," the man laughed. "We have it at home on the Victrola. That's all anyone could play at our house."

He began running through the pile of music beside him, while the girl went on playing softly.

"I like this one, too, don't you? Of course, it's not in the same class, but—" and a little shyly she sang over the words of 'Little Mother O' Mine.'

The man had hummed the first few lines with her, but as her voice softly died away, she realized that she was singing alone. Looking up questioningly, she saw that his lips were twitching and that his reassuring smile was a little unsteady.

"That was my mother's favorite song," he said with a rough edge in his voice. "She died just before I came up here."

Impulsively she put her hand out and touched his arm.

"I'm so sorry," she said gently. "She must have been a darling, from her picture."

Then she bit her lip. Why had she said that, but the man had laid his fingers lightly over hers.

"Was it you who polished the frame for me?" he asked quickly. "I wanted to thank some one but didn't know whom. It was very sweet of you—I appreciated it a lot." (Contd. on page 10)

A Western Home Monthly Chat

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE



WAS just thinking as I sit here at my window beside the great wild Atlantic of the many wild rough places in which I have sought stories for this old established monthly.

I remember once in Ontario while Laddie Sr. and I were paddling up a northern lake, saying to him

"I wonder if any one lives on that big island?"

"Let's paddle across and see," said the boy. Soon our long green bow grated on the sandy, pebbly shore. We pulled the canoe up, turned it over and struck into a little path which led into the woods. Soon we came to a clearing, and a feeding cow on the other side of the fence raised its head, gave one loud bawl and struck out like mad for the distant barn. We followed, and soon a dog—fairly foaming at the mouth—came racing down the field. It attacked us furiously, dancing ahead and defending every step of the way. Battling along with our paddles held before us we entered into a garden with a circular path and round and about this the dog sped like a grey streak, leaping wildly at us every time it completed the circle.

"Rough! Down!" called a voice, and the dog halted, and we saw an inoffensive looking, little, old chap, with a sly leer in his eye approaching. We asked for water, and he went in a lean-to and came out with a dipper of milk. I never could drink milk so I passed it over to Laddie Sr. He took some, and the old man said, "Drink it all. I don't often give away milk an' I don't want to see any spilt." So obediently the boy drank the full quart.

"Watch out!" I warned him. "That beast will get you yet!" And just then the dog caught the boy in the leg with his long sharp teeth.

"Come right in," said the old man. "I keep a bottle for them that's bit!" And in a trice he was down rubbing the stuff into the boy's leg. Laddie howled with the pain as it was a home-made liniment.

"People's always a botherin' of me," said the old hermit. "Didn't they have a bally christenin' right across on that near beach," pointing to his south shore. "An' didn't I get me ole muskit and salute them every time they flopped a girul under the water. Right soon one of them elders comes up an' asked me did I know what I was a doin'." I just shoved that ole muskit right under his long nose an' said, "Smell that, will you!" an' he run down the field like a two-year-old. Oh! they won't leave me alone. Here's the priest on the next island wants me to catch him a pike for every Friday in the year, an' I told him, "If it so be as the good Lord makes a pike bite my hook every Thursday it yours, but it's dashed unlikely. Camp a bit on the point thar if youse wants to. Mayhaps the dog won't bit youse no more, and mayhaps the cow might give youse a wee bit of a prod!" We left him still "uninviting" us and paddled off.

Four thousand miles stretch their mountains and rivers, lakes and plains between that crazy hermit and this strip of a Northern Pacific beach I next tell you.

Just as I arrived at this big Northern B. C. lake, I had the Indians take me over to the town where I could cash a draft. I went into the bank and transacted my business and stepped across the little trail-like street and stood there filling my pipe and watching the wavering of a flock of rare sandhill cranes that were passing overhead trumpeting like so many swans. Bang! Puff! And instantly the front of the bank office ripped out into the street. Soon every white man and Indian was struggling to get into that door. It seems that as soon as I had left a short man with his hat pulled down and his coat collar turned up entered and crowded close to the wicket. "Hands up!" he called.

Instantly the cashier ducked and the second man, whom I came to know well in later years, yelled, "It's a hold up!" and into the vault he leaped, just as a bullet embedded itself in the plaster above his head. Another shot rang out and then another as loud as a cannon's roar, and the counters and railing and plate glass

and fixtures, and the figure of the robber, melted into one. Almost at once my friend rushed out of the vault and made for where the robber had stood. Soon he and the cashier and some willing hands found the remains of what had once been a man. It seems he must have had "soap," as the bank breakers call nitroglycerine, in his pocket, and in some way the second shot exploded it and literally tore him apart. I was mighty glad I had not been five minutes later cashing that cheque.

To show you that it is not all cakes and ale getting my good readers of The Western Home Monthly their stories

I heard its frightful clatter as it slid in the shale and toppled over a thousand foot ledge. Before I could grab Bill's foot he had kicked the blonde horse after the bay, and down it went neighing to destruction. I lodged a moment on the edge of the chasm and winned out its fear (I can still see it looking up at me), then slid over with an awful cry. There were four pack horses left, and the driver, and he instantly threw a rope over Bill's head and tied him up as slick and clean as I ever saw it done. Within an hour we were headed down, and somehow Bill bumped his head in his struggles and lay



A Nova Scotia harbor scene, on the Halifax and Southwestern

year by year, I want to tell you of the trip up the Cariboo Trail. Long before ever a gas buggy or a Tin Lizzie span a wheel or attempted to make this lonely trail, a friend of mine had sunk a fortune in the Cariboo and then, to make matters worse, had put every available cent in after it! Result, complete poverty. I hired a well known character whom we will now call "Bill" to pilot me about in that country. He had some fair pack horses and a terrible thirst. I carried one tiny flask in my medicine chest for eventualities and I guess he did not understand the word for, after he had sucked up every

unconscious all that day, and when we got him to his own house beside the trail next day his wife jumped him and thrashed him something awful for losing her "Berry Blond," as she called the lost riding horse. Needless to say I did not see the mine I had started in search of. Nor did I ever see again those natural history specimens. No! I do not think Bill swallowed them, but I do think he threw them away after he sucked them dry. (Odd thing. I met Bill's son in Vancouver and he said Bill had not drank a drop since. "Ma woulda bashed his head in if he had.")



The bonnie homes our fishermen leave when they go to set their nets

drop of his own, he secretly opened the tiny cedar chest where the brandy reposed in a common medicine bottle. In another I had two panthers' eye balls. In still another two eye balls of a devil fish. Another held two of a ribband fish and still another two of a wolf eel. And I guess they all smelled alike in their alcohol baths. Well! the first I knew of it Bill said, as he left the trail and started to climb the awful slope above, "It's shorter this way, come on!" Instantly there was a strawberry pack horse and my bay in a tangle on the narrow trail. I pulled Bill free but I lost the bay in the mix-up.

Again I remembered riding into a wild pasture where never a domesticated beast had nibbled. Knee high to the horses grew a magnificent stand of wild vetch and thousands of bees were busy in its sweetness. We were near the grizzly grounds where they were feasting on all the sweet growths of this prolific wild region. A number of "Lords and Ladies" (Harlequin ducks) sprang out of the gullies beside us.

"Looks as if never a white man set foot here, eh?" I questioned O' Poots. "Nah-hal-les," he answered. ("Look see" or "look out.")

We set our wee camp back from the river a bit near the fragrant meadows and staked our pack as they were restive as horses are in Bear Country. I took the carbine in my arm and started out to search for photographs of nests and birds and what not. I ate my lunch alone and dusk crept up over the great range before I headed down stream again and—just before my eye lay all that was left of some poor prospector—there, right in the cliff, were his workings, his pick and broken shovel stood as he had left them. On a ledge lay a pipe and tobacco, much swollen and moulded, and a double shotgun shell with matches in it. All his other things were torn and tossed as if by bears, and his bones were polished a ghastly white by the small animals which had nibbled after the bears had had their fill. I hunted carefully for a name or a trace, and then I took his old worn prospector's shovel and made a trench among the cliff face he had torn down and gathered the scattered bones and laid them away there. I told O'Poots that white men had been there before us.

"Yah ni-kakum-tuks kim-ta mamzook il-lal-hie—kla-whap!" ("Yes, I saw you dig hole.") The faithful fellow had slowly followed me with his big 48 on his arm, fearful that the grizzlies might get me, and he had seen me bury the bones of the unknown one.

This faithful kwakiutl native and I saw some rough times along those forbidden shores. I remember once when I had a word from the government to stop if I could any and all egg robbers along the inside passage (one might as well try to stop the steady March drizzle), that O'Poots came to me and said "Ikta mikah mamook?" ("What do you want me to do?") And he pointed down the island to where two long war canoes filled with natives rose and fell on the sullen swell of the Northern Pacific. The natives had stolen a march on me and had landed all their women and children to rob the gulls and the guillemots and tufted puffins and cormorants' nests before I had even got a picture.

"Le sep shaep wecht tomolla," said the crafty O'Poots. ("Eggs come again to-morrow.") So we sat there and watched them take dozens of big baskets full of eggs down the cliff in front of us, while the thousands of despoiled birds called loudly above. No! we never did get a good set of pictures there for, unless the day was very wild, some long slim canoe poked its nose about the islands' point and a whole native family disembarked and literally filled that craft with eggs.

We saw a canoe load of youngsters armed with long alder sticks dash ashore the very first day we were there and break every egg in all the nests on that big island. I asked O'Poots the reason, "Tsee le sep tomolla." ("Sweet eggs to-morrow.") True enough every egg after that was a fresh one, but what of the ten thousand broken eggs and perishing young?

The tribe in passing often yelled out their displeasure, "katah mikah?" ("What ails you!") And the little chaps can use a finger and a nose just as more civilized whites do.

But one of the strangest men who ever came into our camp was an old "Water Doctor" as he called himself. O'Poots and I were just lazying in front of the tent after a long hard day in his short war canoe when he espied an old man in a boat rowing over our way. He stepped ashore, tied his boat as all coast men do, and then came up the slope to the tent with a brisk step. He opened his mouth and this flowed out without let or hindrance. "Saw your tent, supposed you was one of them remittance men and was goin' to buy this island, so just came across to show you how a water doctor can help you. See this willow gad? Well! I just walk about like this an' as soon as the end begins to turn down I can't hold it a mite. Now you come with me, sir, and watch. You walk right close beside me, no water here yet an' I think over thar might be better. Look, sir, it wiggles a bit. Lookee! sir, it's a goin' down as sure as you've feet are on your legs, an' your boots on your feet. Thar's water right straight (Cont'd on page 56)



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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.

Baby's Perfume

Dear Edith:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one tal-



cum that I know is safe and that is the kind I use.

Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin. It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which, after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby.

Lovingly,
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Top O' the Ladder

By E. G. Bayne

Cont'd from page 4

this letter, but he attended to the matter of the lime tree promptly and dreamed of Stelle every night. Two weeks later another letter came, a letter bubbling over with ecstatic descriptions of California, and of the movie colony. At the end it said:

"You aren't going to stay mad, are you? A weeny teeny line would be most awfully welcome, you sulky old bear!"

Phil sent her a hastily-scrawled postcard. In two more weeks came a third letter—a short one.

"Bless you for that card!" it said. "I was afraid you were dead. Sorry I can't write much to-day, but we are going out on location. I've been working like a navvy. The director said something very nice to the star about me the other day. Want to hear it? He said: 'Miss Winterton, here is a girl with ideas.' I felt flattered—more so than if he had remarked upon my eyes or hair. New woman buncombe, I hear you mutter! The male lead is a very handsome man, and he and the star hate each other cordially. When they come to a deadlock or clinch it's real (reel!) labor trying to register raptures. You see, all is not beer-and-ekittles in screen art!"

Stelle's next letter opened:

"Say! What's the matter with yuh, kid—are yuh handcuffed? We have finished the big serial, and I'm retained for the next—'The Artist's Model.' A rival company made a bid for my services, but my director wouldn't let me go. It's great to be run after! But seriously, I'm learning every day how little I do know about acting. Shall I ever ever reach the top of the ladder? Why haven't you written to me? Not a line in all these weeks!"

The letter following this one said:

"A note at last, you penurious put-owski! So glad Miss Emmeline loves my baby-lime. And the townsfolk 'could a' sworn it was Stelle' in that picture, eh? I wriggle with mischievous delight. . . . All our work of the past week has to be done over. Bad light effect. Phil, dear, I'm not in love with the handsome hero! I haven't enough sentiment in me to be in love with anything but my work. You picked a lemon in the garden of love, poor Phil. But I note that a new school-ma'am has come to Minterville, in your own words, 'a little blonde thing with curly hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks.' Bless you my children! Let me know in lots of time to send a cut-glass water set—I nearly said punch-bowl!"

Stelle's next communications were of a brevity and a sameness that told Phil next to nothing. In order of receipt they were:

"Out on location. Hope you are well. As ever—Stelle."

"Been up in the hills on location."

"Thanks for sample fruit from my plant. They look odd, don't they? I've christened them 'stellarines.' Awfully busy to-day. Yours in haste—Stelle."

"Up here on location. Will write soon."

"Down here at Silver Cloud Ranch on location."

"Merry Christmas! We're doing a series in an orange grove by the sea. Very warm to-day."

"Still here on location. Had a dip in Old Ocean to-day."

"Very busy at outdoor work. Will write soon."

"Away for a few weeks on location."

Several more postcards at irregular intervals after these, came to Phil each chanting the oft-repeated, slightly cryptic (to him) refrain of "away on location," and then—nothing more. Months passed. The long summer waned, and it was a year since Stelle Winterton had left her native village. Phil, to the pained amazement of Miss Emmeline Perkins (who had hoped in her romantic old heart that he would remain true to Stelle, and lose flesh and become an interesting, love-disappointed,

perhaps even cynical bachelor), now began to call regularly on Miss Myers, the school ma'am.

"What he can see in her—the rattle-brained piece!—after Stelle, beats me!" she was wont to remark to an occasional friend. "But, of course, that's always a man. If they're in the marrying humor one woman's as good as the next, so long's she's got a pretty face!"

In November Philip Langdon's mother fell ill with a heavy cold—a lung cold, as the neighbors called it. Up till now she had always been a robust little woman, but this visitation left her racked and weakened, and the doctor said: "Warmer climate." He added that if Mrs. Langdon remained the winter in the East he wouldn't answer for the consequences. So Phil obtained indefinite leave of absence from his job of yard-inspector in the railway, drew all his little savings from the bank, and bought tickets for California. They were to go to a famous "lunger's paradise," a small place called San Benita, high in the hills above San Jose. Mrs. Langdon had been determined on California as against Arizona, urged by various neighbors and friends. Phil had been indifferent. One place was as good as another, so long as she benefited! He went to say good-bye to Clara Myers on the last evening, and when he came away that adorable little flirt (who had turned down five Mintervillian swains already) was wearing Phil's wedding ring. The wedding day was set for spring.

On the way home he had to pass the old house long since closed up, where Stelle had lived. His steps slowed down and his whistling died away. He paused a moment at the gate, surveying the empty windows, the bare lawn, the gaunt trees and shrubs. Down in the garden a cold mist hung, wraith-like, and he half shivered as he walked on again. Was he trying to raise the spirit of the old romance?—he asked himself with a snort of contempt. And who was it that had said there was nothing deadlier than a dead romance? He hadn't thought of Stelle for—well, ever so long now. For quite a while he had hoped she would fail, come home admitting herself beaten and asking to be re-engaged. Yet knowing her as he did he could never quite see her doing this. She had something—the element of success, grit, stubbornness even—call it what one liked, which didn't jibe with his idea of a meek maiden returning beaten and baffled, acknowledging herself in error, begging forgiveness. So gradually he gave up hoping. Her silence could only mean one thing—she was making such a success of herself she was too busy and too happy to revert to the humble past even in thought. And if frequently he wondered why he had not seen her in any more pictures after the two she had mentioned he concluded that she was doing the big things that never came to Minterville's one little "theatatorium." His knowledge of the screen was at best very meagre.

So he and his mother went to San Benita, and spent the winter months in that summer clime, the glow of health slowly returning to the invalid's cheeks. Phil was son-and-daughter in one, but time hung a little heavily now and then, and one day at the end of March he decided to run down to the big film city for a change. Who knew but what he might run into Stelle Winterton, or some other old friend, he argued. Even if she hadn't answered his last three letters he could casually look her up. She could do no worse than snub him.

"Shall I ever ever reach the top of the ladder?"

Odd how that sentence of hers kept recurring to his mind! And how was he to know—to guess—that when he did see her she would in very truth be at the top of the ladder!

After all he didn't reach Los Angeles that day, for Fate and a delayed train intervened and caused him to essay a walk across the hills to the nearest junction point, and it was in the course of this enforced constitutional that the unbelievable occurred. He paused on a picturesque slope to watch the orange-pickers, and to regain his breath for

the next climb. The road skirted a large fruit ranch, and far away the blue line of the sea was visible. It was all just as Stelle had described it, this wondrous land of fruit and flower. He feasted every sense on its beauties and glories, and with a sigh of rapture was about to proceed down the valley when his attention was attracted to a group of people under the trees near at hand. They were about a motion-picture camera, manipulating its parts and manoeuvring for a position which would engage just the proper degree of sunlight. He saw that they were "shooting" some of the orange-pickers. Advancing he came to a halt near to them, and after watching them with interest passed on by the side of the grove in the shade of the limes.

The lilt of a song drifted down to him. Happy workers these! He looked up and met a smile from the singer nearest him, a girl in blue feminalls.

"Hold your hands and catch!" a merry voice cried, and half a dozen oranges came tumbling down to him.

As he thanked her and peered up once more he saw that she was at the very top of a tall ladder. Then—he caught his breath. The smiling picker caught hers at approximately the same second.

"Stelle!" cried Phil, wide-eyed.

"That's I'm!" she answered gaily. "Now hold your hands and catch me. No don't either!" and when she had reached the ground and they were shaking hands in an abandonment of pleasure she cried: "Phil, oh Phil, you blessed old scout, it's mighty good to see you again! Now, tell me every little thing!"

As for Phil, while he told all about his mother and retailed village news he was thinking: "And so she failed after all! She's down to this!"

"Come and have some tea," she suggested presently.

"Can you—er—get off?"

She smiled for reply and led him up the slope under the blossoming hedges towards a neat bungalow perched on the hilltop. But before they quite reached it she stopped, and looking up at him smiled.

"Congratulations!" she said laughingly. "I nearly forgot."

He stared, flushed a dull red, and began:

"Who told—"

"Miss Emmeline dropped me occasional notes. You didn't know?"

He caught the gleam of a small diamond on her left hand and started. He looked at the house.

"Who—who lives here?" he cried, frowningly.

"Why I do."

"You!"

"With two others—Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cassells. We took it together."

"But I thought—you don't look—see here, quit stringing me, Stelle! You failed at pictures, didn't you?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

"Well, how can a—girl who picks fruit—a poor girl—"

"But I'm not a poor girl!" she cut in, smilingly. "I just had to succeed at something, Phil. Humdrumness and mediocrity would kill me I think, so I started in to reach the top in—another line."

"Miss Perkins says you're 'the sort that just has to come to the top' he put in, reminiscently. "But what, pray, did you succeed in?"

He glanced vaguely about as if seeking a hint from the surroundings. She smiled slowly.

"I succeeded in fruit," she said quietly.

"In fruit!" he parroted. "Did you buy an orange grove? Or start a market-garden?"

"Neither. I invented the stellarine. I'm the Stellarine Queen, Phil. The growers are all trying out my experiment and setting out acres of plants. I secured a patent, and—and I'm bowling along on Easy Street now. I own part of this estate. I have an option on some other land. I'm opening an office in Frisco. And—I'm the happiest person in the world, I think. Not because of the money, but because I'm

using my head every minute and enjoying the thrill, the romance of Big Business. As yet, of course, my business is only small, but it's spreading. In another year—but come on and we'll have our tea and you can meet the Cassells."

"Who is this Cassells—an actor?"

"A character man with the Goldenart Company. He's an old friend of my father's. He told me very kindly and very frankly that I couldn't act. I met him quite by accident, and he's been the best friend I ever had. When the company I was in broke up and I was out of a job he stepped in and saved me with that cruelly-kind advice Phil, and I know now he's right. It wasn't in my blood. But real healthy ambition was in my blood all right."

He glanced again at the ring. She saw and said:

"I'm engaged to Harold Hope, the comedian."

After all, the Cassells were not in. They had gone motoring to Los Angeles. So Phil and Stelle had tea alone in the cool piazza, served by a soft-voiced Jap girl. When they were lingering at the end of the avenue beneath two sequoyahs, loath to separate, Stelle broke a pause with:

"Are you—very happy, Phil? When is your wedding to be?"

He smiled strangely, looked away a moment, and then, bringing his gaze back, abruptly said:

"Never."

"What do you mean?" she asked in surprise. "I thought that—why Miss Perkins said—"

"I mean," he said slowly as she broke off, "that my star of destiny—or something—has saved me from a rotten fate. But I deserved it! Clara—Miss Myers—jilted me. It gets my pride on the raw to admit it, Stelle, but it's the truth. She married Tom Greenway out of the bank a week ago last Wednesday."

Stelle regarded him gravely, searchingly. A very softened look gradually stole into her eyes.

"Poor boy," she murmured softly, maternally.

"It was one of those cases where separation teaches one more than"—he spread out his hands and shrugged while he bravely smiled at his own folly. "When I'd been out here a while I began to see things in their true perspective. Her soft chatter and her pink-and-whiteness retreated into the background, and I saw only a shallow and pert little idiot who was both fickle and selfish. So I didn't greatly mourn. And probably when I had gone she saw me as I really am—a big boob! So, all's swell that ends swell!"

He swallowed hard after a moment. It may have been the look in Stelle's eyes—the old, dear expression he had once known and loved.

"G'by," he said, thrusting out a hand at last.

"Good-bye Phil. I—I don't suppose you'd care to—to come to my wedding?"

"That's turning the knife in the wound! It's not like you Stelle. You can't help but know that it's been you all the time—always and only just you. I won't say it again, but—"

"Yes you will! Confessions being in order, Phil, I may as well admit that I've told you two big purple lies—I'm not the happiest person living, or I mean I wasn't till a minute ago!" She smiled up radiantly, swiftly. "And there's no such person as Harold Hope! I just made him up. . . Uhuh, I'll marry you if you'll let me keep on with my work! Now kiss me, you dear old bear!"

Isn't it Awful

"What is the matter now?" asked her mother.

"Matter enough, I should say. Now that we poor girls are making enough money in the munition factories to buy a lot of clothes we have to wear overalls."

"Ethel, can't you tell us the shape of the world?" asked teacher encouragingly.

"Yessum, it's in a pretty bad shape just now," replied the precocious child.



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The Blind Goddess

By Nan O'Reilly

Con'd from page 5

the open fire he told her of his life at home, and much that he left unsaid, Sylvia could supply. She guessed at the intimate companionship between mother and son, and felt a quick pity at the boy's loneliness. Why had she been so horrid to him? No wonder he had rung the bell hopefully.

He won her heart completely when he said wistfully,

"You know, Miss Spencer, your mother makes me think great deal of mine. Her hair and eyes are quite like mother's were, but it's her manner more than anything else. They both have that gentle, groping sweetness—" He fell silent and she was glad that just then her mother came in and announced tea.

Over the candle-light table, the talk flowed easily. There is something convivial in breaking bread together, especially when it is delicious homemade bread such as one hungered for. Young Keating felt completely happy. He loved the pools of yellow light on the polished table, and the gleam of silver on Mrs. Spencer's soft hair. He listened courteously to Mr. Spencer's somewhat lengthy dissertations, the while he feasted his eyes on Sylvia's lovely face for which all this was but a shadowy background. And beneath the whole charming evening was running that questioning undercurrent—what manner of people were these, with all the earmarks of breeding and culture, keeping a rooming house in what was rapidly growing a most unattractive part of the city? He was glad that they attempted no sort of explanation—that would have spoiled everything, but he remained intensely curious.

It was only a step from the breaking of one inviolate rule to infringing on another, and before long Keating had won Mrs. Spencer's consent to Sylvia's going out with him.

He seemed to have an endless supply of money, but one night his utter prodigality began to worry the girl.

"There's no sense to your throwing money away, Sherman," she objected. "It's a heavenly night. Why must we have a machine?"

He laughed easily.

"Wouldst have me push you hither and yon in a wheelbarrow, little miser?" he teased as he tucked her into the big rented car.

"No, I wouldst walk on my two good feet," the girl answered ruefully.

He looked out at the slippery pavement.

"And break your honorable ankles?" he suggested. "Then what would your mother do to me? I'd lose my permit. I think I'll send for one of the cars," he added carelessly, after a moment's silence. "It's a beastly bore calling for one every time you want to move. Then we could have some real parties, eh, Sylvia?"

The girl shivered slightly, and instantly he was all solicitude.

"Are you cold, dear?" he asked in swift tenderness. "Here's another robe," pulling it around her.

She shook her head, indeed now her blood was coursing hotly through her at this first unconscious endearment he had used, apparently so in his mind as to have slipped out unnoticed. It was the thought of all this mysterious wealth building up a barrier between them that had frightened her. She sat very still, thinking of it, while he talked on, sufficient to his contentment that she was there beside him.

It all came back to the girl as she lay sleepless that night. She tossed miserably on her little bed, and when drowsiness was almost upon her, huge dollar signs would come stalking out of the darkness and prance in solemn antics before her. He was growing so dear to her, so much dearer than she had ever imagined anyone could be, and the sickening thought would come that to him it was, at best, a passing fancy. Away from home, lonely, she was only a pretty, well-bred girl for him to play around with. But beyond that, what

"Please don't, it was nothing," the girl begged. "Won't you tell me about her?"

They wandered away from the piano, and sitting before

had she to offer compared to the girls of his own world with money, position, even the bond of common amusements and associations to link them together?

Before she left him that night, she had again brought up the subject of Sherman's extravagance.

"Still harping on my daughter?" he had laughed as she clung to her point.

"Now, remember, Sherman, we walk from this day forth," she had pronounced solemnly.

"And as for the nights, oh Queen," he temporized, "do we fly or take our faithful taxi?"

She shook her head stubbornly, and then he grew serious as he realized she could see no humor in the situation.

"Oh, come, Sylvia, why take the joy out of life?" He hesitated a moment. "May I come down and see you tomorrow night and I'll tell you a story?"

She nodded assent, and he had left her, so when the next morning she awoke after her restless night, it was with an almost feverish impatience to see him again and hear what he had to say.

When she came in that afternoon after a long, rambling walk across the Meadow, her cheeks were flushed with lovely color, but her eyes were still tired. Her mother looked at her anxiously. Could anything be hurting her little Sylvia? An almost fierce anger welled up within her. She had made it her one, passionate object that this child of hers should be happy, and the wistful look in the girl's face cut her to the heart.

She could think of nothing bright or entertaining to say—her days were too much alike for that—so she immediately produced her one bit of the extraordinary.

"A letter came this afternoon for a Sherman Wadsworth, Sylvia. The postman slipped it under the door, so I didn't have a chance to give it back. Wasn't it a strange coincidence?" She went on knitting calmly, but the girl's face had flushed darkly. Like a knife in a wound, the name evoked all the bitterest memories of her childhood and girlhood. It typified her mother's faded beauty, her father's stunted life, her own narrowed existence. What whim of fate had cast this unhappy reminder on their shores?

She walked slowly into her room, wondering at her mother's apparent indifference, and sat down before her dressing table, pulling off her soft hat, and cupping her chin in her hands. How long she brooded there she scarcely knew, but the shadows were lengthening when at last she roused herself, and lighting the boudoir lamp, resolutely set about dressing for dinner.

Running an exploring eye over her limited wardrobe, she finally chose a brown dress of soft old silk that swayed with her every move, and with her chestnut hair and leafy eyes gave her the look of a shy dryad. So Keating thought at any rate.

"You look like a wood-nymph to-night, Sylvia," he said as they settled down before the fire. "You might have come from one of those old trees we're burning, just to bewitch my poor mortal senses."

She flushed and by way of diversion glanced questioning at the package he had in his hand.

"Only some snaps I thought you might like to see," he explained. "I'll show them to you after a while—but now, let's talk about us." He leaned forward. "You've been awfully good to me, Sylvia, letting me come so often and make myself generally a nuisance."

The girl moved nervously.

"What a silly you are, Sherman," she laughed. "I'm not such a martyr as all that, you know. It's been a pleasant winter generally, hasn't it?" She smiled a little tremulously. It was coming—what she had dreaded during the sleepless hours of the night and through the dragging day. He had had a good time, and now his story, whatever it was, was the preface to his good-bye. She straightened proudly. "Don't keep me waiting, Sherman. I'm dying to see those pictures." She reached out, but he kept them, frowning a little at the change of subject.

"I was going to tell you how I came to be up here. It's a stupid bore, only

you seemed so worried about the old money that I wanted you to know I wasn't a bank robber anyhow, making away with the widow's mite. You see, Dad is chief stockholder in the Kinsey Gas Company that has a big branch here. Someone in this office has been trying to scalp him for over a year, and finally it got so bad that after I finished my law course he sent me down to see what I could discover. None of this force know me, so I dropped the Wadsworth from my name, and here I am the best little old detective you ever saw."

So interested had he grown in telling, for the first time of his achievement, that he failed to notice how the girl's face grew suddenly white, or that she had ceased to listen.

"They suspected Perkins, the general manager, but he was so smooth they couldn't get a thing on him. Now, I think I've got him just about where I want, so Dad's coming down this week to clinch the thing."

So you see, little Miss Sylvia, I came by my gold, such as it is, honestly." He unsnapped the package and passed the pictures to her one by one.

"This is a snap of Dad. Isn't he a big fellow?"

Mechanically the girl took it from him, but it was mere blurred nothingness before her eyes. Indeed there was no need for her to see a picture of Mr. Wadsworth, Sr. There were several of him in her father's desk among piles of legal papers.

The boy was rattling on.

"That's one I took of the house last summer," he said, handing her a view of a great, handsome dwelling with lovely old trees shading the smooth lawn. Then his voice softened, "This is the last picture I ever got of Mother. I took it on her birthday."

He looked at the girl tenderly, and then forgot everything else when he saw the utter sickness in her face.

"Sylvia, sweetheart, are you ill?" he cried in alarm. "Can I get you anything? Perhaps it's the heat."

She rose unsteadily to her feet.

"It's nothing but a headache. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to excuse me." She held out the pictures to him, and he took them, the little hand included. Something seemed trembling on his lips, but instead of speaking he bent and kissed the soft palm, noting in amazement a deep red mark where her nails had cut into the flesh.

He turned slowly away, and then she called him back.

"I forgot," she said. "This letter came to-day. It was for you after all."

* * * * *

It was a wan little Sylvia that dragged herself about the next morning. A great box of roses had come from Sherman, and lest she awaken her mother's suspicions she put them in the living room where their fragrance nauseated her each time she passed them.

Finally, she decided to go out in the air and see what that would do for her, but at that moment the bell rang, and answering it she saw the boy's father on the threshold. What should she do—show him the door, or remember that no matter what he was, she was in her own home? But what if her father should come in and find him there?

"You wished to see Mr. Keating?" she repeated. "I'll send the maid to see if he's in," and then habit asserting itself she opened the door and showed him into the sun-flooded living room, turning away immediately herself.

"Just a minute, Miss—Miss—" he groped for her name. "I suppose you're the young lady Sherman's been writing so much about."

The girl had drawn herself up to her full height. She looked steadily at this heavy, blustery old man, her distaste making it almost impossible for her to speak to him. How could anyone like this have fathered Sherman?

"I'm afraid I don't understand," she said coldly.

The man sneered a little.

"Come, come, I'm too old to play that game with," he said, coarsely. "I don't blame you for using your cards, but I've other plans for Sherman."

"Are you trying to convey to me, Mr. Wadsworth," stressing the name, "that I might care to marry your son?" She

laughed a hard little laugh that was not Sylvia, while the man stared at her fascinated. Neither of them noticed as they stood facing each other tensely, that Sherman had come in at one door and old Mr. Spencer at the other.

"Thank you, Mr. Wadsworth, but a Spencer has yet to join fortunes with the son of a thief." She bit off the word cruelly, and as she heard the boy's low cry of pain, for the first time she became conscious of his presence. They stood there staring at each other when into the centre of the room came her father, a look of bitter hate on his face as he saw the intruder. Wadsworth's face purpled when his eyes fell on this stooped figure, advancing on him slowly like some avenging ghost from the past.

"Come on, Sherman, let's get out of here," he said gruffly, turning to the door, but the boy was oblivious of everything except the girl's white face.

"Sylvia, Sylvia," he pleaded, coming toward her, "you don't know what you're saying."

She looked at him coldly as if he were a stranger.

"Will you please go?" she asked. "I think your week expires to-day, Mr. Wadsworth. I remember, quite well as I rented you the room." Again that hard little laugh, as the two men left the room. Then as the door closed behind them she flung herself into her father's arms.

"Oh, dad, dad," she sobbed. "I think my heart is broken."

* * * * *

The hours dragged on. Overhead Sylvia could hear a low, constant murmur of conversation, hurried pacing and then quick moving about as if young Wadsworth were throwing things into his trunk. About three the father left the house, and a little later the maid brought Sylvia a note from Sherman. She sent it back unopened, and soon after heard him leave the house.

Then when she realized that it was all over, all that was hard and bitter melted away, and only a great aching longing filled her. She crept into the living room where they had spent so many happy hours, touching the piano lovingly. Half unconsciously her fingers strayed into "Little Mother O' Mine", but part way through a sob choked her, and the chestnut head dropped on the keys, while long, shuddering sobs tore her.

How long she stayed there she scarcely knew, but suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder and Sherman was kneeling beside her.

"Sylvia, won't you listen to me, won't you look at me?" he begged. "I never knew before about that deal that put Dad on his feet and ruined your father. All along, I've thought him the straightest man I knew." His voice shook a little. "After we went upstairs, I made him tell me the whole wretched story, how he stole your father's invention and made his own fortune out of it. It almost killed him to let me know it." He lifted her hands from her face. "Sweetheart, he's dust and ashes in his humiliation, but that doesn't alter the fact that I have only a dishonored name to offer you. That was what I put in the note you wouldn't read, so I started off. Halfway down the street I remembered my key—I started back with it, and as I came up the stairs I heard you playing our song. I thought of mother, and then I realized that nothing in all the world mattered but our love. Why should a wretched ghost from the past spoil all our years of love? It isn't worth it, and isn't it after all, a kind of poetic justice?" He was using every argument in his power. "Anything, anything, dear, you say. We won't ever touch the money. I'll work for you until I drop, only, Sylvia, don't send me away."

The girl was looking at him wistfully, her face drenched in tears like a dewy rose. All their years of love! She thought of her mother and father with the bitterness of struggle and hardship, but the sweetness of love in their lives. What had anything else mattered? And she looked at the boy with all his clean young heart in his eyes.

"Oh, Sherman," she whispered, "my dear."

And he kissed her as she lay against his heart.



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The Cost of Askew's Pearls

By Patrick Vaux



WELL, you can't land on the island, Mister Tanner," said the skipper of the 'Flying Fish', "and it's a sure thing I'll get at loggerheads with the Frenchman. There ain't nothing to be done here."

At these words young Askew looked thoughtfully at the great broad coral ring, that topped by green foliage, formed the atoll of Sueka now large and full to port. Captain Wetherby looked in doubt at him, and the South Sea trader sitting close by on the cuddy skylight looked in disgust and irritation at his twisted ankle.

"Ay, this is a fix. I can't go ashore to buy the pearls," Tanner rejoined. "Plain as a pikestaff—that, eh!"

There came a pause, and silence.

The perplexed eyes of the trader flitted from the skipper's blunt brown face to his nephew. But Askew, unaware of his gaze, remained leaning against the starboard bulwark, and staring at the atoll as the schooner coasted along outside the coral barrier.

"Are ye sure Llonois has the purls?" asked the captain, "maybe it's all just brag on his part."

"Sure? I tell you, I know, I know it as a fact," the trader grunted. "The Frenchman swindled me with bad dollar bills three years ago; and now I'm missing the chance of picking up the pearls. Llonois has got the pearls—old packet-rat that he is. Afraid to go and sell 'em in Papeete, case in he sees the inside of the jail for a year or two, for a bit of knifing he did. Why, it's a real goldbrick I am missing."

The trader paused.

"Look here, young Peter," he continued in an irritated voice, motioning with his hand toward his nephew, "why can't you do something for me? Llonois won't have the heart to hurt you—you kid! You are old enough to strike a bargain, he's already afraid of the jail, and that spitfire, Ramuz, his half-brother, ain't here."

"Peter, go ashore for the purls," Wetherby jerked out. "No! It's a full man's job. Llonois has a gallows bad reputation, Mister Tanner."

But Peter had turned round sharply. There was a flush on his delicate looking face that the sun and the breeze had now tanned. Yet his whole physique still hinted at his long and serious illness.

"Why, Uncle, I have often asked you to let me be more than a mere super-cargo clerk to you. I know it's time I am doing something to help repay you for your goodness in bringing me to the Pacific to get well again, and father knows it, too. Yes, I'll buy the pearls for you."

The captain frowned as he picked up his spyglass off the skylight.

"It's a sure risk anyway for Peter," he growled, "ay, for you, too, Mister Tanner, if ye could go ashore. Sueka is an unhealthy place. If the kid goes, I go with him."

"There will be a row then," the trader snapped, "the Frenchman 'll be on to you, for certain."

"I am going ashore with Peter," replied the skipper stolidly, "I've got kids of my own at home, and my heart ain't all set on purls, if yours is, Mister Tanner!"

Twenty minutes later after the 'Flying Fish' had plunged through the pass in the reef and into the calm lagoon, her small boat was making for the low shore, where the fringe of cocoa-nut palms and pandanus seemed to stretch away without a break.

"Is Llonois really an ugly customer to deal with, Skipper?" asked Peter, or is it all gas about him?"

Wetherby shook his head, and watched the Kanakas at the oars.

"I, for one honest man, would as soon crash my fist in his uncivil face as say, 'How do', and I ain't quarrelsome, as you know. Llonois is as fond o' doing dirty work as the blackest blackguard can be, and, if your uncle wasn't that gone on purls, he'd steer fifty miles clear o' truck with him. But, there, you and me are off to bargain with him. Llonois, he ain't not a bit of a

white man—I know." And Peter nodded in reply.

The boat skimmed over a myriad of many-colored fishes, and over fresh forms of coral beauty, and wonderful clusters of sea fans and purple sea feathers diversifying the marine bottom. But Askew's gaze for once was turned from it all. He stared where, past the near grove of tall palms standing on a little elbow of the white sandy shore, a landing stage began to open out, and brown roofs to peer among the trees.

As they stepped ashore Captain Wetherby stared at four pearly craft moored by the landing stage. A low whistle of dismay escaped him.

"I don't like the look of this," he admitted, in reply to Peter, "there are visitors here a-purling with Llonois. I don't like the look of it. It's that easy, you see, Peter, to something worse 'n a dirty trick here, and then skip north, south, east and west. There ain't a gunboat comes this way once in the two years. Peter, I wish you'd stood out o' this, and the 'Flying Fish' hauling away from Sueka. I do."

"I am going on with it," Askew shot out.

"Good lad, sonny," returned the skipper, heading up the sandy track to the settlement, "but I'm thinking that now you and me 'll need more 'n a mere palaver to carry us through and safely. The sarpint is in all them low-down Papeete Frenchies!"

"Oh, I am not scared," Askew answered, a little defiantly. "I'll carry out Uncle Tom's instructions, and buy the pearls at the price he offers. Every one knows he deals just and square, and has the money with him."

"That," the captain muttered in his beard, "that is just why Tanner should not have come to Sueka!"

On they went in the strong sun, and up the colonnade of palms that led to a verandah board-house with a row of sheds and storehouses behind it, and apart, to its right, a straggling collection of native huts.

Suddenly a hubbub of angry voices rose above the roar of the surf beating on the barrier reef. Captain Wetherby stopped stockstill, and looked anxiously ahead at the stores.

"Who the mischief are there?" he grunted. "They sound an ugly crew. We'll have trouble, lad!"

"Never mind, skipper. I am going right in for the pearls," came the steady reply. "It is a little thing to do for Uncle Tom when he is laid up, and above all for bringing me back to health again out here, and helping the home-folks. We owe much to Uncle Tom, we do."

Across the captain's massive sunburnt face there passed a look of high approval as he glanced down at the slim-bodied figure beside him.

It was when they were crossing the space of white pounded coral in front of the verandah that a qualm of nervousness took Peter. Now he was on the spot he more clearly realized the dangers opening up before him. Already he knew a little of the lawlessness in different parts of the South Seas.

On Wetherby and Peter appearing in the doorway of the store, the jabbering and quarrelling there ceased very suddenly.

To the left of the doorway, seven Tahitan half-castes with rings in their ears and hip-knives girted about them were seated on the floor among a litter of pannikins and bottles. Halfway up the counter, on which were a case or two, a few bolts of cotton, and other things a tall broadshouldered Frenchman was lounging, a livid scar from some slash disfiguring his left cheek and giving his truculent face a fierce look. With his left elbow resting on the counter he was talking in low tones to the weasel-faced storekeeper behind it.

"Son of a gun! That's Ramuz," Captain Wetherby whispered to Peter. "We'll see some mischief now."

"Hela, messieurs! From where do you come? Pardonnez moi, your faces I do not know. No, I, Llonois, know them not," exclaimed the elderly Frenchman

in surprise, and his beady eyes roved from Wetherby to Peter, and back again. "It is my misfortune, I must say it of you, messieurs. What do you want here?"

"We are off the schooner 'Flying Fish' from Nua to Makove, put in for poultry and fruit," Askew replied, looking at the storekeeper, "and pearls, if you have them?"

"Oui, mon petit m'sieur, there are poulees to sell, and fruit, as you wish. But of the pearls, mon patit m'sieur the trader, who knows, eh, who knows?"

"Oh, let 'em go by, then if you haven't any," answered the lad carelessly. "What's your price for the poulees?"

But the old man was looking intently at his half-brother, and Ramuz had stepped to the doorway to survey the trim schooner where she lay in the lagoon. One of the half-castes sitting on the floor remarked something to his comrades who were staring with luring eyes at the visitors, and they burst into a loud guffaw. Just then Ramuz came back to the counter, and leaning on both hands began jabbering to Llonois in French. Not for a minute or two did the storekeeper give any attention to the strangers.

"Pearls? Oui, m'sier, there are pearls to sell," he at last said to Peter, turning from his half brother, with a leer on his dirty features. "But, as it is said, what is the color of the monaie, mon petit does give?"

"You let me see the pearls," Askew jerked out, disliking the looks flung at them, and glad of the neighborhood of the skipper's hammer-like fists, "and then I'll show you the color of the money."

"How much?" Ramuz rasped the words out.

At the menacing note in his sharp fierce voice a jar of repugnance took Peter—a feeling that danger was very near. But, steadying himself, he pulled out of the breastpocket of his drill jacket a thick packet of clean crisp dollar bills.

"I'll give you thirty centimos for every bird in plump condition. Then we'll truck as to the fruit. Meantime, what about the pearls, M'sieur Llonois?"

Ramuz grunted out some words to the old man, and as Llonois lighted a candle he cast a look charged with meaning at his half-brother. Then he shambled away behind a partition at the inner end of the counter, where the stores were kept in shade and coolness.

Captain Wetherby cleared his voice to speak; but, instead, he closed his jaws with a snap. Ramuz had immediately crossed the floor to his comrades, and was speaking to them in a low rapid voice. Three of the rascally crew rose up, hitching their belts round so as to bring their knives easier to hand. The others also gaining their feet took possession, without any disguise, of the doorway.

A silence followed on—an ominous silence, broken only by the low thunder of the sea breaking upon the reef. Peter found his heart beginning to gallop. It was all too easy to penetrate the intention of the ruffians. Askew wondered what the end of the struggle would be?

"By thunders, lad," Wetherby muttered close beside him to the left, "they intend running us down, if nothing worse 'n that. This ain't no place for honest folk!"

"Keep quiet!" Peter breathed low and desperate.

Away past the half-castes holding the doorway, past the fowls picking among the rubbish under the uva bushes along the clearing, and away between the colonnade of trees, he saw the schooner gently rocking at anchor. Thought, not of himself, but of his uncle, took him like a spasm of pain. In the 'Flying Fish' with her stores for sale and barter, and cargo of cobra and other merchandise, he knew his relative's whole fortune lay.

As Peter hurriedly and uselessly searched about in his mind for means of surmounting their dangers he stepped to the barrels standing on the floor alongside the counter. Lifting a handful of sweet corn out of the nearest keg he threw it to the fowls. His eyes fell on the next barrel, and marked its dangerous contents, painted in white

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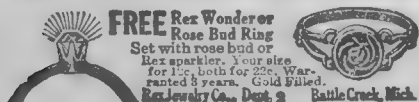
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The Cost of Askew's Pearls

By Patrick Vaux

Cont'd from page 13

letters or its stout lid. Desperately he cast about how to make use of it. Scooping out another handful of fowls' food he purposely, but as if accidentally, knocked his right elbow against the heavy lid of that keg, displacing it a little. A thrill of reckless joy took Askew. Now for a light, was his prayer. "Better be catching the poulees," said he to Ramuz, giving a nod toward the poultry.

"Ahah! Is there the hurry? Many is the slip between roast poulee and the lip," the Frenchman sneered, ominously blowing cigarette smoke from his nostrils. "Diable! 'Tis a man not an enfant we need in the South Seas to buy pearls—and keep them!"

Just then Llonois returned to the store. He put the burning candle on the counter close to Peter, then out of a filthy leather pouch he drew four lustrous pearls. Each was as big as a small pea. One by one the storekeeper dropped them into his grimy left palm, and held them out for Peter's inspection.

"Four. Yes. A thousand dollars for the lot," Askew offered, according to his instructions. "No? No more. A thousand or no deal, M'sieur Llonois."

He stripped the rustling paper notes off the bulky packet, and offered them to Llonois. The old man grunted something in French, smiled broadly and evilly, took the money, and handed the pearls to Peter. It was the stir among the half-castes in the store that then caused Askew's heart to jump faster.

He felt himself tremble a little. But, strong as steel in his determination to fight, he refused to think of the awful end that would ensue to all.

"Skipper," he said under his breath, "you'd better skip for it. Break through, and away. You'll be killed."

"Longside o' you" came the quiet answer. "Hey, Mister what d'you want?"

"It is with the enfant I do speak," Ramuz shot out, closing quickly with three of his gang, and casting a greedy look at Peter's holding of the pearls. "The pearls belong rightly to me, Henri Salvador Ramuz! Me!" tapping his chest. "I do not have it that they go."

"Auh, shut your mouth. Go down Llonois, oh, I know who he is, and you, too, for the money. Squabble among yourselves," snapped Captain Wetherby, "but if ye quarrel with us, well, then—"

And the skipper snatched up a cleaver off the counter.

The whole gang leaped on them, with cries of derision and death. But Peter, the same instant, had grabbed the flickering candle with one hand, and with the other had flung off the lid of the second barrel.

His voice rose shrill above the hubbub. "Hands up all, or I drop the candle into the powder."

A glowing shred fell from the un-snuffed wick, to eddy most luckily just short of the keg of explosive. At sight of it the beachcombers shot up their hands.

With glowing eyes and grim, white features, Peter stood over the gunpowder with the candle till Captain Wetherby had lashed them all up with manilla rope lying at hand. Then with a little hysterical laugh the lad reeled athwart the counter.

Twenty minutes later the schooner was heading for the pass in the barrier reef, out onto the open Pacific, while the captain recounted their experiences to the trader. When he was ended Uncle Tom turned to Askew, and beckoned him to sit down on the sky-lit beside him.

"Peter, lad," he said gravely, clapping him on the shoulder, "I did you great wrong; you are aye doing your best to help me. But, this time! I'll never forgive myself for jaggging you into going ashore—a selfish old brute, that's me! But for you, Ramuz and his gang would have not only pinched the pearls back again but pillaged the schooner, and marooned us—I see their game now. Well, they'll lie there now till the plantation hands come in."

"I tell you, what I intend doing to make it up to you for saving me," Tanner continued slowly. "These four

pearls are beauties, and are worth some thousands. We'll sell 'em by-and-bye, and put the cash in your name into a new firm. The firm of Messrs. Tanner and Nephew, Peter, my lad!"

Peter stared at his uncle, not believing his ears. But the skipper gave a shout of approval.

"Fares, Please!"

Car-conductors, familiar with the various peculiarities of travellers, will agree that the following scene, described in the Pittsburg "Gazette," might occur in any street-car in any city. The dramatic personae are two well-dressed young women and the conductor. The time is the present.

Conductor: Fare, please.

First young lady (hastily): Let me pay it, dear.

Second young lady (opening chate-laine and beginning to take out handkerchief, small package, gloves and keys)—Not for worlds, dearest! I have some change.

First young lady (excavating the depths of wrist-bag)—Nonsense, I have it right here. And you paid it last, you know.

Second young lady—I'm sure I didn't. It was you, don't you remember? The reason I know is because we were going to Lottie's tea.

First young lady—Oh, yes, and I wore my pink crepe de chine. But that wasn't the last time we went out together. We were going to the matinee, and I am sure you paid the fare.

Second young lady (triumphantly taking out a purse)—Well, it doesn't make any difference. I'll just pay it again.

Conductor (wearily)—Fare, ladies.

First young lady (indignantly, also producing purse)—It does make a difference, too! Do you think I am going out and have you pay my fare everywhere we go? Here, I have it.

Second young lady—Don't be so silly. Here, I have it.

First young lady—My dear, I insist.

Second young lady—Agnes, I shall be downright offended with you in a moment. I shall pay the fare.

Conductor—I don't care who pays it, but I don't want to stand here all day.

First young lady (with dignity)—You are a rude person and I shall report you. My uncle is one of the principal stockholders, and I shall report your behavior to him. Here, take this money. I'm sure you only had to wait a second or two.

Second young lady—Isn't it awful, the insolence of these people?

A teacher had some visitors one afternoon and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling up a bright little boy at the rear of the room she said to him:

"Johnny, if I gave you two cents and your father gave you three cents, how many would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnny.

The teacher blushed with embarrassment, but tried again. "You can't have understood, Johnny," she said. "Listen, and I will repeat the question. If I gave you two cents and your father gave you three, how many would you have?"

"Seven," said Johnny again.

"I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth could you have seven?"

"I got two in me pocket," said Johnny.

A Democratic Army

To illustrate the democratic spirit that prevails in the British volunteer army, this story is told in "Punch."

A company of the sportsmen's regiment was being drilled at New Forest. The sergeant, an elderly stableman, said to one of the young recruits, who happened to be the brother of an earl:

"Head up, Montaigne!" (So he pronounced the name.) "Head up, chest out, shoulders back!"

"My name isn't Montaigne—it's Montague," said the young man.

"Very good, Montague," said the sergeant. "For speaking up like that you can just do four days' fatigues."

The Poetry of the Dolomites

By C. F. Wolff



WE crowned the pass and saw rise before us the new world to conquer, in peaks of wondrous grandeur, and valleys filled with blue . . . The scenery solemn and romantic was just as poets paint when they describe an approach to dream-land.—(Gilbert and Churchill 'The Dolomite Mountains,' London 1864.)

The two old English writers quoted above, who composed this classic work on the Dolomites, correctly surmised that in these marvellous mountains there must be some altogether original folklore. But fifty years had to pass before it was collected and published. Its collection was a wise thing because, from year to year more and more was lost, and there

legends calls the Dolomites "the pale mountains."

This legend runs thus

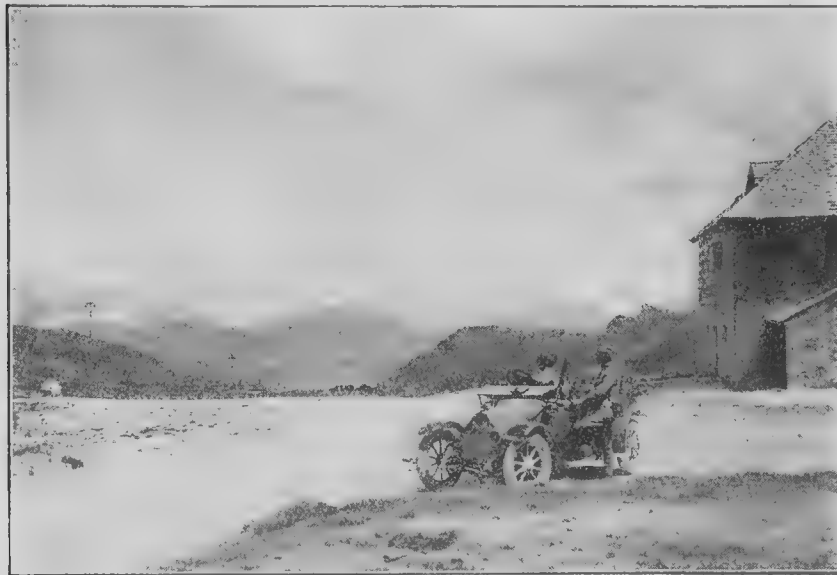
Where the Alps open towards the South, towards the Italian sun, there was once upon a time a Kingdom, which extended from the uppermost icy summit down to the warm Paduan plain. The innumerable mountains of this Kingdom were all covered with dense dark forests, but darker still were the rocks. The spouse of the Prince of this Kingdom was the daughter of the King of the Moon, but, since on the Moon everything is clear and luminous, the dark colours in the kingdom of her consort did not please the Princess, she grew melancholy and, finally became sick. One day the King of the Moon came to see his daughter and, seeing that



Moene in the Valley of Fassa.

are now very few persons who remember it. It is a folklore of shepherds and consists in very ancient traditions and legends. These are interspersed with myths, fantastic conceptions of magic and metempsychosis or transmigration of souls, with prehistoric traditions and medieval mollers (?), but always reflecting the beauty, the colours and the glory of those sublime mountains. In the mind of the shepherds there has entered some-

her life was in danger, he took her back with him to the Moon. There the mountains and the flowers are white, and very soon the Princess lost her homesickness and recovered her health. But the poor Prince down in the Alps of the Earth was overwhelmed with grief and sought means whereby he might make white his mountains also, so that the daughter of the Moon would be able to return and stay with him. After many



The Sasso Lungo, from the Pondo Pass.

thing of the mysterious spirit of those brilliant mountains. And their tales are filled with a poetry which glorifies those summits not less than the light of the sun nor the splendours of their snows.

If we ascend one of the mountains of Trento, Bolzano or Merano, for instance, the Presanella, the Mendola or the Vigilioc, there rises before us in the East the long jagged range of the Dolomites. These peaks with bold and weird forms are not covered with abundant snows, as those of Switzerland and yet they have not that uniform azure colour which distant mountains usually emit,—the Dolomites, instead, when seen by daylight, appear yellowish white as if made of ivory. For this reason one of the

useless attempts, he made a compact with the dwarfs, who pledged themselves to spin the light of the Moon and in this luminous texture wrap all the mountains of his Kingdom. And the difficult task proved a success, because dwarfs are much quicker more skilful than men. The black mountains did not become white as the Moon, but pale as they are still to-day. Then the Prince, quite elated, went to take back his spouse who, seeing the beauty of the pale peaks, was very happy and never again experienced that sad homesickness.

Sometimes in the evenings, especially after a storm, the tops of the Dolomite Alps turn purple as if on fire, with a predominance of red and the glitter of gold.



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The Poetry of the Dolomites

By C. F. Wolff

Contd. from page 15

Dolomites, or the Ladini. The classic mountain for this phenomenon is the Rosengarten or, disparagingly called, "catinaccio" (large basin), situated above Bolzano, and here another legend is told:

That this mountain was once entirely covered by a rose garden, which belonged to Laurino, the king of the dwarfs. One day Laurino kidnapped the Princess Similda and desired to make her his wife. Having received a flat refusal, he kept her prisoner on the top of the mountain covered with roses. But the brother of the Princess, together with Theodoric of Verona and other Knights came to liberate Similda. After some fierce battles with the dwarfs, who were magicians, and with some giants, who also inhabited that part of the Dolomites, they succeeded in freeing the maiden and in taking Laurino prisoner. Having tied him, they took him to Verona, where he was obliged to play the buffoon for the amusement of the company. But, after some time, Laurino succeeded in making his escape and returned to his mountains. Here he thought that the roses visible from the plain had betrayed him and, therefore, by his powers of a wizard, he made them invisible by day as well as by night, but he had forgotten the twilight and therefore it happens that at twilight the roses appear, and the entire mountain is tinged with red.

This phenomenon, so frequent in Italy, is called "coloration" by the French, "alpengluhen" by the Germans and "enrosadira" by the inhabitants of the

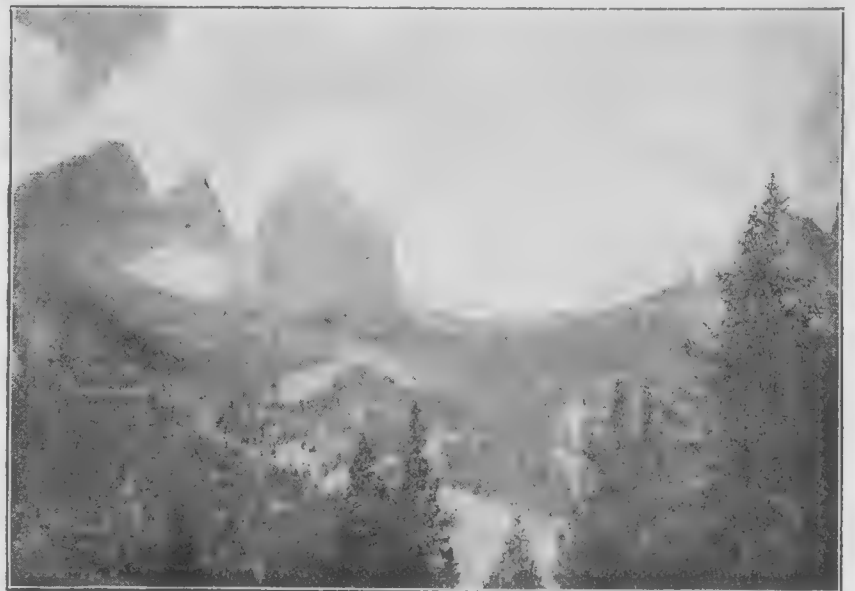
became a great troubadour, visited all the countries in the world, was admired and acclaimed, but always unhappy.

The figure of the warrior and troubadour must be very ancient among the Dolomites for it is found there in many legends. The mythical King of Contrin was also a troubadour, who after a bitter struggle and betrayed by his own son, was obliged to take refuge on Monte Vernel, where he remained for thirty years. Then, dressed as an old troubadour, he returned to the city. Here his niece, young Elionda, was compelled by her traitorous father to be betrothed to the commander of the enemy. Her grand-father made her acquaintance and these two together formed a plot to liberate the city.

One evening they brought in 300 warriors of Fassa and in a terrible battle the enemies were massacred. But the city was delivered by them to the flames which destroyed it completely. There remained of it only a little lake, which is still seen at the foot of the Vernel and its waters even to-day smell of the smoke of that great conflagration.

Thus runs the legend; in reality it is here only a question of a sulphurous spring. But whoever has seen the Valley of Contrin, with the rugged peaks of the Vernel and the Collaz, will understand how well such a savage tale fits the wild and romantic surroundings.

In the same Valley of Contrin is also located the legend of Conturina, a beautiful girl, hated by her stepmother. This stepmother was a noble lady who owned a castle, and many princes came to see her. But her daughters were ugly and the princes always looked at Conturina.



The Pondo Pass and the Col di Lana.

On the same mountain there is a lake called the Lake of Antermoja, which also has its legend. Before there was a lake here, there existed a delightful grove in which dwelt the Princess Antermoja, daughter of Laurino. She had been betrothed to a knight of Val Gardena, but had told him that he was never to know the name of his fiancée. This knight was passionately fond of music, but did not succeed in learning to play any kind of instrument; his hands were so heavy that, scarcely had he touched an instrument when he broke it. For this reason his companions called him the "Iron Hand". He did not know why his hands were so strong. While he was still a baby, his mother was told by a soothsayer that her son would either become a great musician and would always be unhappy, or his life would be happy but he would never be able to satisfy his passion for music. Then his mother allowed a sorceress to bewitch his hands so that he would never be able to touch a musical instrument without breaking it.

One day the knight accidentally learned the name of his fiancée. On his return to the grove he called her by name, but she began to weep and told him that now she would have to leave him. As a souvenir she gave him the harp on which she used to play. Suddenly the rocks opened and dark floods of water gushed forth from the interior of the mountain, engulfing the grove and the beautiful princess and forming a gloomy dismal lake, which is there still. The knight inconsolable wandered about the lake for three days. Then he began to play the harp and, wonderful to say, without further ado he was master of it. He

Therefore her stepmother ordered her never to utter a word. And she told her visitors that Conturina was mute and an imbecile. But, in spite of this, the princes only looked at Conturina. Then the stepmother issued the order that she should not move while strangers were in the house. And she told them that the girl was a mute, and idiot and paralytic. And yet they continued to look at her. Then the infuriated stepmother sent for a witch who by enchantment changed the poor Conturina into stone. But nothing availed, because the visiting princes did nothing but admire that statue. Then the stepmother had her petrified stepdaughter carried up on a very high rock, which overhangs the Pass of Ombretta, there Conturina was fixed in the vertical wall and abandoned; years passed without anyone knowing where poor Conturina had met her end. But finally there was a rumor among the shepherds that in the solitude of Valley Ombretta a woman's voice was sometimes heard singing. And a young soldier who stood guard in the pass understood in the stillness of the night even the individual words.

In this song Conturina related her story. Then the young soldier told her that at the break of day he would climb up the rock and set her free. But Conturina told him that it was too late, if during the first seven years someone had come to liberate her, he would have succeeded but now the magic spell could not be broken and she had to remain for ever on that rock. And so it was. Sometimes while walking among the desolate rocks of Valley Ombretta, especially in the evening, a wanderer may still hear the sad chant of poor Conturina.

Even the terrible Col di Lana, conquered by the Italians and henceforth sacred to history, because covered in the war with thousands of dead, Italians and Austrians, even the Col di Lana had its legends. And it is strange that one of these (published thirty years ago by the savant Dr. Alton) foretold that around the Col di Lana a tremendous battle would be fought and that the entire Valley of Livinallongo would be overturned and ruined, as has actually happened. However the legend of the great battle is also found in the neighbouring valleys of Prags and Badia.

Common to all this region is also the story of the "Kingdom of the Fanes," which included all the mountains between the Badia and the Ampezzano—to-day a wild desert of gravel, rocks, frightful abysses and very tall spire-like crags, with some meagre pasturage and a little solitary lake.

Once it was a rich and fertile region, covered with meadows and fields and inhabited by the "Fanes," whose king had his castle on the celebrated "Croda Vanna," a grandiose Dolomitic mountain, called to-day "Sasso della Croce," arousing the admiration of all who pass through Badia. This king, thanks to his warlike daughter, the princess Dolasilla, who possessed irresistible arrows, had won many battles and increased his dominion, but, finally, urged on by his un-restrained pride, he desired to take possession of the treasures of the "Aurora," a mysterious subterranean realm, situated under the mountain of Padon, near the Passo del Pordoi.

To obtain these treasures, the king of the Fanes entered into an infamous agreement with the enemy and sent his own army to destruction. Princess Dolasilla, together with the soldiers, knowing nothing of her father's treachery, tried to resist the enemy. But one of these, a magician, with great cunning succeeded in stealing thirteen of the irresistible arrows and then, in the middle of the battle, he struck poor Dolasilla with her own darts. Carried to a hut on the plateau of "Prelonge," near the Col di Lana, Dolasilla expired and with her vanished the fortune of the Kingdom.

The army of the Fanes, when it saw the fall of the glorious princess, was filled with terror and fled. The hordes of the enemy, having broken into the kingdom, took the Castle of Croda Vanna by storm and devastated the whole country as far as Alp Sennes. At this point, however, the Queen with the other daughter Lujanta and a handful of soldiers, succeeded in stopping the enemy, holding the two mountains of Croda del Becco and Croda Rossa. The Croda del Becco with its grandiose wall overhangs the lake of Brajes (Prager Wildsee) and a legend tells us how, on some moonlight nights a skiff may be seen on the placid surface of the lake in which are the old Queen of the Fanes and Princess Lujanta. Another relates that at the foot of the Croda del Becco on some dark nights a large mysterious door is opened which leads into another country where the last of the Fanes are said to have taken refuge. The inhabitants of Maro (Enneberg) call the Croda del Becco "Sass dla Porta" (the stone with the door).

The treacherous King was scorned by the enemy and sent to the high summit of Mount Lagazuoi, where he was turned into stone. Whoever to-day travels on the road to Falzarego and looks in the direction of Ampezzano and the summits of Lagazuoi will see a peak resembling a man with a long beard and a crown on his head; this is the King of the Fanes, called the "Deceitful King" (in the ancient idiom of Ampezzano 'fanzo regs') and it is said that from it has come the name of "Falzarego."

And so we might continue to relate the story of Cadina, situated on the mountains of Costabella in Val di Fassa,—that of the Arimanni; that of the Princess who used to change herself into a nightingale until one day, not being able to resume her human form, had to remain a nightingale forever; that of Soreghina, daughter of the Sun, who died because while listening to her lover's talk she had allowed herself to be surprised by midnight; that of the flowers of Lagorai in which dwell the souls of warriors dead on the battle fields and carried by ravens to the heights of the Lagorai; that of Gendsana who during the day lived on earth, in the form of a girl, while in the evening she was changed into an otter, in order to spend the night in the stream Travnolo which descends from the Pale di San Martino; that of Tanna, Queen of the Croderes, who lived on the highest peak of the Marmarole "dear to Vecellio," as Carducci says, etc., etc.

A marvellous folklore, fanciful and romantic, lives amongst the Dolomites, giving to these mountains, even physically so weird and beautiful, a certain supernatural glory.

Doubly Lost

A kind-hearted old gentleman came upon a small, whimpering urchin.

"What's the matter, my little man?" he asked sympathetically, placing his hand on the youngster's head.

"I'm lost, Bohoo!"

"Lost? Nonsense! We musn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"

"I d-don't know, sir," whined the youngster. "W-we've just moved and I c-can't remember the address."

"Well, what's your name?"

"D-don't know, sir."

"Don't know!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"No," sobbed the urchin. "M-mother got married again this morning."

Sir Edward Carson's Wit

Sir Edward Carson, the eminent lawyer, and leader of the Ulster covenanters, is usually very serious in demeanor, but he is a master in the art of making witty and telling retorts.

During one case in which he appeared, he had more than one passage of arms with the judge, who finally drew attention to a discrepancy between the evidence given by two of Sir Edward's principal witnesses, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a publican.

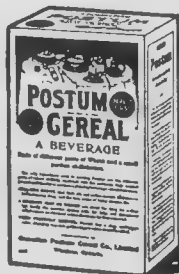
"That's so, my lord!" instantly retorted Sir Edward. "Yet another case of difference between the bench and the bar!"

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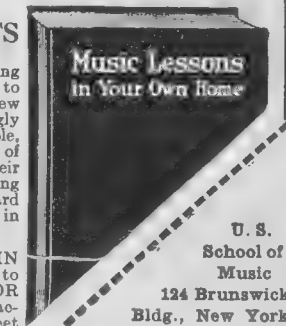
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HAIL LOSSES AVOIDED

No class in the community should understand the value of all kinds of insurance better than the farmer, for the farmer is time and time again made to face losses which are due to circumstances beyond his control. No matter how good a farmer he may be and no matter how skilfully he may put in a crop, if his land does not get sufficient moisture his crop will be a failure. Nothing that he can do as an individual will save his crop from ruin if his land does not get sufficient moisture. Lack of moisture is only one of the many causes which may result in a farmer's labor being completely wasted. Another very costly enemy is the hail storm. No man can stop a hailstorm, no man can save his crop from damage if a hailstorm visits it, but every man can protect himself against the loss resulting from such a storm. Hail insurance is now recognized as one of the necessities of the farming industry; it is just as necessary and just as important as any of the other things which go to make a successful farmer.

The word "insurance" means "making oneself safe" against something. Hail insurance is that which makes one safe against loss from hail damage. Can a farmer afford to do without hail insurance if he can secure it at a reasonable price? The answer is, emphatically "No." The reason for this answer is easily ascertained. The farmer prepares the land for seeding—the result of this work depends mainly upon the skill with which it is done. He sows a crop—the success of this work depends mainly upon the quality of seed used, and the manner in which it is sown—the farmer himself controls this to a large extent. The crop makes great progress and in a week or so it will be ready to cut—but the farmer knows to his sorrow that sometimes next week does not come. A hailstorm puts an abrupt end to his season's labors. He has no control over the hailstorm—and it has ruined the results of the efforts over which he did have control. But although he cannot control the hailstorm he can do the next best thing—buy hail insurance. However there is one important thing to remember—the time to think of buying hail insurance is before the hailstorm and not after. Perhaps you had better see the hail insurance agent just as soon as possible and make yourself safe against that over which you have no control—the hail menace.

THE VALUE OF STATISTICS

A clever man can prove anything by statistics mainly because statistics appear to be cold facts without any artistic decoration. But it is unwise at any time to take statistics at their face value without further investigation and this is particularly true at the present time when trade figures show marked decreases. "Blue ruin" experts seize upon these declines as statistical proof of the fact that business has gone to the dogs but calm consideration of the facts does not support such a dismal view. In 1920 the Canadian dollar purchased just about the same quantity of goods, services or any other commodity as fifty cents did in 1913. One dollar in 1913 had a purchasing value equal to that of two dollars in 1920. To-day the dollar will purchase more than it did last year. According to figures published by the department of labor \$14.48 was the cost per week of staple foods required by an average family of five people during January 1921, as compared with \$15.30 in January 1920. It will be seen from these figures that even though people buy as great a quantity of food as they did last year the trade figures will show a marked decline. This little illustration shows that we should not be stampeded by statistics. It pays to investigate the relative value of comparative figures.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF CAPITAL

During the past few years many men have become investors in a small way and a considerable amount of money has been

subscribed by these small investors in shares of companies of various kinds. Unfortunately this new body of investors has been taken advantage of by promoters of speculative organizations and it can be stated with certainty that shares have been sold to small investors which have been stated to be good sound investments but which in reality have been nothing more nor less than a gamble with the odds against the small investor.

One of the favorite arguments used by the salesmen who peddle these "gambling" investments is to refer to the large authorized capital which the government has permitted his company to have, and he places great emphasis on the statement that the government has permitted this capital to be subscribed and further infers that by so doing the government has practically confirmed his other argument that his company is a good one to invest money in. But the government does no such thing; it protects the public to the best of its ability against fraudulent company promoters, but there are always loopholes which the unscrupulous promoter will take full advantage of and in consequence will be able to keep within the law but still sail very close to the wind.

When a man is invited to invest money in a company and if he has an idea of doing so there are a number of simple questions which he should obtain answers to. These questions include the following:

1. Are the responsible officials of the company honest men with a good business record?
2. Do the objects of the company appear to be well conceived; is there a need for such a company and is there sufficient demand for the services which it proposes to render?

3. Is the business which it proposes to carry on a speculative business?

4. How much commission is the salesman getting for selling the shares?

5. What is the actual paid-up capital of the company and how was it paid for?

In judging the answers to these questions the prospective investor should remember that:

1. The directors of a company may be honest but also incompetent. They may be experts on some matters and fools on others. Are they honest and able to intelligently deal with the affairs of this company?

2. A company may be prepared to render excellent service but if that service is not required, if there is no market for the company's product, then it is bound to fail.

3. An investment is one thing; a gamble is something entirely different. Your own common sense should tell you whether the company's business is speculative or not. A small investor cannot afford to gamble.

4. If a large commission is being paid to the salesman who is selling shares for the company, it is starting off with a heavy handicap.

5. The amount of paid-up capital is an important point and it is still more important to know how that capital was paid for, whether in cash or in some other way.

BULLS AND BEARS

Those who take an interest in stock exchange reports will often see uncommon terms and expressions used in referring to the transactions taking place from time to time. You will sometimes read that the market was a "bull" market and on other occasions the reports refer to a "bear" market. At first glance these expressions or terms may lead the uninitiated to believe that the stock exchanges are closely related to live stock markets, but in this, as in many other instances, business expressions must not be interpreted literally.

In the language of the stock exchange a "bull" is one who expects prices to rise and he therefore agrees to buy shares or securities, grain or other commodities with the object of selling them at a higher price. The stock exchange "bull" has no

intention of actually buying these things; he agrees to buy, believing that before he has to complete the purchase he will be able to sell his purchases at a higher price and make a profit equal to the difference between the amount he agreed to pay and the amount at which he sold. When the stock exchange reports refer to a "bull" market they mean a period of business on the exchange during which the majority of the transactions were handled by "bulls." The "bears" on the exchange are exactly the opposite to the "bulls." They sell stocks expecting a fall in price. In other words, they sell securities or shares or whatever it is they are trading in although they do not actually own these things they are selling, but they are figuring on being able to buy them later at a lower price than they are now selling them for, in time to deliver to the parties they are selling to.

Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

The one regrettable thing in this whole business is that Germany seems incapable of remorse. She has apparently lost her moral sense. There is something in the home life, the school life, the church life or the military life of the people which accounts for this. It will be well for us to examine ourselves lest some day a like fate befall us. May we keep free from pride, arrogance and intellectual self-sufficiency. May we cultivate our sympathies and emotions and develop in all their fullness the graces of the Spirit.

LEADERSHIP

All over the West there are select communities in which the people seem to have made notable progress in some particular way. In one field there is a genuine interest in good schools; in another an interest in good farming; in another an interest in good roads. And so it goes. An examination reveals that in nearly every case the success is to be attributed to the leadership of one good man or one good woman who with fine zeal has taken the initiative and compelled others to follow. There is scarcely any limit to the influence a devoted worker may have in a village or a rural community. Even in a large town or a city a man may be worth a thousand.

Leadership is not confined to one or two fields. Every one who has special ability is capable to that extent of being a leader. It is wonderful how rich a community may become if it adopts the best that all the members have to contribute. Towards this end community clubs are most desirable, and the movement looking towards their establishment in every district in the West is to be commended.

IDEALISTS

There is a class of men whom we regard too lightly. We sometimes have for them an amused pity as if they were lacking in saving common sense. Yet these men, the idealists, in all lands and ages have been the saviours of the race. One such idealist, be he poet, preacher or philosophic dreamer, if he has a pure heart and clear vision will do more to ensure progress and lasting peace than the million who have their eyes fastened on the money boxes and the things of earth. And so let us encourage these who sing of faith and hope and love, for these graces will abide when all else passes away.

"The rain had fallen, the poet arose,
He passed by the town and out of the street,
The light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
The waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
And made the wild swan pause in her cloud
And the lark drop down at his feet.

"The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,
The snake slept under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
And stared with the foot on his prey,
And the nightingale thought 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have passed away.'"

AS TO PRICES

When raw materials such as wool and hides cost so little it is difficult to explain why manufactured articles such as woollen

and boots cost so much. A story is told of a gentleman who was charged a very high price for his clothes by his fashionable tailor. One day being in the country he found a piece of homespun which he obtained for nothing. He brought this to the tailor and had it made into a suit. The price was as high as ever. He explained to the tailor that the cloth had cost nothing and that, therefore, the price should be greatly reduced. "My dear man," said the tailor. "We never charge anything for material. The whole cost is in the labor and the expert service." Next time we go into a fashion house or a high class restaurant or a beautiful theatre we shall remember this. The problem of high living is more than anything else a problem of labor and of human pride. If one is content to live modestly the cost of living is not always excessive. If men will do eight hours work for eight hours' pay manufacturers can afford to sell their wares at reasonable prices.

Futile Questions

Miss Corinne Bacon, the experienced, sensible and good-humored director of the Drexel Library School in Pennsylvania, has recently made a humorous division of the askers of exasperating questions in public libraries into three classes:

- "1. Those who don't know what they want, and say so.
- "2. Those who say they know what they want, and don't.
- "3. Those who know what they want, and won't tell."

Some questioners, she further explains, seem to expect the librarian "not only to have the cup of knowledge filled for them, and hold it to their lips, but to pat them on the back while they swallow."

"The questions they ask us!" she exclaims. "It seems hardly worth while to spend much time in finding out if it is true that Kipling threw the 'Recessional' into the waste-basket and Mrs. Kipling fished it out, whether the young Queen of Spain nursed her baby, or whether Abraham Lincoln ever said anything in particular about shade-trees. The woman who asked for an easy prayer in verse for a feeble-minded child, and the young foreigner who wanted a book telling how to write a love-letter or 'anything as'll help a feller to win the girl he loves' would be helped most effectually by an assistant capable of writing exactly what they wanted.

"Many questions can't be answered from books. This, for instance: 'Does woman, by engaging in the occupations of man and acquiring his habits, lessen her chances of matrimony?' Yet I fear the person who asked it was disappointed when I told her that she could get the most direct and reliable information by asking the men she knew!"

An imposing dame who appeared, not long ago before the desk of a small town library announced that she had a paper to write, and wished to look something up.

"Yes," assented the tired librarian, pleasantly. "Can I help you?" "Certainly you can," replied the prospective essayist. "I want to find out who invented fashions."

Books on the evolution of costume, historically or artistically treated, the lady impatiently waved aside. She was not, she insisted loftily, concerned with petty details, and she had not time to wade through unnecessary books. All she wanted was an immediate answer to one simple question: Who invented fashions?

"Eve, madam, when she tucked a blue flower behind her ear because it suited her complexion and tossed a red one in the brook," said the librarian, wearily.

"That is not an answer; it is an impertinence. I shall report you to the directors!" snapped the inquirer.

She did so; but the directors, with an unwonted touch of humor, pronounced the reply "more pertinent than impertinent, and as good an answer as any to the complainant's question."

A Reasonable Explanation

We were packing our goods preparatory to moving to a distant town, writes a friend of "The Companion." My usual helper being ill, I employed a new assistant, a woman of thirty or more. As I was engaged in packing our books, she paused a moment beside me.

"Somehow, I never cared much for books," she remarked; "but then," she continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I can't read, and that may have something to do with it."

Financial Strength

THE principles upon which a Bank is founded, the number of years it has been in operation, and the policy followed during these years—these features, combined with its present standing, form the criterion of the strength of a Bank.

The Bank of Montreal began business in the year 1817, with a modest capital of \$1,250,000, and for over a century it has followed a conservative-aggressive policy until to-day its capital and reserve fund total \$40,000,000 and its total assets are in excess of \$560,000,000.

BANK OF MONTREAL

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

Branches in every important city and town in the Dominion and Newfoundland

First in Canada

ONE of the most remarkable reforms in modern Life Assurance methods is the issuing of policies without Medical Examination. This was first introduced into Canada by the Northwestern Life Assurance Company in the year 1918.

It has proved such a popular form of policy that now, after our three years' successful operation of this plan, other Canadian life companies are following our lead, thereby endorsing the far-sighted and progressive methods of the Northwestern Life.

There is no trouble or delay in taking out this policy—and no medical examination.

Other companies take only \$1,000—we take up to \$2,500 Without Medical Examination.

The Northwestern is a good company to insure in, and a good company to represent.

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133

It's Up to You as a Parent

whether you feed your boy or girl real building food, or something that merely "tastes good"

Grape-Nuts

furnishes exactly the food values needed to build young bodies, and the taste is delightful

Grocers everywhere sell this staunch wheat and malted barley food

Ready to eat - Economical

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

THE TRAINED MAN

It is reported that recently a great factory had occasion, because of adverse business conditions, to reduce its organization from 5,800 men to 350 men. In the process of adjustment, however, it was found that fifty of the men had taken certain special training beyond that ordinarily needed for the regular performance of their duties. A record was kept of the careers of these men in so far as they were affected by the changing fortunes of the company, and the figures given out are as follows:

22 were promoted in the organization and stayed there.

11 resigned to take better positions in other plants.

13 were retained because they were valuable men.

4 were let go because they were employed in a department which was abolished.

THE SCIENCE OF MANAGEMENT

An organization known as the National Society of Industrial Engineers has recently published a bulletin in which the scope of the science of management is defined as follows:

1. Industrial organization.
2. Personnel of organization.
3. Construction of industrial buildings.
4. Layout of buildings.
5. Design of facilities and equipment.
6. Installation and arrangement of equipment.
7. Selection of labor.
8. Instruction of labor.
9. Control and supervision of labor.
10. Care of health and safety of labor.
11. Specification of material.
12. Purchasing of material.
13. Distribution of product.
14. Administrative control.
15. Financial control.
16. Production control.
17. Material control.
18. Labor control.
19. Cost control.
20. Order control.

At first glance, this may look like a somewhat technical and uninteresting list, and one which has no proper place on this page, but it has been included designedly. It represents, in the first place, the matured thought and opinions of a highly organized body of specialists who have had to do with great corporations and undertakings during a very critical period in the history of the industrial world. It is a fair assumption, too, that whatever has been found practicable, profitable, and proper in a large organization, may in some degree, be found similarly beneficial in the work of small firms, or of a single individual.

For instance, suppose the business be that of a farmer on a half section of land, employing a hired man and some adult members of the family. Surely a knowledge of the science of management is needed here, and in going over the list of phases prescribed, it will be seen that few, if any, should be omitted from the calculations of the farmer.

Or again, suppose that the young man has decided to start in business for himself, a country store for illustration, and of the twenty points listed, at least one half of them would properly apply to the conduct of the new business.

Even in the case of the professional man, or of the trained employee, there are a number of the points which, whether they are consciously studied or not are inevitably associated with the successful prosecution of their work. Look over the list again and check those points which should receive attention in the work you are now engaged in.

PERSONALITY

We have written on this elusive topic before and our excuse for referring to it again is to quote a statement which has been receiving considerable attention in the pages of certain business and inspirational magazines. The statement is to the effect that in the pursuit of a career the proportionate importance of the qualities required are as follows:

Technical education, twenty per cent.

General education, thirty per cent.

Personality, fifty per cent.

In other words, the author tells us that while a man may have excellent preparation in the way of technical and general education, he is not likely to advance in his chosen career unless he possesses a favorable personality. To admit the truth of this, we would need to know the exact meaning of the word personality, and the dictionary does not help us very much in this case. It says, for instance, that personality is what constitutes an individual a

distinct person; the state of existing as a thinking, intelligent being. But are not thought and intelligence the outcome of a technical and general education, and is it fair to assign them exclusively as a product of personality?

The difficulty, I think, arises in the rather loose use of the word personality as a substitute for character. I have known men of fine character who had very little general education, and only such technical education as they had acquired in the school of experience. On the other hand, I have met men of interesting, if not striking, personality, who had little to recommend them in the way of satisfying standards.

THE GRAMMAR OF SUCCESS

In a special report in the form of an eight-page supplement, the well-known paper, *Truth*, has tried to demonstrate that success is by no means a matter of accident, and offers the following suggestions:

1. That at the present time, business and the professions offer unexampled opportunities.
2. That success is not the prerogative of supermen.
3. That winning success in any sphere of life is an exact science whose simple principles all can absorb.
4. That a sound knowledge of the grammar of success is available for everyone, no matter of what occupation or calling.

Whether or not these are sound arguments, is a matter of opinion, and a good deal depends upon just what we understand by the word success which, to go to the dictionary again, is there described as a favorable or prosperous termination of anything attempted.

ANIMALS AND THE WEATHER

Nature's warning of a weather change is vital to brute creation, says a thermometer magazine. Preparation for the change means odds in their favor in the winning and losing struggle for existence. A severe storm may mean, to the larger carnivora, the loss of so much food as to reduce the animals to that point of weakness that means sure defeat in competition. Let the mother bird be absent from the nest during a severe storm and a bird family is wiped out. To the insect tribe, the state of weather for even a day may determine life or death.

All brute creatures possess a subtle sense, not given to human beings, by which the slightest changes in atmospheric conditions are recognized. The impression produced makes them do certain things for protection. Man has studied these actions and has recorded observations more or less accurate.

Opossums are said, before a severe winter, to burrow into the ground, while before mild ones they make ready a home in a hollow tree. Of this, Dr. Abbott says: "This seems very reasonable, and would pass admirable as a weather sign, but for one important circumstance. While you may find one or more in a tree, your neighbor may find as many in the ground."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

It is a dull and hurtful pleasure to have to do with people who admire us and approve of all we say.—Fuller.

Unconstraint is the grace of conversation.—Johnson. Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people.—Bible.

The soul of conversation is sympathy.—Hazlitt.

All men, well questioned, answer well.—Plato.

The art of conversation is to be prompt without being stubborn, to refute without argument, and to clothe great matters in a motley garb.—Beaconsfield.

It is good to rub and polish our brain against that of others.—Montaigne.

You must originate and you must sympathize; you must possess, at the same time, the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible.—Beaconsfield.

Discourse may want an animated "No."

To brush the surface, and to make it flow;

But still remember, if you mean to please.

To press your point with modesty and ease.—

Cowper.

AUTHORITY AND RESTRAINT

Man does not live by bread alone, and in many institutions the bone of contention is not primarily that the employees are discontented with their wages, but that they are subjected to a series of petty regulations and requirements that would never be exacted by the executive who understands that authority is a privilege as well as a right. As a privilege, authority should be tempered with restraint in its administration.

On this point, Mr. MacKenzie King, in his book, "Industry and Humanity," writes:

"Men whose work is that of directing other men cannot be too considerate in attitude, too attentive to irritations or too impartial. The art of obtaining co-operation by methods other than those of force, requires some understanding of human nature, and a little sympathy with its shortcomings. Men who do not possess these qualities, in addition to technical knowledge, should never be placed in positions of authority. Companies that have dismissed salesmen who have forfeited sales through carelessness, indifference or ill-temper, have not hesitated to retain foremen and bosses who have been most indifferent to working conditions, and harsh and ill-tempered in dealing with employees.

Employers should recognize that an official who disregards the well-being of his men is as much a source of danger to the industry that employs him, as a neglectful officer in the army is to companies under his command. Good will of employees is as desirable as the good will of customers."

EXAMINATION ANSWERS

At the risk of drawing the wrath of some of my students, I am venturing to insert by way of entertainment, a number of answers to examination questions of former years. Let me add, however, that the prejudices of provincial students need not be offended, as the specimens are from across the water.

A dromedary is a two-masted camel.

The Menai Straits are crossed by a tubercular bridge.

The mineral wealth of a country is ginger beer and lemonade.

Much butter is imported from Denmark, because Danish cows have greater enterprise and superior technical education to ours.

An appendix is a portion of a book which nobody has yet discovered to be of any use.

The heirloom is something like a carpet loom, but is used to make fringe nets.

The chief provisions of the Great Charter were Universal Suffering, Votes for Women, and Abolition of Property.

A centipede is a French measure of length.

Tradition is where a boy wears his father's cut-down trousers, because they are handed down from father to son.

BOOKS AS FRIENDS

In education, the tendency of the times is towards free books in all grades of school life. While there is much to be said in favor of this movement, there are those who believe that the children will lose something of the pride of ownership that used to be theirs under the individual purchase system.

Charles Kingsley wrote: "Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived perhaps thousands of miles away; and yet these, on their little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, vivify us, teach us, comfort us, offer their hearts to us as brothers. We ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things."

A GOOD WORD FOR CORPORATIONS

Abuse of corporations has continued so long and loudly that it is interesting to meet by contrast with such a complimentary expression as the following, by H. L. Winslow:

"There is hardly an invention, a discovery, an advance in any industrial line, that has not been brought to triumph by corporations. Corporations have given us our banks, our factories, our railroads, our colleges and universities. They have made the impossible possible. They have tunneled through the mightiest natural barriers and sent the iron horse snorting through the mountain's bowels. Corporations have entered the blighting, trackless deserts of the west, and by irrigation turned them into fruitful orange groves. Corporations have been the mightiest democrats, the mightiest levelers, the world has yet produced. They have brought within the reach of all the comforts and delicacies that one time graced only the homes of the rich."

What do you think?

BEHIND THE SCENES

Mankind worships success, but thinks too little of the means by which it is attained—what days and nights of watching and weariness; how year after year has dragged on, and seen the end still far off; all that counts for little, if the long struggle do not close in victory.—Field.

Why Teach By Fear?

By Mrs NESTOR NOEL

There are women who seem to think that, to make a child mind what they say, Fear must be ever present. If the child be afraid, she will obey! Such is their opinion. Every lesson that is taught, is taught with fear and trembling as a foundation. The child is good because she is afraid to be naughty—not a very high motive surely! She learns her lessons because punishment will follow if she does not! Sometimes the mother says: "I shall tell your father if you do so-and-so!" This is a most ordinary saying. I wonder if the mother ever pauses to consider the effect of her words? When evening comes, both mother and child should look forward to the father's return. It should be a period of joyous anticipation. But if "to tell the father" is a permanent threat, forever held over the child, what can she do but dread that parent's return? In the minds of many children, the father is just a kind of over-master, very much to be dreaded and rarely to be loved. It is a mother's fault when this is the case. The man does not like his position. It is generally forced on him, against his will!

If we look at the opposite side, we shall see quite a different kind of picture.

The type of woman who teaches entirely by love, seems to be rather rare; but she does exist, nevertheless. Most women mix love with fear! I wonder why! Personally, in teaching children, I try to leave the fear element out. I do not want any of it! As children grow older, Fear is sure to be implanted in them, sooner or later; but it should not be the mother who puts it there. One may teach Prudence, which is quite a different thing.

I would have a child learn "reading without tears, goodness, without dread of punishment and every other hard lesson from motives of Love. Teach the child to be good "because it pleases mother." Tell it what great pleasures in life it will have when its hard tasks are half over. It is, above all, the beginnings which are hard. If a mother frequently reads stories to her children, they will develop such a love for reading that they will try to read for themselves. Lessons are hard things, but they need not be made half as hard as they are. Many of them can be taught as games! Hygiene is a lesson which every child should learn, yet few parents seem to think it a necessity. By playing "hospital," this lesson becomes a pleasure. The child does not learn any the less because the lesson is made easier. On the contrary, it learns a great deal more. Botany should also be an interesting lesson. In giving a child a garden of its own, every spring, a love of this study is soon implanted in its heart. With some children, arithmetic is the most dreaded of all lessons. A mother who teaches at home can make this a pleasure by playing "shop" and giving real candy and other things. As for dressmaking, this is rendered attractive to girls when they are given pretty dolls to dress, and nice, dainty pieces of stuff. What if they do spoil a little material? Anything which helps make lessons easier is worth having.

In olden days, lessons were nearly always a drudgery. No one ever thought of making them attractive. As for geography, that most interesting of studies, it was simply a list of names, one after the other, and the wonder is we ever learnt it at all! Governesses and teachers were not to be envied in those olden times! If they did not inspire their pupils with fear, the mothers thought they were too easy-going and that the children were not learning quickly enough! Teaching, by means of fear, is such a common thing that we often hear remarks like the following: "I'll give you to the policeman!" "I'll take you to the doctor!" A great deal of harm is done by this kind of talk, and children are afraid of the natural guardians of the peace, and the guardians of their health. Policemen and doctors should be regarded as friends, for such they generally are.

When fear is taught too much, children's young minds become a chaos of bewilderment. In this case, they can hardly distinguish between right and wrong! "If I tell mother, she will punish me," says the child. "And if she finds out herself, she will be cross; so what can I do?" I do not envy the child who has to puzzle out this state of affairs! No child should ever be afraid of its mother. By teaching kindness, gentleness and truth, we should try to drive away all fear. Surely no mother wants her child to be afraid of her!

If children are stupid with their lessons, why be cross with them? Probably they cannot help themselves. Perhaps they ate too much breakfast! Or it may be they are short-sighted or slightly deaf. We should try to find out the reasons for a child's dullness before we brand her as "stupid." It is not fair to expect a child who is suffering from physical trouble, to be as bright as a healthy child.

Those who have much to do with children will, doubtless, have noticed how hard they are to manage on a Monday. This is because of the holiday on Sunday. It is not so easy for a child to readjust itself as quickly as a grown-up person can. We should be especially patient with inattention at the beginning of the week. By choosing out the easiest lessons, we can counteract "Monday's sickness," as I call it.

Children are born fearless. Why waste precious time teaching such an unnecessary thing as fear?

When dangerous illnesses are around, we should make a child see the use of caution, and be sure it knows such sensible rules as never to kiss another child, and not to stay near where there is danger of infection. A child need not be taught fear in these cases. It is generally rather proud of its knowledge, and the more it knows about the prevention of disease, the less it really fears that disease.

It is thus in every wake of life. There is not a single case where we gain by teaching fear. On the contrary, everything is gained by making love the main motive of a child's actions.

Fear makes people weak, while love makes them strong. Love keeps a child's ambitions high and noble. It makes a child happy. We do not want a gloomy, sad-faced child. We naturally associate joy and gladness with a child. We love the gay laughter of childhood. If we want our children to be happy, let us teach every one of life's lessons by love—that "perfect love which casteth out all fear."

TELEPHONES A BOON IN RURAL DISTRICTS

The reluctance of the Manitoba Government Telephones to increase their rates during the past few years when practically everything else has been going up by leaps and bounds, has caused considerable comment. It is generally conceded that the government has made a praiseworthy effort to give a good telephone service at cost and waited as long as it possibly could before asking the subscribers to share part of the very heavy deficit which faces the commission as the result of the inadequacy of the present rates which average less than in the other Canadian provinces. The increase certainly is not a heavy one and it is not anticipated that the public will raise any objections to paying a fair price for such an indispensable public utility.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the many benefits which have accrued to rural communities since the advent of the telephone. To have a telephone in your house means that you have a finger on the world's pulse. That no matter where you live, you are always in immediate touch with your neighbors and when some sudden emergency arises that calls for swift action, what a relief to be able to summon assistance with a minimum of delay!

The Finishing Touch

that completes the charm of good furniture is Johnson's Prepared Wax.

For the charm of good furniture lies not alone in the grace of outline, the grain of the wood or the richness of upholstery—rather in the exquisite cleanliness and smoothness of surface that bespeak intelligent care.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

is the choice of a generation of discriminating housekeepers—it enhances and preserves the beauty of the finest furniture. It forms a satin-smooth, transparent coating on which dust and lint cannot cling or finger marks show. Its use takes all drudgery from dusting.

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LISTER

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Quality first

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Toronto and Winnipeg

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Germany Began It

Germany must remember that it was Bismarck who in 1871 set the fashion in indemnities.—Quebec Chronicle.

Two Collapsed Empires

If Peter the Great and Frederick the Great could see Russia and Prussia now, how they would swear!—Saskatoon Star.

A Modern Instance

A motto which the home brewer might do well to keep in mind is, "Jug not, that ye be not jugged."—Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Work Is Never Done

"A captain of industry" is reported as saying that men are working harder now. The women have never had a rest.—Toronto Globe.

Governmentjobitis a Bad Disease

When a man become obsessed with governmentjobitis he is not fit for anything else under the sun, and seldom for that.—St. John Telegraph.

A New Deadly Weapon

A Canadian has invented a flashless and noiseless gun. Something else to be added to the terrors of peace.—Edmonton Bulletin.

Naturally, Of Course

Most gentlemen with incomes will be able to tell Congress exactly the class of incomes that ought to be exempted from taxation.—New York World.

Deflation

As we understand it, the principal trouble at present grows out of the fact that our financial system is taking the anti-fat cure.—Wall Street Journal.

Real and Counterfeit

Real poverty is silent. The kind of poverty that trumpets its needs is often a counterfeit composed of insolence or some other distemper of the soul.—London Spectator.

Germany's Main Trouble

The Allies would get on better with Germany if the Germans would stop thinking and talking about the next war.—London Daily Mail.

The Delayed Ratification

Smuts says Americans are slow to fight, but "terrible in action." Well, "terrible inaction" expresses our handling of the Treaty.—Cleveland News.

Costly Instruction

Casual study of the world's indebtedness almost persuades one to believe in the truth of the saying that experience is a dear teacher.—Omaha World-Herald.

Only Men Have Votes in Quebec

The legislative council of Burmah has voted unanimously for votes for women. The Province of Quebec had better sit up and take notice.—Regina Post.

Chemical Disarmament

Now Germany proposes chemical disarmament. Can it be possible that she has thought up something worse than poison gas?—Ottawa Journal Press.

What Statistics Show

Criminal statistics show that single men commit more crimes than married men in Canada. Either that, or the married men are more skillful in covering up their tracks.—Toronto World.

No Admission for Undesirables

Judging from the situation in Europe, Canada can have all the immigrants she wants merely by opening the doors and saying "Come in."—Montreal Gazette.

The Difference

You can differ from your fellow-men in this country on public policy, and get away with it. But in Russia you have to think as Lenin and Trotzky & Co. order, or they get away with you.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Fair Comment

Germany denounces the bill against her as an outrage against civilization. Well, there's a country that ought to know an outrage against civilization when it sees one.—New York Globe.

Something Outstanding

If the Allies ever succeed in collecting all that money from Germany, Canada's proportional share will run into several hundred millions. But that IF is a large one.—Toronto Star.

Blind Piggery

Col. (Rev.) John Pringle states that 26 blind pigs are being operated within one block of the business district of Sydney, N.S. Looks like a case for the humane society.—Winnipeg Tribune.

What They Seem to Think

The Germans whose voices are raised the loudest actually seem to think that the Allies should pay Germany for quitting when it did.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

A Steady Clanging

Many of the nations of the world are professing friendliness toward each other. But in the meantime they are keeping up a steady clanging in the armament factories.—London Express.

In the Interests of Humanity

With the combined fleets of Britain and America joined for international police service on the high seas in the interest of humanity an era of peace is quite conceivable.—New York Herald and Sun.

To Make Chicago Safe for Democracy

Four hundred policemen had to be called out to see that order was kept at a ward election in Chicago. A little more fighting remains to be done before the world is made safe for democracy.—Buffalo Express.

Something He Overlooked

When ex-Kaiser Bill yearned the other day for the good old middle ages, it escaped his memory that mediaeval kings, whatever their failings, did some fighting for themselves.—Ottawa Citizen.

Wheat Price Prophesying

A Kansas banker who has warned farmers that wheat may fall to \$1.25 a bushel is regarded about as humorously as the man who a few years ago predicted that it would rise to \$1.00 a bushel.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

He Has Not Been Heard From

A Detroit professor has killed himself in order to test the theory that the dead can communicate with the living. If the gentleman is not heard from it looks as if the joke was on him.—Lethbridge Herald.

And Good Proof, Too

Another proof of the protection given by vaccination is afforded by the fact that the staff of the smallpox hospitals are always immune from the disease on account of vaccination.—Quebec Board of Health Bulletin.

Free School Books

The Winnipeg School Board has decided to have free text books for all children. Text books are just as essential to education as schools and teachers, and it is quite proper that they should be paid for out of the general rates.—Hamilton Herald.

Essential to Democracy

Self-government requires that the citizen take the initiative. He must make himself heard and felt. He must take a hand in the selection of a candidate whom he can support on public grounds. And he must above all else vote. Only with that kind of citizenship can democracy be a reality.—Edmonton Journal.

"A Naval Holiday"

In the discussion of the proposals for a cessation in the competition between the chief naval powers in the construction of warships of every kind and all other descriptions of sea power, fighting gear, that proposed cessation is spoken of as "a naval holiday." And speaking of naval holidays it is recalled that the German navy had an extended one during the war.—Calgary Herald.

The German State of Mind

The world has not yet forgotten what Germany did in the war, and there is no reason why it should. It will be time enough to think of that when Germany gives evidence of repentance and a desire for forgiveness. The present state of mind in Germany would indicate that that day is still about a million years off.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

A Wail from Bermuda

In the name of all the saints alive and dead, how are we to have cheaper living, with all the constant advances in the cost of all the factors that go into the production and delivery of food, clothing and the other varied necessities of life? Wages go up, interest on capital goes up, freight rates go up and tend to go up higher, and rents go up.—Hamilton (Bermuda) Gazette.

Soil Drifting

According to a writer in the Canadian Forestry Journal, the top soil, which is the fertile soil, has been blown away in many parts of Alberta and Saskatchewan. This has happened in twenty years of cultivation. Pretty soon somebody will have to start a movement to get the land back to the land.—Vancouver Province.

He's No Coward

It is reported that the Prince of Wales is to make a tour of India in the coming autumn. If India is in

anything like the condition of unrest revealed in some news reports the Prince has a good deal of nerve about him. But then he looks like a young man who does not sit up nights worrying about danger.—Toronto Telegram.

No Doubt He Dreams Of It

The German ex-Kaiser is sawing wood and having conferences with a constant succession of men prominently identified with the old militaristic regime in Germany, who go to Doorn to discuss their plans with him. Nobody can predict that Wilhelm will not attempt to come back, as his brother-in-law, Constantine, Greece's defeatist king, has done. Deposed royalty always seeks another chance.—Halifax Herald.

Lack of Information

The plain man in the United States does not as a rule trouble his head to any considerable extent with international politics. He has other things to think of. He is immersed in his own affairs or in domestic problems which nearly touch these affairs. He is accordingly an easy victim to the arts of the professional anti-British propagandist, not out of ill-will towards this country but from ignorance. This ignorance is not confined to the motives and meanings of the British policy, but to the actual conduct of the British state.—London Times.

Wise Thomas Edison!

Asked on his seventy-fourth birthday to give advice to young men starting in the world of business, Thomas Edison declined on the ground that the request was foolish. He has learned by this time that the number of people who take advice is insignificant, and that the majority of this remnant take wrong advice.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Cost of War

A Johns Hopkins professor estimates the total cost of the war, direct and indirect, at \$348,000,000,000, and the potential loss of life at 43,000,000. War has certainly ceased to be the profitable national industry that it was in the past for victorious nations.—Regina Leader.

Surely We Must Hope So!

Andrew Lefevre, former French minister, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies this week, said that the next war would be decided on the land and in the air and not on the water. Isn't there any chance of it being decided in the council chamber without the accompaniment of blood and misery?—Victoria Colonist.

A Question

Einstein, the mathematical genius whose discoveries have made him famous, may be right in his theory that the universe is finite. We are not quite sure that we understand that theory. What puzzles us most about it is this: If the universe is not infinite, but has its bounds and limits, then what is outside the universe?—Brantford Expositor.

What the Bolsheviks Can't and Can't Do

"The Bolsheviks know how to fight, to kill and to die, but they are incapable of working in a preserving and continuous manner," says President Masaryk, of Czecho-Slovakia. It will have to be admitted, however, that they have been working pretty steadily at the job of raising Cain throughout the world.—Galt Reporter.

Labor in Great Britain

In no other country in the world is the membership of organized labor so well informed on public affairs and world problems as in Great Britain. In no other country has organized labor for its leaders men of greater ability and truer statesmanship, who have won their way up from the ranks and are front-liners among the world's public men. The British labor party has issued a manifesto addressed to the socialist and communist parties of all countries, telling the world that they will have nothing to do with the regime of Lenin and Trotzky in Russia, and referring to Bolshevism as "an unclean thing," with which no compromise should be made.—New York Tribune.

Diamond Prices

In these times, when most people are trying to get down to the bed-rock of essentials, the intimation from Amsterdam that the bottom has fallen out of the diamond market will not occasion any particular flutter. There may be here and there a frugal swain who will rejoice that he put off the purchase of that engagement ring; but he will have to wait many a long month before the reflex of the European situation swings over to Canada. The men who control the world supply of diamonds have a shrewd habit of meeting just such contingencies by keeping their gems off the market until an adjustment takes place. They can afford to. To ninety-nine out of a hundred people the news is not of personal concern.—Stratford Herald.

THE PENDANT

BY THEODORA HORTON

AGATHA MANNERS stood by the window, her pretty brows drawn together into a most unbecoming frown, and a look of general discontent on her usually bright face.

"You know I don't grudge Sylvia the treat, mother," she said. "It isn't that indeed, but you know after all I'm the elder, and I don't think it's quite fair for Aunt Ursula always to put Sylvia in front of me, and to show so very plainly that she likes her best."

Mrs. Manners sighed. Her sister, Mrs. Vance, had invited Sylvia who had just left school, to accompany her on a tour to Europe, and it was natural Mrs. Manners thought that Agatha should feel slighted, as she was two years older than Sylvia and had always longed to travel.

"I am very sorry about it, dear, for your sake," she said at length, "I should have liked you to have the trip, and it does seem a little hard for you that Aunt Ursula should always choose Sylvia out, but all the same I am very glad to have my Agatha with me just now."

"And why just now, dearest of mothers?" asked Agatha, turning round from the window as she spoke, her face losing its discontented look as her eyes rested on her mother.

But at that moment Sylvia burst into the room, her face flushed with excitement, and her arms full of various garments, which she threw down on the table.

"See mother, look Agatha!" she exclaimed, "some of the things have arrived, do come and have a look at them."

Sylvia had been out shopping with her Aunt Ursula that morning for Mrs. Vance had insisted that she should provide Sylvia with her outfit for the trip, and in consequence Sylvia was revelling in the possession of such garments as her widowed mother's slender means had never been able to purchase for her. She shook out the shimmering folds of an evening gown and held it up for admiration.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Agatha, I wish you were coming, too."

Sylvia was very fond of Agatha, but at the same time she had never shown any reluctance to accept the treats and presents her aunt showered upon her in preference to Agatha. She merely congratulated herself on being lucky enough to have taken her wealthy aunt's fancy, and she never made any effort to divert her aunt's attention to Agatha or to share with her the good things that her aunt so lavishly gave her. It had been the same from babyhood. Sylvia was Aunt Ursula's favorite, and that in such a marked degree that she took the very least notice of Agatha that it was possible for her to do under the circumstances. To a certain extent Agatha had grown accustomed to it, and was unselfish enough to rejoice in Sylvia's good fortune, but that her younger sister should be the one chosen to accompany her aunt to Europe did seem to Agatha a very hard thing indeed. As she had remarked to her mother, "After all she was the elder," and in her opinion should have been invited before Sylvia.

All was bustle and confusion in the small household for the few remaining days before Sylvia's departure. Nothing could be thought or spoken of but the forthcoming trip, until Agatha at last declared privately to her mother that she would be glad when Sylvia had gone, and they could have a little peace.

At last the long-looked-for day arrived, and Sylvia went off with her numerous trunks, taking with her all the bustle and excitement that had for so long pervaded the little household. Agatha breathed a sigh of relief as she and Mrs. Manners sat down to their cup of tea that afternoon.

"Well, I expect we shall be pretty quiet for the next six months," she remarked, as she poured out the tea and handed her mother a cup. She noticed as she did so how pale and tired looking Mrs. Manners appeared. "I think that this has all been too much for you, mamsie, dear," she added.

Mrs. Manners sighed. "I have not felt quite so well as usual lately, dear," she said, rather wearily, "but you know I am never very strong."

Agatha did not say any more just then,

but she made up her mind to ask their old friend, Dr. Collins, to call and have a look at her mother the next time he was coming that way.

The evening passed away very quietly. Mrs. Manners lay back in her chair with her eyes closed, and Agatha occupied with her reading and sewing looked across at her anxiously every now and then. She was afraid that the bustle and excitement of the past week or two had been too much for her, and perhaps she was feeling the parting with Sylvia. It was the first long separation in the little family, and she might be feeling it more than she cared to say.

The following morning Agatha was lying in that delightful state between sleeping and waking, trying to make up her mind to get up, when she was startled by a rap on her door, and almost before she had time to say "come in" the maid entered, carrying in her hand the tray with Mrs. Manners' cup of tea which she always took to her in the morning.

"Oh, Miss Agatha," she exclaimed. "I've knocked and knocked at Mrs. Manners' door, and I can't wake her. I hope she isn't ill."

Agatha was out of bed in a moment, and slipping on her dressing gown ran to her mother's room. She opened the door quietly and looked in. Her mother was lying as she had often seen her before, her eyes closed and apparently asleep, but as Agatha drew nearer there was something in the calm peacefulness of the dear face that seemed to send a chill through her heart. The tired lines she had noticed the night before were smoothed from her brow, smoothed as if by the touch of a gentler hand than sleep, a hand that does not merely smooth away our troubles and anxieties for a few hours, but which leads us to the land where sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

The maid had followed Agatha, the tea tray still in her hand.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie," cried Agatha, as she knelt by the bedside and took one of the cold hands in her own. "Run for the doctor quickly." But even as she said the words she knew in her own heart that it was of no use, her mother was beyond the doctor's aid. She bowed her head on the bed and waited, unable to think or to realize except in the vaguest manner what had happened. When the doctor arrived she roused herself and listened in a dazed fashion to his words of sympathy. He was an old friend of the family and did his best to comfort the bereaved girl. "She did not suffer," he assured her, "she must have died in her sleep." He had known for some time that her heart was not very strong.

Agatha often wondered in after days what she would have done if it had not been for Dr. Collins and his wife. She realized as her mind recovered somewhat from the shock, and she was able to think more clearly that everything must fall on her shoulders. Her aunt and Sylvia could not return in time for the funeral as no news could reach them until they landed at Liverpool. Her mother had no other relations and, therefore, Agatha felt herself very much alone.

It was the day after the funeral, and as Agatha was sitting in the little drawing room trying to occupy herself with some knitting, Bessie ushered in her mother's lawyer, Mr. Field. Agatha had interviewed him several times since Mrs. Manners' death, and had been glad to feel that all the business part which she hardly understood was safe in his hands. As he greeted her he handed her a letter with the words: "Mrs. Manners asked me to give this to you on the day after her funeral, and at the same time she asked me to be of any assistance I could to you if you felt after reading it that you were in need of any help or advice."

Mr. Field's manner was so very grave that Agatha was almost startled; she looked at the letter addressed to herself in the dear familiar handwriting, but for a time she seemed as if she could not open it.

"You speak as if the letter contained very serious news," she said at last.

"I was in Mrs. Manners' confidence," was the reply, "and I know what the letter contains, but read it for yourself, Miss Manners, and please feel that I am ready,

as I promised her, to render you any assistance possible."

Motioning Mr. Field to be seated Agatha withdrew to the deep window seat and opened the letter.

"Dearest Child," it read, "you have always been to me a dear and loving daughter, and I have never felt during my life that I could tell you the truth about yourself. But now that I am gone others will do so, and I would rather that you should learn it from me. I have particularly requested my sister if I should die before her not to say anything to you of the matter until you have read my letter. Much as I love you, dear Agatha, and always have loved you, I must now tell you that you are not my daughter. Mr. Manners and I had been married for four years, and had begun to wonder whether we should ever have any children of our own, when an incident occurred in the town in which we live, which at the time created quite a stir. A little baby well dressed and well cared for, was left on the doorstep of the home for orphan children. There was apparently no clue as to the baby's identity, for there were no marks on its clothing, and no message left with it beyond the name of 'Agatha,' printed on a blank visiting card and pinned to the tiny frock. My husband and I talked it over and decided to adopt the little waif and to bring her up as our own daughter. That little waif, as you will have guessed, was you. Your little garments were all of beautiful material and beautifully made, but as you had no change of garments I bought you a completely new outfit, and folded away the tiny clothes you were wearing in a drawer. My husband and I were devoted to you, and even when two years later our own little daughter appeared, her advent did not lessen in any degree our affection for you. It was when Sylvia was about seven months old that I remembered the little clothes that I had laid aside and brought them out to see if they were of any use for her. I found the little embroidered cashmere dress would fit her nicely if the broad tuck were let down. What was my surprise on unpicking it to find concealed in the tuck a tiny pearl pendant. At once the thought flashed through my mind that this would afford a clue to your identity as it was evidently of value. My husband and I talked the matter over long and earnestly, but in the end we decided to take no steps in the matter. We knew we could provide you with a comfortable home, and what was more important with tender and lasting love, and we, therefore, made up our minds to keep our treasure and to say nothing about the discovery of the pendant. I do not know, dear, if you will feel inclined to blame us for this, but if you do you must remember that our decision was prompted by nothing but the deepest affection for you. When you have read this letter you will understand perhaps why my sister Ursula has always put Sylvia before you. To my husband and myself you were both dear daughters and we made no difference between you, but Mrs. Vance never would accept you as her niece, and I think was a little inclined to resent your adoption."

"My husband and I would much have liked to leave you as well provided for as Sylvia, but as I think you know the money he possessed came to him for use during his lifetime and for his wife after him if she survived him, and was then according to the terms of the will to be divided between his children. Had it not been for this I should have tried to persuade Mrs. Vance to keep you in ignorance of your adoption, but I was obliged under the circumstances to let you know the reason why you are left penniless, and will have to make your own way in the world.

"The pendant Mr. Field will give you and you will do what you think best about it, and decide whether you will now begin to make enquiries as to your parentage. I hope all this will not be a great shock to you, dear Agatha, but of one thing I think I may feel sure you will never doubt the love of her whom you have always called mother."

It was a long letter, and as Agatha read it through she thought that she must be dreaming. Was it possible that she was

nothing but a nameless waif? Where were those who should have taken care of her? What kind of a mother must she have had who could have left her in her helplessness to the care of strangers. Bitter thoughts ran through her mind as she stared at the letter in her hand. And then the sight of the dear familiar handwriting banished the hard thoughts, and there came flooding her heart a rush of tender memories of loving words and deeds that had brightened her whole young life, of an unselfish devotion that had cared so lovingly for the little waif that she had never for one moment suspected the truth, and she made up her mind there and then that she would never seek to know anything about her own relations, but would be content and thankful for the holy loving memories that nothing could now take from her.

She rose from her seat and crossed the room to where Mr. Field was still waiting. As she did so he drew from his pocket a small package and held it out to her. "The pendant," he said, "Mrs. Manners asked me to give it to you after you had read her letter."

"I do not want it," exclaimed Agatha. "I do not even wish to see it."

"I do not think you should feel like that about it," answered Mr. Field, still holding out the packet for her to take, "but in any case I cannot keep it, it does not belong to me."

Agatha took the packet from his hand reluctantly and laid it down on the table beside her. She stood looking down at it for so long that at last Mr. Field ventured a remark.

"I should be very pleased if I could be of any service to you, Miss Manners."

Agatha's face flushed. "Do not call me by that name again, please," she said. "I have no right to it as you know, I shall take another name, it does not matter to me what."

(Cont'd on page 37)

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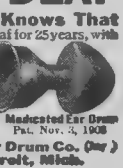
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PUBLIC LIFE AND PRIVATE LIFE

As these words are written, not only the Dominion Parliament but most of the Provincial Legislatures are in session. The sound of oratory from within the walls of the chambers where the law-makers assemble reverberates throughout the land. "Oratory, in its truest sense," writes Morley, in one of his books dealing with the Parliament of Great Britain, "is action, not words—it is character, will, conviction, purpose, personality." What he means is, of course, that the sound of the voice, the mere artifices of delivery, are as nothing, but that what truly matters is that the speech shall be genuine and earnest. The power of public speaking is one of the most important factors in the working of democratic institutions. Of what incalculable advantage to our country it would be if every young man who is making his first endeavors at public speaking and who may possibly be a figure in Canadian public life in the years to come, would hold before him steadfastly the ideal of genuine, earnest speaking! If every man in public life steered a straight course in word and in action, keeping clear of plausible untruths and insincerities, and never making craven surrender to prejudice and expediency, how immensely Canada would benefit! And the same thing is true, in like manner, of the private lives of us all. We all have the duty of putting character, will, conviction, purpose and personality into our everyday living. A man who fails in that duty cannot with entire fitness condemn the man in public life who falls short in the test of public service.

NATIONAL GREATNESS

The story is told in a book of memoirs written by an eighteenth century French nobleman who had been ambassador at the court of the Czar of Russia that one of the Grand Dukes once asked one of the ministers of state to show him where England was on the map of Europe. The map was brought, and the Grand Duke held one side of it, while the minister of state held the other. "If I may venture to point out why your Imperial Highness cannot see England," said the minister of state at last, with all deference, "your Imperial Highness's thumb is upon England." No Imperial Highness's thumb could cover Canada on the map. But the greatness of a country is not in its extent. If it were, how much greater a country than Great Britain would Russia be! The greatness of a country is in the character of its people, in their intelligence and industry and public spirit. With the great country we have, surely we Canadians have in our country's history thus far every inspiration to do our utmost to make Canada great in every sense of the word.

A MATTER OF MENTAL ATTITUDE

It is an undeniable fact that the opinions which we human beings hold are, in most cases, held not on account of the arguments which can be used in support of them and the solid reasons upon which they may rest, but on account of our inclination towards them and our desire to hold them. The extraordinary strength of political party feeling in the past is a striking example of that fact. It would appear that the old-time unthinking political partisanship has in a very large measure disappeared. But the disposition of mind and character which made men hidebound partisans has not wholly vanished from beneath Canadian skies. We have still with us some people whose views and opinions in regard to questions of public policy are determined largely by the circumstances of their position, by friendship, interest or other influences. Such people are not concerned about reasons and arguments, save and except as weapons which they can use in discussion. These are the kind of people who are a retarding force to the advance of good government. Not that they are not honest-minded. The trouble with them is that they are not open-minded. They do not look at a question from every side and study it in every light. They do not realize that it is their duty as citizens to do so. It is satisfactory to note that this attitude is getting to be more and more out of favor, especially here in the West.

DESTRUCTIVENESS, NOT CONSTRUCTION

Nothing of enduring value has ever been built up, or can ever be built up, by bitterness and negation, nor by theories which are not based on the solid foundation of actual fact. Socialism is such a theory. It rests on the shifting sands of an unreal and untrue psychology of human nature. It is visionary idealism, without practicability. Like all impracticable visionaries, Socialists cannot agree among themselves. It is much easier for a Socialist arguer to argue that his particular brand of Socialism would produce a new heaven and a new earth than it is for him to cease talking and set himself resolutely to work at improving that little bit of the world that is nearest to him. Our modern civilization, imperfect though it may be, is the result of a piecemeal and laborious upbuilding. It cannot be destroyed and a better civilization built on the ruins all at once. Bitterness and negation and destruction will never get humanity forward. All that is good in that which humanity has already built up must be preserved and built upon, in the spirit of harmony and social justice.

The Philosopher

THE CENSUS AND PARLIAMENT

When the census of all Canada is taken this year, there will be a redistribution of the representation in the Dominion Parliament. This will be done as provided for in the British North America Act. The total population of the Province of Quebec will be divided by 65. The resulting quotient will be the unit of representation. It is one of terms and conditions on which the Dominion was formed that Quebec shall always have 65 members in the House at Ottawa. It works out in equality of representation, of course. This year's census will show a considerable increase in the population of Quebec since the last Dominion census was taken, in 1911. It may be that as a result, there may not be as many additional members from the Western Provinces as many Westerners have been counting upon. But there will be an increase of Western representation, of course. There will be a square deal all round. The provision in the British North America Act, the charter of the Dominion, makes that an absolutely secure certainty.

IN QUEBEC ONLY MEN HAVE VOTES

The women in every Province in Canada except Quebec now vote on equality with the men. Democracy means self-government by the people, and in every Province except Quebec the governmental system is based upon recognition of the fact that women, too, are people, as well as men. There is a movement in Quebec in advocacy of votes for women, and at the present session of the Legislature of that Province a petition for the franchise signed by several thousand women has been presented. But nothing will result from it. The movement in Quebec for political equality of women with men will have to gain in strength and volume throughout that Province before it can come within sight of success. The *Presse*, of Montreal, which is the most widely circulated newspaper in Quebec, says that "every legislative act sanctioning or facilitating divorce is a work of moral perversion and social decadence," and adds that "this false conception of the marriage tie is not without relation to the feminist doctrine which tends to divert woman from her duties as wife and mother to the public platform and make her the rival of man in all domains." Well, Quebec is going to have an abundance of opportunities for studying how woman franchise works in all the other Provinces.

THE MACHINERY OF BRITISH DEMOCRACY

Recently The Philosopher has had experience anew of the difficulty which the average person from the United States has in understanding just what "the Crown" means in our system of government. As a matter of plain fact, there are too many of us Canadians who are not altogether as well informed in this regard as we should be. In the States when a man who has committed a criminal offence is placed on trial, the case is entitled "the People against John Smith"—(if any John Smith who reads these lines will be so kind as to pardon this use of his name). Here in Canada it is "the Crown against John Smith." The meaning is the same. In the British system of government, the Crown is not a barrier to self-government by the people; on the contrary, it is an expression of self-government. That is how it actually works in Great Britain, in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand and in South Africa, and elsewhere throughout the British Empire, or to use the term which the statesmen of Great Britain and the other British nations now prefer, the British Commonwealth. The great beauty of the British system is that though it may seem illogical in following "the deep trod footmarks of ancient custom," it works. In Australia recently one of the States (what we call Provinces) sued another, in order to get a court decision of an unsettled question of jurisdiction. It was a case of "the Crown" suing "the Crown." That may seem illogical. But it serves the purpose. It is the system under which British democracy developed, and by which British democracy carries on.

AN UNCIVILIZED "SPORT"

In an Ottawa newspaper recently The Philosopher read that in the city of Hull, which is across the river from Ottawa and so in the Province of Quebec, Recorder Desjardins (in Quebec cities the Police Magistrates are known as Recorders) had before him several so-called "sports", whom the police had caught at the cruel "sport", so-called, of cock-fighting, which is illegal. He let them off with light fines, saying that "it is a sport, just the same as the proposed Dempsey-Carpentier fight." Surely it is not just the same. Cock-fighting is of the same class as bear-baiting, bull-baiting and dog-fighting, which were once the favorite pastimes of Europe, with others of a similarly brutal kind. Kings and Queens attended them.

Men of the most distinguished excellence attended them. It is recorded in Pepys' Diary that once when Pepys was at a bull-baiting at which King Charles and many of the lords and ladies of his court were present, a mangled dog was tossed by the bull into the lap of one of the ladies. Gradually, however, by the pressure of the advance of civilization, a profound change took place. Such amusements, once universal, passed from the women to the men, from the educated and refined classes to those who were rough, from the virtuous to the vicious, till at last they were prohibited by law, and a thrill of indignation is felt by all right-thinking persons when it is discovered that any of them has been practised. The general attitude of a people towards such cruel, inhumane "sports" is a measure of the civilization of that people.

WEST AND EAST

We have West and East in Canada, of course. But it is the world use of these two words The Philosopher has in mind. In that sense of the word West, all Canada, together with all the United States and indeed, all North and South America belongs to the West, which extends across Europe to Turkey. Turkey belongs to the East. In the world sense of the word, the East means Asia, including Japan and the islands of the Orient. There used to be a classical phrase, "the unchanging East." But now the East is changing so rapidly that the rest of the world, in comparison, is almost standing still. It took the West many centuries to move from the use of pack-horses to vehicles with solid wheels, and onward to steam railways, and then to gasoline-propelled vehicles and to airplanes. Asia has made that transition in one generation. The West was five hundred years in passing from bows and arrows to muskets and on to machine guns; but in the East the desert marauders who only a few years before the world war used to go out on his raids with spears, have machine guns now. In a word, the East has in the space of a generation crossed an interval which it took the West centuries to cross. The transition has been made too rapidly; it is mainly a transition in regard to some material things. New ideas are fermenting in the East, and the transition from old ideas is going on, with much unrest. We of the West must need give thought to the question of what must come of it all.

PLAIN FACTS ABOUT GERMANY

Is not the world hearing just a little too much about the "injustice" of the terms imposed upon Germany? And has there not been enough, and more than enough, of fault-finding with the Treaty of Peace? Those who criticize the Treaty for not being perfect forget that nothing human is perfect. It is the best Treaty that was possible. As for the terms imposed on Germany, how about the many millions of men and women, mostly silent, who feel, and who have reason to feel, that the terms imposed on Germany are not severe enough? These millions of men and women feel that Germany was not merely an enemy defeated, but a criminal thwarted. If they were sure that there was any sign of repentance on Germany's part, they could listen to criticism of the terms with easier minds. But there is no such sign on Germany's part, no expression of sorrow, no admission of guilt, no offer of amendment and reparation, as far as amendment and reparation are possible. The only regret expressed by Germany is regret for failure to achieve what Germany counted so confidently upon being able to do, namely, to achieve for Germany by ruthless might the mastery of the world. The only confession Germany makes is a confession of mistake, not a confession of crime. And Germany has made every possible effort to avoid all restitution. Germany signed the Treaty, and has not lived up to it. The French flags that by the Treaty provision were to be restored were burned in Berlin deliberately. The fleet that was to be handed over was sunk at Scapa Flow deliberately. The stolen cattle that were to be replaced have not been replaced. Nothing has been done by Germany, except under the threat of force. Not yet has Germany proved her fitness to be received into the family of nations.

IN REGARD TO LLOYD GEORGE

The Philosopher has an acquaintance who is exceedingly critical of Lloyd George. He used to be an enthusiastic admirer of the great little Welshman, but of late he finds fault with him as being "an opportunist." He says that Lloyd George is "no longer true to the ideals he was once devoted to." When this critic is asked to be more specific, it appears that his dissatisfaction is based upon Lloyd George's adroitness and success in dealing with difficulties as they arise and disposing of them in the best manner possible. It is this practical ability in Lloyd George which such critics regard as mere "opportunism" and "unfaithfulness to ideals he was once devoted to." But this practical ability is what makes Lloyd George a great statesman. He is no impracticable idealist and theorist, unbendingly defiant of actualities. Like Abraham Lincoln, he is a true idealist with a genius for being practical. Great Britain and the world have cause for thankfulness that such a man arose to carry the responsibilities which he has carried, and is carrying, in a manner which will make his name forever an honored one in history. He is not perfect—which is another way of saying he is human. As time goes on his name will be held in ever greater honor.



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DOPE SMUGGLING

By N. TOURNEUR

Dope smuggling is on the boom again, as recent reports show. Much of the cocaine, opium, and other narcotics, which drug-fiends use, succeeds in getting its way past the Customs illegally; and that the percentage of this smuggled stuff is large the court-cases prove. It has been stated on good authority that probably less than ten per cent of the smuggled narcotics is seized. Not long ago fifty taels of opium were found hidden on the top of the refrigerating apparatus in a steamer arriving in Seattle harbor. A tael is one and a third ounce, so with fine opium at 2,000 dollars the pound, the firemen concerned were out to make a substantial sum. This is one of many cases. Smuggling drugs in large amounts is not confined to America. A short time ago, ten pounds of the narcotic was seized in a vessel in London Docks. The Customs discovered it cleverly concealed in the firebox of one of her boilers. Every week they and the police make captures.

Two generations ago, the Customs was mainly concerned with defeating the smuggling of tobacco and spirits and

silk and scents. To-day, they have a much harder fight against dope smugglers. He or she is a poor smuggler that now attempts to pass the Customs with the drug, whichever it is, carried on his or her person. Other methods now rule. Nigh every part of a ship and her fittings, etc., has at some time or other served as a hiding-place for the smuggled goods. Tins of prohibited drugs, strung together end to end on a long line, have been found, dropped between the inner and the outer skin of the vessel. Many of the war-time artifices, by means of which our enemies and treacherous neutrals tried to evade the lynx-eyed boarding-officer searching for war contraband, were familiar previously to dope and other smugglers. Blocks of wood, ships' fenders, and other things, including even a loaf of bread were, and are yet, hollowed out, and stuffed with contraband. One favorite device with tobacco smugglers used to be to utilise a ship's block or two, up in the rigging; instead of being of iron, it was made of compressed tobacco. A famous opium smuggler, when ship's

officer, utilised this notion for importing the narcotic into California, and made thousands of dollars before he was caught.

A still more cunning and bold way was that adopted by a Dutch seaman and his confederates. His vessel was loading with oil-cake upon which cattle are fattened. Out of the ends of a certain number of cakes he scooped little holes, and they served to conceal the opium—until one of the gang ashore made a mistake, and the trick was discovered. On board one steamer, the chief stewardess owned a cageful of pigeons, that, on arriving in port, she was always very careful to convey ashore. She did this once too often. The suspicions of the Customs had been aroused, and, on the birds having been examined, they found many of the feathers were serving to hide pellets of opium. As enterprising were the Frenchmen who were recently arrested for smuggling cocaine across the Franco-Belgian border. Regularly had they let off the carrier pigeons across the frontier, each bird being burdened with some twenty grammes of the dangerous drug.

There is little fresh in the artifices of smugglers to try and evade prohibition orders and the Customs. Coffee beans and other smart tricks were familiar to the searchers of a hundred years ago for

smuggled tobacco. The most triumphant of these artifices was to land herrings at Billingsgate, London, that certainly were smoked later on—not into kippers, but in pipes!

One of the best stories of opium smuggling hails from the Far East. Some Chinese firemen of a steamer endeavored to take three hundred pounds of opium from Hong-Kong to Batavia, Java, by covering the cans with tar, rolling them in coal-dust, and hiding them in the bunkers. A typhoon came along, and bunkers had to be re-trimmed hurriedly, in which operation the 2,000-dollar lumps of opium became mixed with the coal. A lot of the opium was shovelled under the boilers by some of the firemen who were not in the deal. The "interested" Chinks on finding out what had happened made frantic efforts to rescue their simmering wealth, and raked it out with the burning coal on to the stokehold floor, where the whole squad were overcome by the deadly fumes. The engineers also were driven from their posts in the "machine-room." Finally with just enough steam to keep the engines going, and hold the ship's bows to the seas, a stream from the fire hose was turned into the stokehold extinguishing the coals, and "freezing" the opium. Ventilators, with their mouths turned to the storm, soon cleared the fumes and made the air breathable.

Dope smugglers from abroad hid their small but costly goods anywhere and everywhere. The writer of this remembers of one occasion when the drug was found in the mattress of an unsuspecting captain, who, up to the instant of the discovery, was flaring out at the inspectors for daring to search his cabin. His steward was the culprit. You find the dope cached in the newel-posts of companionways, in eggs, in sacks of flour and bolts of silk.

Last year at Amoy there was a rather amusing incident. A merchant of that city was importing silk from Canton, and in one of his shipments, to his immense astonishment, he came across, inside two dozens of the bolts, long flattened cylinders of tin chock-full of opium, around which tins were wound just enough silk to cover them. The contraband in this case amounted to some 15,000 dollars in value. The wrong bolts had been sent to Amoy.

The smuggler's ingenuity is infinite. Children of the Chinese are fond of wearing a little belled and spangled cap. On one occasion when an inspector was passing a number of boxes of these for importation, he chanced to notice that the tinkle of the little bell in the centre of the cap he was examining was rather muffled. He forced it open, and was surprised to find a pellet of opium had been substituted for the clapper. The aggregate haul of the drug from the whole lot was little under twenty pounds of opium.

A short time ago, two dope sellers were arrested with enough of the seductive narcotic in their possession to kill 40,000 people. Smuggled stuff, of course. And so the nefarious work goes on.

Sumner's Progress

In Mr. H. J. Warner's "New Letters of an Idle Man" appears the following brief anecdote concerning Julia Ward Howe:

She had invited Charles Sumner to a party to meet Edwin Booth, the actor. Sumner was disinclined to come. "The truth is," he said, "I have got beyond taking an interest in individuals."

Mrs. Howe made no reply at the time, but in her diary that night she wrote, "Charles Sumner has got beyond taking an interest in individuals. God Almighty has not got so far."

Not the Bank

Mrs. Barrows was worried—that fact was evident to her husband, although she tried very hard to maintain her usual cheerful manner. But before the evening was over, continues Harper's Magazine, she imparted to him the cause of her anxiety.

"Will," said she, "I am very much afraid that my bank is in a bad way."

"How foolish, Mabel! Don't let that cause you a moment's worry. Why, it's one of the strongest financial institutions in the state. Whatever got that idea into your head?"

"Well, it's very strange," replied Mrs. Barrows, still unconvinced. "They've just returned a check of mine for \$40 marked 'No Funds.'"

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A RAKE-UP

By ROBERT COVE LLOYD

It would seem to be a very practical measure during the long winter months when the amateur gardener must needs rest on his laurels until the following spring, if we took stock of our results, and incidentally tried to determine the reasons—or reasons for our failures.

Many an amateur sacrifices half, maybe even a still larger proportion of his birthright, simply owing to misapplied energies. A person rarely takes up work in the garden as a hobby without having an inborn love of horticulture, and the gardener's natural birthright being his joy and pride in the results of his labor, it must, I think you will all agree, follow as a matter of course that he should make every effort to collect his just dues, much the same as would be done in ordinary life. Therefore, it appeals to me, if only from a common sense business standpoint, that every amateur gardener should seriously study the causes of his failures, with a view to changing his methods, and thus obtaining the maximum amount of success attendant on his labors of love.

Of course, it must be here conceded that weather conditions may, and frequently do, upset the best laid schemes. It is not, however, of nature's interventions that I would write, but of our own shortcomings.

Probably the most common cause of failure is the habit of sowing too thickly, and then later, when the time arrives for thinning out the young plants, we are slow to act, it seems wasteful to our sense of economy, and finally we compromise by thinning out a few of the smallest seedlings, leaving the balance to eke out their baneful existence.

The consequence of this policy is that as the young plants throw out their root suckers in the struggle for life, they become cramped for space, with the result that the growth above ground is weedy.

If only the man who aims to raise a garden would pay closer attention to the rules of the game: "Sow sparsely and thin amply!" If only he would try this plan but once, results would surely talk for themselves!

Another point on which we frequently fall down is the preparation of the ground. It has been my experience that good results are usually in proportion to the amount of initial spade work we put in; in other words, it pays to dig well and deeply. And again, how many of us have a proper understanding of the illimitable advantages to be obtained from the faithful use of the hoe during the growing stages. Cultivate! Cultivate! It is a very useful lesson to learn in this wonderful old game of tilling the soil. Some people are apt to confuse cultivation with watering, and their method of watering is often confined to the garden hose. But the careful, honest to goodness amateur soon learns by experience that watering is best accomplished by means of a can, and he will generally follow it up the next day with his hoe, loosening the surface to obviate caking. This loosening process must of necessity aid considerably in the conservation of the moisture in the ground.

In connection with the misuse of the garden hose, I have oftentimes seen what might have been a beautiful hedge of sweet peas being rigorously sprayed, when all that was needed was a good but

gentle root watering. You will note that I put emphasis on the "good." I would rather give my sweet peas a thoroughly good root soaking once a week than a far more frequent surface watering. Another thing about constantly spraying this flower is, that the blooms are apt to fall off. Then again, I have found that it is necessary to adopt a sensible businesslike method of picking the blooms. Instead of the principle so often quoted in connection with this most beautiful and prolific flowering plant: "Pick as often as you like." I would recommend a regular hour for picking. For my own part, I divide my hedges and clumps into two sections and pick them thoroughly on alternative days, at as near as possible the same hour. This plan has the great advantage of assuring you that every plant receives its very necessary picking.

This is not supposed to be a treatise on sweet pea culture, or I might enlarge on the subject at considerable length, for it is one of my "pets", but I would like to add just one more point: Many of the hedges I have seen would have been vastly improved had nine-tenths of the plants been thinned out in their infancy.

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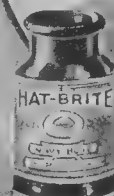
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Paint as a Home Beautifier

By W. G. COLGATE



WHAT a power paint has to brighten, cheer and comfort our lives. And viewing the matter commercially, how much it adds in dollars-and-cents value to the buildings we own or occupy. Consider, too, the transforming influence of paint. Houses which were formerly dull, dark and uninteresting, become bright, attractive, cheerful, by its use. Gay, glad, some and comfortable are now the places

colors here should complement rather than augment the intensity of both.

Harmony in Color

Moreover, the effect of the color scheme as a whole should be, as we have already seen, in harmony with the room. That is to say, light pale shades, such as a combination of blue and white or cream, are quite appropriate for bedrooms;

Much valuable help in appropriate color selection may be obtained either from the pamphlets and color cards to be found at the hardware or paint store, or from those paint manufacturers who maintain departments in decoration which offer complimentary and competent advice to those who request it. Some firms go so far indeed as to furnish complete color schemes for the painting of the home,

both inside and outside; and since one may be sure that these color schemes are devised with a view to obtain the very finest effects possible, one may follow them with confidence. Such color arrangements can be adopted either as they stand, or they may be modified to suit one's tastes or requirements. In any event, it is well to attend to the selection of colors early in the season, else the sudden and



Wall treatment the controlling factor



The cheery effect of white enamel

radiant in the sunlight, where there was a cheerless and gloomy dinginess before the painter's brush, like a magic wand, restored it—walls, window cases, porticoes and verandahs. The lowly cottage as well as the elaborate mansion is invested with new life, new beauty, new dignity.

The home that is neglected loses much of its allurements, however tasteful or refined its furnishings may be. In reality, a coat of paint may, and often does, do much to make a home inviting. Soldiers, judges and clergymen, as Carlyle points out in "Sartor Resartus," gain much in the respect of others and of themselves when clothed in their uniforms or robes of office. So, in like manner, do we value and frequent the homes where all is bright and clean. It may be but a coat of paint; but its appeal is so subtle and welcome, so irresistible though undefined, that we forget its source and think only of its effect.

It is assumed that you have decided to paint the exterior or interior of your home this spring. You may do both; but at any rate your first step is to determine upon a suitable color scheme.

Proper Color Effect Important

Naturally the proper selection of colors, if the result is to be satisfactory, demands the exercise of some taste. For example, it would never do to attempt to blend two colors which are logically opposed to each other, and which for any reason do not harmonize. For harmony in color is just as essential as harmony in family relations. Otherwise the impression on one's color sense will be as the discordant effect on the musical ear of notes out of tune. Not every one, unfortunately, is the natural possessor of a sense of color, any more than there is common to the average person an ear for music. But even should one be lacking in this most desirable attribute, there is no reason why the home or the room should suffer on that account.

Generally speaking the nature of one's surroundings will dictate the color scheme. Rooms for the most part should be painted in colors that are soft rather than loud, harmonious and rich rather than bold or brilliant. Certain colors are involuntarily associated with certain states of mind—yellow, orange and red with joy; blue and green with peace; brown, gray and the darker shades with more serious moods. A room facing the north should be lighter and warmer in color than one with a southern exposure. The reason, of course, is that the northern light is cold and bright while that of the south is warm and mellow, and the



Subdued walls with harmonizing border effect

dining-rooms and living-rooms can be finished in natural wood or weathered oak effect as traditional of the refectories of the middle ages. Of course, if one wishes, the baseboard, wainscoting and doorways could be painted throughout in white, with the doors stained mahogany, but such a treatment to be entirely appropriate would imply a house of either early Dutch or Georgian design or one of their modifications. But sumptuous or dainty, complex or simple, sombre or gay, the colors employed should be at peace among themselves, harmonious in their relations of tone, hue and intensity.

Such orderly relations of colors do not usually come by luck. They come usually by thoughtful planning on the part of some person of informed taste in color. While it is true that the finest harmonies in color are never consciously figured out in advance by a cold-blooded calculator, it is also true that the finest harmonies fall within certain recognized classes. Feeling may lead, but never beyond the limits of law. Knowledge of the laws of color combination may be intuitive in a colorist of the first order, but such knowledge may be acquired by the less gifted and will prove invaluable not only as a guide to good work, but also as a guard against bad work.

perhaps unexpected arrival of the painting season may find you unprepared.

The Selection of Materials

I am going to dismiss at once the question of "What paint or what varnish shall I buy," by saying choose a brand of a reputable firm, and you may safely leave the rest to yourself or to the painter should you engage one.

Now for a few simple, elementary rules for the guidance of the beginner.

Before applying paint to any wood-work, see to it, that it is made clean and free from grease, soap and dampness. On new wood, the knots should first be covered with shellac. Then apply two thin coats of paint. Three coats would be better. Allow each coat to harden thoroughly before putting on the succeeding one. To insure proper drying and long wear, paint must be put on thin and well brushed out. It should never be put on in heavy coats. If the wood has been painted previously, touch up any bare spots and allow them to dry before painting the whole surface. This precaution will ensure a uniform finish with no dead spots. To prime or repaint a very old surface, add one quart of raw linseed oil to each gallon of paint.

To estimate the quantity of paint required for any given (Contd. on page 31)



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The Romance of the Hay Field

By URSA MAJOR

ROMANCE? Yes and plenty of it. Romance in spate. Down through the shadows of the past fifty years it comes like a summer breeze over a great prairie standing in wheat.

The early day, when Old Sol tuning up his harp in color-tone threw up the first thin grey streaks that told in advance his coming. The glorious coloring blending violet to purple, blue, green and yellow and that wide orange yellow just topping the hill. Expectancy, all nature holding her breath save the robin carolling so sweetly on the apple bow, the linnet and the wild canary trilling near. The staid old crow winging past or waddling over a field in decent shining well-kept black and highly respectable withal; woe betide the cutworm he spies, that instant his career is ended. It is the days of the hand scythe, of hard work in the conquest of nature from whose bosom the plentiful store of fodder must be wrung literally by the sweat of the mower's brow.

Fifty years ago. The level dyke marsh laid off in long lands by ditches, the long sinuous dyke, perchance the tide at

flood and a schooner gracefully coming into stays or forereaching into the wind six feet above the level of the marsh. There she goes, hear the blocks squeal, the sails crack.

"Hard alee, Stand by your jib sheets!" And she pays off to starboard. Round comes the main boom, the blocks squealing. "Slack away your fore sheet there! Slack away your jib sheets. Make fast," and gurgling below the stern she heels over to starboard—pretty thing of the past—of the days of romance when there was time to see, to feel, to enjoy—time to work well, too.

The farmer and three sons—no hired men here—repair to the shed. A boy is requisitioned to turn the big stone. While one grinds the others knock the blades loose—the Dunn edge, the Griffin—names celebrated for temper.

The boy feels he is imposed on for the farmer with muscles like an ox's neck bears on too hard. He does not complain however, it is an age of work; hard work. The others grind, the boy being relieved by one.

Six o'clock and the grass weeping tears of dew, the spiders' webs, a marvel of skill and beauty lifting in the gentle breeze, harbinger of the strong one that will temper the heat of July.

Now all is ready. The blades are set. Adjusted each to suit the stride of the user. The nibs are seen to just at the angle to be comfortable, pipes alight they get away down through the orchard where green apples give promise when August is here.

Down to the marsh where the timothy and clover stand, four tons to the acre. The timothy just shedding its pollen while the bees prove remorselessly the depths of the clover and cull its nectar sweet.

Now a musical rhythm of whetstones on steel, long strokes then short and quick as particular care is given to the all-important point, for our four stalwarts are artists in their line and are particular about their tools—good sign.

Now the farmer spreads his legs. Swish! Swish! and the tall, feathery heads are at one blow cut off, gathered and laid in swath, the long blade being drawn back without disturbing the stalks. The sons follow, no word, no song, silence. The end of the land and four long straight swaths. Then the leisurely walk back, and some comment.

"Fine crop, Tom. Cuts fine," and then backs are bent anew and the role is gone over once more. So on with legitimate rests till Mary and Jennet call from the hill.

"Twelve o'clock, boys, dinner," says the farmer and the scythes are thrust under a swath and whetstones thrown down.

Dinner outdoors, don't we all know it except certain emasculated city guys who don't count. Canadian cheese, home-made bread from Ogilvie's flour, Nova Scotian potatoes, pie—pumpkin pie—and nectar of outdoors, tea." Ah, thou consoler of fatigue of what not else.

Then the afterdinner smoke, the girls chaffing as they pack the dishes and look up at the apples overhead longing for the yellow to appear.

"Now boys," and again the rhythm of the whetstones, "a-slish, a-slash, a-slish, a-slash."

Now the long swaths grow till four acres is down. No matter, early or late when that is done, home—that's the "stunt."

Then supper. (Boys do the chores). The load of good food, the anxiety of the "gude wife," that all should have enough. The wash-up, then the sit out on the stoop where more apples hang. Duchess now, soon ready. The wheezy old melodeon sounds up in simple hymn or psalter tunes because the performer can play no other. Nevertheless they blend with the "holy evening calm" and bring to mind Burns' Cottar's Saturday Night.

Now we look back over those fifty years to Manitoba. The meadows are wider than the dykes. There's no pretty schooner but there a thousand acres of wheat just nicely shot out waving and swaying in generous promise for next September when those ready binders in the yard shall be manned and the sheaves fall thick from the carrier.

The hay crop is not as good as in Nova Scotia. More ground must be gone over. No hand scythe here (no one knows how now), no rhythm of whetstone on steel, yet there is romance. See the beautiful greys as obedient to the rein they swing the hungry knife of many jaws into the thick of short prairie grass. Hear the busy hum of the gears, the slick-slick-slick of the knife, the gentle word to the team and the hay all tedded out.

Yes, romance. The meadow-lark on the fence sings of it, the little ducks in the slough contribute to it, the coming grain, the golden sunshine, the wide, wide prairie—capable of so much, the windmill whirling gracefully, the pretty house, the old log shack telling of early effort, the prosperity, the good health of all; the stock in the pasture. Romance? It is a romance of plenty, of progress, of prosperity. Long may it continue.

FAILURE

Too often, it seems, when we take a man's measure, We count his success by the things he can buy; But a man hasn't failed, tho' he's missed the world's treasure, Till he gives up the struggle, and ceases to try.

The man hasn't failed, who can keep his faith glowing, As he gathers his strength for another fair trial. There's success in the offing, and friendly winds blowing, For the man who gets up from a blow with a smile.

What matters the fight, and the fierce opposition, The obstacles piled on the path to the goal? A man hasn't failed till they've killed his ambition: A man isn't down, till they've conquered his soul!

Nor has a man failed, in the business of living, Who comes through the fight with his purpose still high, And the evening of life finds him fair and forgiving— For the only real failure, is ceasing to try. —Elizabeth Heath Olmstead

Compliment to Conscience

'Here comes that Miss Gabbins. I think I'll have Nora say I'm out.' "Won't the still, small voice reproach you?" "Yes; but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to hers."

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Mothers' Section

THE MOTHER AS DRESSMAKER

The Morality of Clothes

The suave saleslady was showing me the Spring gowns, serges and tricolettes.

I timidly asked for my old friend, black velvet, whereupon there was an embarrassed pause, and instinctively I knew I had made an unfortunate remark.

"Black velvet," said the lady in tones of mild yet unmistakable reproof, "is not good this year."

I apologized and murmured something about not having heard. How did it happen? Black velvet had been the soul of propriety when seen last by me!

The lady, with true politeness, passed on to speak of pleasanter things.

"Serges and tricolettes are very good, tricolettes are so new, and serges are always good."

I rejoiced over the steady going goodness of serge, but could not forget my old friend about whom I still refused to believe evil.

From that I fell to thinking of the Morality of Clothes. Clothes are thoughts made manifest. The history of woman-kind has always been written in their clothes. The Eastern woman, who veiled her face, to her eyes, and must not uncover in the presence of any one but her own family, revealed not her face, but the bonds of her soul.

The tightly laced, high-heeled, long-skirted lady, loudly proclaimed her economic dependence. She cried aloud to some man to support her, for by her dress, she admitted quite frankly that she could not support herself.

Women will never be free until they are free from the bondage of dress. Fine raiment, silk linings, ornamentation, seed pearls, embroideries have caused more women to sin, than poverty or passion. Old nature is a designing dame. She has put up many jobs on us to accomplish her own ends, and one of the most subtle is the feminine love of dress.

This will never be eradicated any more than the thirsty man's predilection for cold water. But it can be changed. Beauty is a relative term. It varies with the season, locality, race and with the years. Hoop skirts bear witness to the length to which humanity will go. The Fiji Islanders hang rings of iron, as large as horse-shoes in their ears and think them beautiful. Some of the ultra fashionable use empty tomato cans and think it very chic!

There is no limit to what may be called, and really thought beautiful. Do you remember the toboggan-slide hats we wore, along about '93, or the basques of 1880? We liked them. Everybody—I mean all the best of us—wore them, and they were considered very smart.

Now there has come a wholesome movement in the direction of useful working clothes. It is no longer considered a fine ladylike thing to be idle, but rather a disgraceful condition. Every one works since the war, or at least makes a bluff at it! So working clothes are coming into their own. Skirts wide enough to step in, fine big pockets; neat, well-fitting hats that defy the wind; skirt bands wide enough to give room for deep breathing; one piece dresses, easy to put on and off. The business woman of to-day dresses handsomely. There is a morality in their clothes because sex is not emphasized. The fact of sex is forgotten, in the thought of strength, grace, freedom and usefulness.

Unfortunately it is not so in the present style of evening dress with its shamelessly low cut bodices, front and back, especially back, where the bare neck is prolonged into the bare spine! Sex is not overlooked in the transparent garments in which many of our women array themselves; the shimmering shimmies, which masquerade as clothes, but are not in any sense a covering. Sex is the predominating note. There was a time when the woman of the underworld dressed like the fine lady. Now that is reversed.

How can we expect men to respect women, when the women show by their dress that they do not respect themselves; for the women who dress indecently, confess their poor opinion of themselves, in the honest ways of life, and admit by their costume that they have to descend to the grosser plane in order to be attractive. Unable to charm the beholder by legitimate means, they lower the standards to the level of the animals. The history of women, past, present and future is written in their clothes!

THE MOTHER AS MANAGER

Women and Business

An Englishwoman of rank who believes in giving to the world what the world needs is teaching her compatriots how to take care of their money. She has found young Englishwomen supremely ambitious, yet curiously ignorant; convinced of their ability to reform an imperfect civilization, yet incapable of managing their own affairs; self-confident and self-assertive, yet perilously dependent on agents, lawyers, and trustees for the safety of their daily lives.

As much might be said of Canadian girls, who are often taught how to make money, but seldom how to keep it. The resources of two continents are taxed for their education; at twenty-one, how many of them can be trusted to invest a thousand dollars? They do not know the difference between bonds and stocks, or why one should be a safer purchase than the other. They do not know whether four per cent, or five, or six, or seven, is a reasonable rate of interest. They have never heard of a clearing house, and the whole banking system is as much of a mystery to them as the rites of Eleusis. And this in a country where fortunes fluctuate, where the rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow, when "securities" often

believe their name, where the clauses of an income tax puzzle a financier, and where only knowledge and discretion can save us from the "shrinkage" that spells disaster.

It is a common reproach that women are unbusinesslike, yet very little care is taken to make them anything else. What father gives to his daughter the careful training that he gives to his son? Who teaches her commercial integrity and commercial honor? It is assumed that she is in training for citizenship; responsive to that high ideal, she joins a club, and visits the slums, and tries to understand the difference between the tenets of the Republican and those of the Democrat. But of the rudiments of finance—of bonds, stocks, mortgages and ground rents, of book-keeping and the balancing of accounts—she knows little or nothing. That she is allowed to remain in such ignorance is a cruel injustice, for it shames her intelligence, narrows her activities, and endangers the dignity and independence of her life.

Paint as a Beautifier

By W. G. Colgate

Cont'd from page 28

the number of gallons necessary to cover

job, add the number of feet in front, rear and both sides; multiply by the average height and divide the product by 300. The result will give you

the surface with two coats. If the surface to be painted is old, dry or porous, it will require more, but this rule is sufficient for all practical purposes.

It is always well to stir paint thoroughly before applying. The effect of this operation is to dissolve thoroughly the solid mass which settles at the bottom of the can and thereby keep the color and the coat uniform. Never paint over a wet surface. Choose, if possible, a dry, clear day for painting as then the paint will dry quicker and better and endure longer. Do not hurry. Allow plenty of time for each coat to dry before applying the next. Brush each coat out well. Putty all nail holes and cracks before applying the second coat. You may be tempted to thin the last coat to make the paint "hang out." Don't. Use the paint as it comes from the can. You can always get a pint or even a half pint tin if you need it to finish the job. Use a good brush. It may cost a little more than the cheaper article; but it will save time in the end. You will avert the nuisance of bristle-shedding which is likely to tax your patience and temper.

After all, the requirements of good painting or staining are simple enough. A harmonious color scheme, careful preparation of the woodwork, the selection of a reliable paint or stain, and some common sense in the application of it.

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A HISTORY OF THE TOMATO

"Galenus, a celebrated Greek physician, 200 A.D., gave a minute description of *Lycopersicum* coming from Egypt. South America, probably Peru, however, gave the tomato to Europe in a highly cultivated form. The name is derived from the Aztec word *Xitomate*, the vegetable having been prized and extensively cultivated by the natives long before the discovery of the country by the Europeans. According to Dr. Tracy, "there is little doubt that many of the plants as seen and described by the Europeans as wild species were largely garden varieties, originally natives of America, which are a variation or crossing of the original wild species." It was first introduced into England in 1596, but for many years was grown only as an ornamental plant, under the common name of Love Apple, the prevailing opinion being that they were poisonous to man. The tomato in Europe was first used as a vegetable in Italy in the seventeenth century, later being introduced into France and England as a table vegetable. The first mention of it in North America as a vegetable, apparently, was in 1781. Seven years later a Frenchman in Philadelphia made earnest efforts to have people use the fruit as a vegetable, but with little or no success. The first record of this fruit being regularly quoted on the market was in New Orleans, 1812. It was first offered by seedsmen, Messrs. Gardener & Hipburn, in 1818, which was followed by Landreth in 1820. In 1836 they were on the Quincy Hall Market in Boston. At the present time, according to Department of Agriculture reports, there are over one-half million acres devoted to this crop every year in America, and the canning and shipping interests especially assume tremendous proportions. A great many American varieties of merit are now known the world over. Practically all tomatoes grown in this country are of American development. To Livingston, of Columbus, Ohio, perhaps the greatest credit should be given. The late Walter P. Stokes was responsible for the introduction of the Earliana and Bonny Best."

TAKE CARE OF THE CALVES

As we look through the various periodicals of the home, farm, and for the general reading public, we notice to-day a great awakening to the true value of milk as a food. Several schools have amply demonstrated the beneficial effect of milk as a sustainer of the children who are studying, in both mental and physical improvement. Where the milk supply is poor the natural result is children of poor physique and attendant evils on that condition. It is so concentrated that it is able to take up the occupation of body building in the shortest space of time with possibly the least amount of digestive exertion, thus proving itself the short road to health and strength to those who lack the necessary strength to extract the goodness from other foods that contain much that is commendable but lack the "hospitality" of milk, inasmuch as they demand a certain tax from the digestive powers before yielding up their stores of nourishment.

When we see a group of well-bred calves we realize that they are a future herd in embryo and the possibilities that they are capable of accomplishing can only be a matter of conjecture. They are the future sires, dams and milk producers in the service of humanity, therefore their way should be made smooth to attain a vigorous maturity not only for direct returns but for the sake of generations of herds that will spring from them.

There are several important rules to be observed in the paving of the way for their success in life. No matter how good they are as calves, they may be ruined as future producers if not fed most carefully. The only sure way to improve the herd is to rear the best calves which are sired by a good pure-bred sire. Calves inheriting size, vigor and constitution are reared most cheaply. Poor calves of poor breeding are not worth rearing.

It is essential that the calves receive their mother's milk for the first four days at the rate of eight or ten pounds divided into three or four feeds. They should continue on whole milk for three weeks and then a part of same should be

replaced by skim-milk so that when the calf is six weeks of age it may be receiving 12 or 14 pounds of skim-milk with two ounces of flax seed jelly or a good calf meal which is a cream substitute.

At three weeks of age, the calves should be started at feeding on a small quantity of whole oats in the manger, also a small quantity of fine clover hay and they should be given an opportunity to drink water at least twice a day.

It is recommended that the whole oats be replaced at the end of two weeks' feeding with a grain mixture composed of equal parts bran and crushed oats at the rate of one-eighth pound per day increased gradually to one and a half pounds per day.

Some of the most important points to be noted include the keeping of spring-dropped calves from heat and flies but in preference they should be kept in a shaded cool box stall until four months of age. Regular feeding should be practised and overfeeding avoided. The pens to be clean, well-bedded, well ventilated, and free from draughts. Regular salting and fresh drinking water should be kept in mind in the routine of caring for calves.

THE RAISING OF CHICKS

It is said by poultry experts that it takes two eggs to produce a chick and five chicks to produce a pullet, or in other words, one egg fails to each egg that produces a chick and four chicks take a different course where one develops into a pullet. It is advisable for all poultry raisers to bear in mind that it is better to raise a few chickens successfully than to undertake large hatches with indifferent care and incur great losses. A good piece of advice was given out a couple of years ago, viz. "Don't waste good eating eggs in an incubator if you are not reasonably sure they are fertile." The table is robbed of a good many eggs that should be there instead of in the incubator or under a hen. The care of chicks is being emphasized a good deal these days along with other poultry advice now that poultry keeping is coming into its own, and the care of hatching eggs is a phase of the work well worth consideration. Hatching eggs should be carefully handled, should be of normal size, and never allowed to become chilled.

After the chicks have hatched the hen should be allowed to remain on the nest undisturbed until the chicks are lively enough to insist on leaving it, then remove the hen and chicks to a well prepared coop. If the ground is not quite dry as is the case in the early season, put a bottom in the coop with chaff covering the floor. When the season is advanced and the ground is dry, the coops should be placed right on the ground, and it is a good plan to move them the width of themselves each day thus saving a good deal of work and ensuring clean conditions. The coops should be thoroughly disinfected before use each season and also between broods.

Chill and vermin are the two greatest dangers in brooding with hens and it is advisable to dust them at regular intervals to ensure freedom from vermin.

Where a brooder is used care should be taken to see that it is capable of carrying out the duties required of it. It should be capable of producing and holding enough heat to provide for the comfort of the chicks in any weather, to ventilate easily and fully and capable of being easily cleaned and generally operated.

In the case of chicks hatched in an incubator they should be left in the incubator until perfectly dry and in transferring them to the brooder see that a chill is avoided. The brooder should be so heated that when all the chicks are put in it the temperature will rise to nearly the same degree as what they were accustomed to in the incubator. It is not good policy to depend entirely on the thermometer as a guide to what the chicks should have in the way of temperature as the chicks themselves are the proper guides for the regulating of the temperature. If they crowd they are too cold but if they lie spread out on the floor and more or less independent of each other for warmth it is a better sign.

The chicks should be enclosed so as to be close to the brooder for the first few days and given more liberty as time goes on until they are finally given free

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range. If weather conditions are not favorable for them to be allowed out on the ground, a sod placed in the house will give them a good introduction to their native soil and they will derive much enjoyment in picking at it.

In regard to feeding it is a bad mistake and rather common one, to start feeding the chicks too soon. It is the great human impulse which prompts one to help the little things on in life by throwing morsels of food ostensibly meant for their good, but it must be remembered that the chicks leave the shell after eating the yolk of the egg and this constitutes their ration for several days. What they really need at this stage of their life is warmth and rest, and not feed. When the chicks are removed to their brooding quarters there should be coarse sand or fine chick grit scattered so that they can have free access to it. They should be then left until they show signs that they are genuinely hungry and this will be after two or three days. At this stage they may be given some bread crumbs that have been very slightly moistened with milk and this may be scattered on clean sand or chick grit. Great care should be taken to see that no food is allowed to lie around with the chance of becoming sour, for if they are being brooded by a hen she will see that it is all picked up, in fact will assist in the process, but in cases where they are not being brooded by a hen the pieces that have been allowed to lie untouched for a matter of a few minutes should be taken out, as food left among young chicks until it becomes sour is responsible for a good deal of trouble.

The chicks should be fed five times a day. Without laying down any very stringent rules, the following system of feeding might be suggested, subject to slight alterations to suit varying conditions: First feed, bread crumbs moistened with milk; second, finely cracked mixed grains; third, rolled oats; fourth, moistened bread crumbs; fifth, finely cracked mixed grains. Green feed in the form of young lettuce, sprouted grains and food of such tender nature should be given, should conditions be unfavorable for getting the chicks out on the grass at once. Coarser feeds may be given after the chicks are ten days or two weeks old. In order to dispense with the hand feeding, hoppers containing cracked grains and dry mash or rolled oats should be placed where the chicks can easily get at them and in due course they will be independent feeders. Grit and also water

should be within their reach all the time, and where it is possible to provide sour milk, a dish of it will be greatly appreciated and help to make thrifty chicks.

SPRING MANAGEMENT OF BEES

One of the best indications of the time when bees should be brought out of their winter quarters is when the pussy willow makes its furry appearance. Spring is a critical time with the bees, as at this time of year their strength is at a low ebb and in the course of being built up, the weather too is occasionally against their well being and weak colonies require attention. It is necessary that the colonies be built up as soon as possible, and swarming prevented.

If the colonies have been well prepared for winter there need not be any anxiety as to their condition in early spring, but if there is a scarcity of stores some artificial feeding will be necessary. Also if a colony has become weakened by many of the bees dying, there is a danger of the hive being robbed, therefore the entrance of the hive should be blocked up all except about two inches; this small opening being guarded much easier by the bees than the full breadth of the hive. The weight of stores in each hive will be apparent by the effort required to lift off the ground.

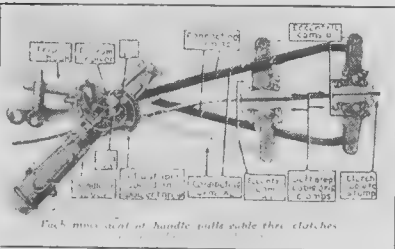
When the hives have been taken out of the cellar or whatever location they had during the winter, and placed on their summer stands, there should be a general inspection of the whole apiary. This inspection is best carried out at the warmest part of a bright day when most of the bees will be out. Do not choose a dull or cold day as the bees will be inside and will resent any interference with their comfort, beside the fact that an inspection on a cold day will let into the hive a great deal of cold air which will be anything but beneficial to bees recently taken from a warm temperature. By examining the hives soon after the bees are on their summer stands one can bring about an "even distribution of wealth," viz., taking combs of honey from the hives that have more than sufficient for their spring stores and placing them in the hives that are nearly out of food. Bees require water in the spring and if there is none handy it should be supplied in a sheltered place near the apiary.

Periods of bad weather preventing the bees from the collecting of nectar may occur at any time (Cont'd on page 56)



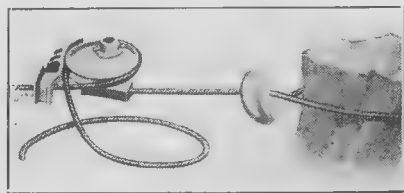
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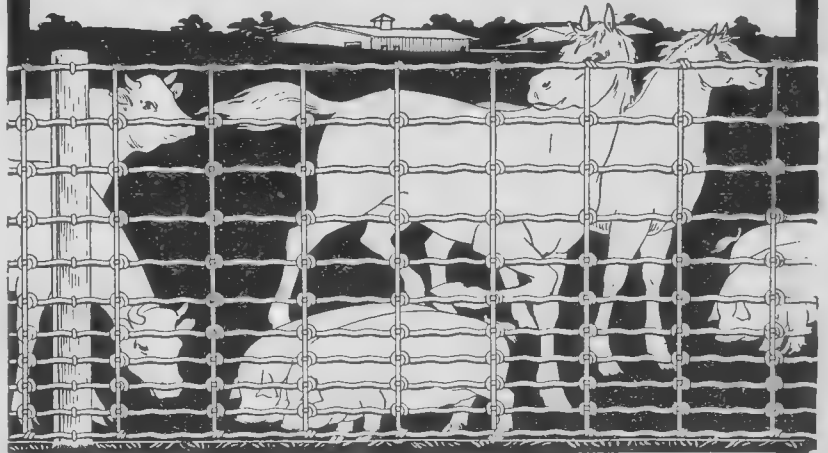
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ON FLAGS

We are a poetical people. We love symbols and emblems. Marriage has its wedding ring; love its cupid; Christmas its holly berry; schools and societies have their badges and their colors. Over and above all of these is the flag of our country in which we all have a share, and we would like to think that among all the nations of the world that our flag holds an honored place.

Sometimes I wonder why it should, for we do such extraordinary things with it. We make so free with it! In the last year I have seen the flag used in the following ways, As a sofa cushion, cigarette holder tobacco pouch, knitting bag, photoholder, as a cover on scribbles, as a crest on stationery, on almanacs, on calendars, as a decoration on paper bags, hairpin boxes, on ice-cream favors, on children's toys, on carpet sweepers, on brooms and mops, on many kinds of garden tools, on cups and saucers, balls and balloons.

I think I have seen the flag on everything except garbage cans, and, of course, I have not seen all of them.

It is rather hard to have one's heart beat faster and one's eyes flash with pride at the sight of the flag when it is seen in so many unexpected places. It is hard to accord to the flag the measure of respect and devotion it deserves when it comes in the form of a bedraggled paper bag blowing across the street.

There is an old law given many years ago which has never yet been rescinded, and it says that "with what measure you

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note it shall be measured to you again." That is to say you get what you give, everything is reciprocal. According to this the nation which respects its flag will be the nation whose flag will be respected! It might then be well for us to take our flag more seriously. It might be well to use it just as a flag remembering that it is not a decoration. It is not a motif, or a flower, or a swastika, or a Greek key, or a polka-dot. It is a flag, the emblem of our country. It should not be eaten, worn, stepped on, blown up, sat on or played with. It should be loved and revered!

Making the Connection

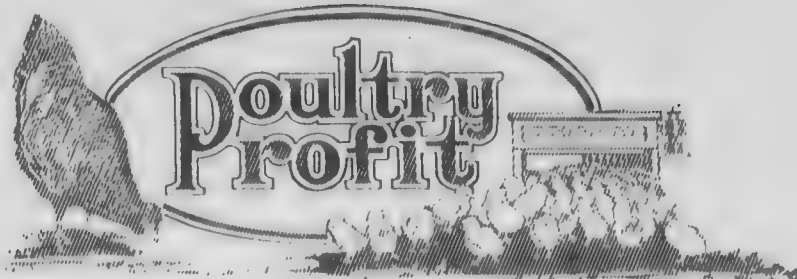
An enterprising Scotch liquor dealer offered a prize for the best answer to a conundrum: "Why is my whisky like the bridge of Ayr?" A boy sent in, "Because it leads to the poorhouse," and the unprejudiced umpires gave him the prize. With even readier wit a Yankee saw the connection in a kindred case.

At a certain railway station an anxious man came to the door of the baggage-car, and said, "Is there anything for me?"

After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage-master dragged out a demijohn of whisky.

"Anything more?" asked the man.

"Yes," said the baggage-man, "here's a gravestone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with that liquor."



By Helen E. Vialoux

Incubation, Natural and Artificial

Eggs for hatching should be set either in a machine or under a hen ten days to two weeks after a breeding pen is mated up. The haphazard method too commonly seen on the farm of using all the eggs from the flock for hatching purposes does not build up the said flock at all. Several males run with the main flock, some half bred, others perhaps mongrel, and the result is the motley crew of fowls so often seen in the country. Surely every farmer can afford one pure-bred male costing, say, \$5.00 of whatever breed he fancies; then he can select 15 of his best hens, in shape and color, pen them somewhere. Take good care of them and they will produce enough eggs in April and May to hatch a splendid lot of chicks raising the standard of the flock at little expense. The male bird is half the flock, and in 3 or 4 years pure-bred birds will gradually take the place of the old mongrels, providing the same breed of pure-bred cockerel is used each season and the old hens killed off. Gather hatching eggs often and place them in a covered vessel in a moderate temperature; 50 to 60 degrees is good. A cellar or basement is suitable. Set them as fresh as possible. A week to 10 days is long enough to keep eggs for hatching. This is where the value of a good incubator comes in. Hens are often as slow as molasses in January in getting broody, especially when the spring is cold and variable.

The incubator may be set the end of March, or early April, and the hens will do their bit later on, of course. The fertility in the eggs is not nearly so high in early spring, owing, no doubt, to the long confinement of the fowls and lack of green feed, but a few early pullets are certainly an asset. May will always be the ideal month in the West for hatching operations, as well as the brooding of chicks, on the average farm. If a machine is used for an early hatch, do not be discouraged if the percentage of chicks is not very high, 100 per cent hatches only occur in advertisements. Most of us who have had experience are satisfied with from 50 to 65 per cent of good chicks on an average. This is higher than the percentage of chicks on experimental farms. Old Biddy herself does not hatch out more than 35 per cent of the eggs set under her, taking a whole season's work. Yet, often a hen will bring out 10 to 13 chicks in May, and early June. Follow the directions of the machine you select, carefully making note of all the details, candling carefully on the 8th day, and again on the 15th day, watching the air cells that the requisite moisture has been given the eggs. The keeping up of the temperature throughout the hatching period is most important as the chicks may hatch on the 20th day, to the end of the 21st day or some hours later. Directly the piping of the shells is noted, and the peeping of the wee chicks heard keep the machine closed, the lamp flame just as usual, and watch results with patience.

Do not set the first couple of broody hens in cold draughty quarters where the eggs are liable to chill whilst the birds are feeding each day. I will not suggest putting the nests under the bed, though I have seen this done; rather try the basement or cellar, where the birds will be free from any disturbance during incubation. Clive a hen only 11 to 13 eggs in early spring, and select only good sized even shaped and smooth shelled eggs for hatching. Cover the setting hens, at first carefully moving them from the laying pen after dusk giving them a couple of "pot eggs." For the first day insect powder is most necessary. A dusting once a week will save much discomfort and the birds will sit constantly. Whenever a setting hen leaves her nest and acts in a somewhat crazy fashion after setting 10 days or so, she is sure to be infested with vermin of some kind.

often she will be covered with red mites and cannot rest. Hens are sometimes worried to death with these horrible pests, dying on the nests. Therefore the importance of insect powder, and a dust bath in the brooder house is not to be overlooked. Again some of the papers are full of advertisements of a wonderful little instrument which is to tell the sex of birds by testing the eggs and also the fertility of eggs before they are set. The thing costs \$1.25 or thereabout and has been proved only a fake and catchpenny, or no real value whatever.

The time has come for a good clean up in the poultry yards and houses. Lime and coal oil are most useful agents in this process. Air-slaked lime should be freely sprinkled on floors of the hen houses and in the chicken runs. Lime wash, of course, is better than any paint for inside work in the coop. If a force pump is available the spraying of the house is a small matter. In April a dose of epsom salts, using one-half lb. of salts, mixed in water and made into a mash with bran, for one hundred hens. Give this mash in the morning withholding all other food. This dose tones up the laying hens after the long winter indoors. A tonic of a few grains of permanganate of potash is also useful in the spring. A teaspoon of potash will color a pail of drinking water a light brown and as it has no taste, the hens drink it freely. Every person who keeps fowl should keep a sharp eye out for tuberculosis in the flock. This disease is quite common in poultry and often escapes notice for some time. One lady had a hen killed for her ailing husband recently, and discovered the bird was far gone with this malady; the lungs and liver covered with white spots. The only symptom noticed was a dullness and sleepy appearance before the bird was killed. The pen of birds about 16 in all, was then carefully examined and 6 birds were diseased more or less. The hens must always be killed and burned, the premises thoroughly cleaned and white washed when this disease gets a foothold. Needless to say, it is very contagious in winter and if hens are noticed "going light" getting thin and listless with good care, they are probably tubercular.

Making Sure

While making his rounds in a passenger train, the conductor was asked by a dignified old gentleman to be sure and let them know when they came to Iona. The conductor, of course, promised to do so, but when he came through the train again, the old man again asked him to be sure and let him know when they came to Iona. The conductor promised as before, but still when he came around again the old man commenced asking as before, but was cut off rather short and told to keep still about the matter and that he (the conductor) would sure let him know when they got to Iona. The old man had patience, and the train finally pulled into Iona and out again, and was getting well underway when the conductor spotted the old man still on the train, so he pulled the bell cord stopped the train and backed up to Iona. Then he walked up to the old man and caught him roughly by the shoulder with the remark that here was Iona and to hurry up and get off, but the old man remained in his seat and explained to the conductor that he did not intend to get off at Iona, but that his wife had told him to take another pill when they passed that station.

Rastus—"Say, Mr. Johnston, can you tell me why England am like a diseased plant?"

Mr. Johnston—"Why, no, Rastus, ah can't say as ah know why is England like a diseased plant."

Rastus—"Why! Because it am 'Blighty.'"

A Ruthenian Marriage Feast

BY SARA GALBRAITH MOSIER

TOFAN BOICJUK, sitting in his high farm wagon behind the two good horses, chanted an old Ruthenian song; a song about red wine, and fair-haired women, and stalwart men with ruddy gold clinking in their pockets. If Tofan's own pockets did not clink with ruddy gold, it was because paper is a more common currency in the Canadian West.

Very well content with life was Tofan. His hogs had brought a very high price in the town, and early that morning a heavy thunder shower had given his wheat the moisture so much needed. As he topped the last hill he saw, on the other side of the broad Saskatchewan, and partly enclosed by a bend of that river, his three hundred and twenty acre farm. The farm buildings might appear rude and primitive to some farmers, but to Tofan, who had grown to manhood amidst the squalid poverty of the peasants of Bukovina, they seemed very desirable. The low thatched house, log-built, was warm in winter and cool in summer, and though its two rooms might seem slender accommodation for a family of twelve, Tofan, who in his childhood had shared a one-roomed hovel with fifteen brothers and sisters regarded it as a lordly dwelling.

"I must have a photograph made to send back to the Old Country," he thought. "I will get Dmitri Andruk to let his automobile stand before the door; also I can borrow Moisey Kapitski's democrat, to make a good appearance in the yard. Then, with my own cattle and horses, and my father-in-law's sheep, I shall have a fine picture to send home. How they will all envy me when they see what a rich man I have become!"

He guided the horses carefully down the steep hill leading to the ferry. The barge was on the other side, and while he waited for it to come across, Tofan exchanged the news of the day with a group of women who, up to their knees in the muddy water of the river, were pounding the family wash on flat stones.

"Dobre den!" cried the ferryman, as the barge touched the landing. "What luck with the pigs, brother?"

"All sold, and at a high price," Tofan answered, as he drove his team on board. The ferryman pushed off again, and the barge, caught by the strong current, slid along the wire cable that stretched slanting from bank to bank.

"Good news, brother," the ferryman rejoined. "Yesterday, at service, the priest spoke strongly about the church. It must be painted, he says, before Green Sunday (Whit-Sunday). You will be able to give something big, eh?"

Tofan frowned. He had never been able to shake off the influence of his boyhood poverty, when he had to look closely, so very closely, at every kopeck before he spent it. Here in the west there were no coppers; the smallest coin was the five cent piece. Therefore, it behooved a cautious man to be even more careful in the spending. Still, there was his local reputation as a man of substance to be considered.

"I hope I shall always do my share in keeping up our Holy Church," he said with dignity. "Yet must I make a great outlay in Green Week, since my oldest daughter is to marry."

"That is fine for you," the other responded. "It is indeed time the girl was married. Let me see—Paraska must be nineteen already?"

"But eighteen she is," Tofan retorted angrily. "And in Canada, as thou knowest, girls do not marry so early as in the Old Country."

"I do not hold with all these Canadian ways," the ferryman said, as the boat touched the further bank. "Mine own daughters shall be married off before they are sixteen."

"Indeed! But I fear you will find that even in this new country prudent fathers think of the dowry when their sons wish to marry, and naturally the daughters of a solid farmer like myself will have a better chance than the girls of a man who works for day's wages as a ferryman."

With this parting shot Tofan drove his team up the long hill to his farm.

Mrs. Boicjuk was preparing the evening meal when he entered the house. Although her husband had long ago adopted the garments worn by Canadians, she still

clung to her Ruthenian costume. A garment of white linen, wide-sleeved, narrow-skirted, clothed her from head to foot. Over this was a kind of skirt—a piece of heavy homespun cloth, so narrow that it fell apart on the left side with each step the wearer took, revealing the white sirochka beneath. At least, that is what it should have revealed; but as the sirochka was clean, in honor of a "small holiday," and the dooryard wet and muddy after the recent rain, the wearer had kilted it up out of harm's way, so that each movement showed her bare and sinewy brown legs. On her head she wore the kerchief without which no respectable married woman of her people ever appears.

Tofan, without any preliminary greeting, demanded when supper would be ready.

"I am even now turning the borsh (beet soup) into the soup bowl," his wife answered. "Ivan, call the others in."

There was little ceremony observed in serving the Boicjuk meals. Mrs. Boicjuk cut a great many thick slices of bread, and threw them in a pile in the centre of the homemade table. A huge bowl of soup was placed in the middle of the table, and two lesser bowls at each end. Beside each bowl was a pile of spoons. Tofan took his place at the head of the table, and the young Boicjuks, as each appeared, scrambled over the rude benches placed around three sides, and dipped their spoons into whichever bowl was nearest. They were a sturdy, bright-eyed group, ten in all, and ranged in age from the baby of six months to Paraska, a girl of nineteen. The oldest boy was away, working in a lumber camp.

They ate almost in silence, Tofan making short replies to his wife's questions about his trip to town. But, when the benches were pushed back against the wall, and the dishes washed and placed in a row on the mud floor under the benches; when all the cows had been milked, and all the pigs and geese fed; when the smoky oil lamp had been lighted, and the door carefully shut to keep out the dreaded "night air," then, drawing his stool closer to the clay oven, Tofan announced his news.

"I met Kost Kutash in town," he began, lighting a cigarette. "He spoke to me of his son, Damian. He wishes to marry him with our Paraska."

"Kost Kutash, the merchant, wants to marry his son with our Paraska?" Mrs. Boicjuk echoed incredulously.

"Why not?" growled Tofan. "In Bukovina, to be sure, old man Kutash was the head of the village, whilst my father worked as his servant. But here I also am somebody. Also, his boy has no head for the store-keeping, so he wishes to make him farmer. Kost will buy for him the quarter of land that corners us on the north. Many cattle and horses I shall have to give," he sighed. "All that will be settled on Sunday, when Kost will come to talk business."

Neither of the parents apparently cared at all what Paraska's views on the matter might be. The girl spoke now for the first time.

"I saw Damian Kutash when I was in town last year," she said. "He squints, and he is small, much smaller than I am."

"Be quiet," ordered her father. "Already once to-day must I lie about your age. Onofrey, the ferryman, threw it up to me that thou were nineteen and unwed. A year more, and who will have you? Thankful you should be for a father who can secure a rich bridegroom for you, when you are already nearly too old to think of marriage."

"I did but say that he was not handsome," said Paraska, with a toss of her head. The girl was very fair, with that Saxon fairness sometimes met with among the Ruthenian people. A strapping, broad-shouldered girl, she could, and often did, perform a man's work on the farm. If she knew little of housekeeping, and less of cooking—well, a man cannot expect everything in a wife. But what if the town-bred Damian should be finicky, and critical of her country ways? Paraska shrugged her shoulders; she stood a full six inches taller than her prospective husband. It would be strange, she thought, if she could not manage that little man.

The following Sunday Kost, accompanied by his son and his two brothers,

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A Ruthenian Marriage Feast

By Sara G. Mosher

Contd. from page 35

dished until a stranger might have thought that there was danger of a free fight.

"Two cows!" Kost shouted. "Two pultry cows! Heard you ever the like," he asked, turning to his brothers. "Here I give one hundred and sixty acres of

arrived at the farm. Tofan had called in two neighbors to act as advisers. There was much arguing and haggling; voices were raised, and fists brandished until a stranger might have thought that there was danger of a free fight.

rich land, and this man wishes to give only two miserable cows as a dowry."

"The cows are good ones," Tofan defended himself. "God knows there are no better cows in Alberta. As for your land, I have seen better; the eastern end is but a swamp, and the rest is covered with bushes."

"May God forgive the man!" Kost cried. "Is not all land wet in the spring? And can I help it if God makes bushes grow on it? Good land it is, and would sell for fifteen dollars an acre to-morrow." "But when you bought it, five years

ago, you paid but eight dollars an acre," Tofan retorted.

So they wrangled for hours, but at last the terms of the marriage settlement were agreed on. Kutash gave his son the farm, while the bride's dowry was to be four horses, six cows, ten pigs, fifty hens, and sufficient logs to build a house. Nothing remained but to speak to the priest about publishing the banns.

It can be given out in church next Sunday," Kutash said. "The wedding can be on Green Monday."

After a meal at which boiled chicken, stuffed with cornmeal and raisins, formed the main dish, Kutash and his kinsmen departed. The young people had hardly spoken to each other, nor would they meet again until the marriage ceremony in the church. But, as Kutash remarked, they had all their future lives in which to get acquainted.

Then began three weeks of bustle and excitement. The bride's wedding sirochka, with its red and black wool embroidery, lay in the deep chest which held the few superfluous garments of the family, having been made years before. But the house must be white-washed inside and out; a huge clay stove must be built outdoors, to cook the vast quantities of food needed for the marriage feast; and there were thousands of paper flowers to be made, and many bunches of white feathers to be tied together with red wool. These would decorate the bride's tree, a huge spruce. The bride, with several of her girl friends, must drive about the country, inviting all the neighbors to her wedding, while the groom did the same, for all Ruthenian weddings are celebrated simultaneously at the home of both the bride and the groom.

Early on Green Monday Paraska and Damian, meeting for the third time in their lives, were married at the Orthodox Church which topped the highest hill in the neighborhood. Immediately after the ceremony, Paraska returned to her father's house, while Damian went back to his home in town. They would not meet again until Thursday noon, when Damian would come to claim his bride.

The wedding feast began at sundown in Tuesday. All day chickens, alive and dead, had been arriving at Tofan's house, it being the custom for each guest to send a chicken and two loaves of bread. All day Mrs. Boiejuk and her daughters, assisted by their kinswomen, had been picking fowls, making soup, baking bread, and decorating the house. The festivities of this first evening were for the young people, and the dancing continued until the early summer dawn. Even then the family has little time for sleep, for soon a new set of guests begin to arrive. Singly or in little groups they come; on horseback, in ox-teams, buggies, or automobiles, according to the degree of their worldly wealth. Each, on entering the house, kisses the hand of the host and shakes hands with every other person present. This done, each joins the silent company sitting upright and stiff on the benches ranged along the wall. The bride and her mother are not visible, being fully occupied in the kitchen.

Soon Tofan began to move about, inviting the older or more distinguished guests to take their places at the first table. Here the food is plentiful and substantial. There are boiled pork and boiled fowls, both with the inevitable stuffing of cornmeal mixed with raisins; cabbage soup and beet soup and noodle soup; cabbage leaves rolled, stuffed with whole wheat, and boiled; huge bowls of thick sour milk; other bowls of rice boiled in sour milk; unsweetened apple sauce, and home-made cheese. There are no plates, and each guest dips his spoon into the common bowl. Tofan circles the table, continually filling with strong whiskey the single drinking glass, as it passes from hand to hand.

When the first guests leave the table, their places are taken by others. Meanwhile the musicians have arrived, and the dancing has begun in the narrow space left by the tables; as it is summer, the younger and more adventurous dance on the ground in front of the house. People dance until tired, then eat, and dance again. In spite of the sign, "no kurito," (do not smoke) displayed on the walls, the air is thick with tobacco smoke and with the dust from the mud floor. The older women sit on benches around the wall, watching the dancers, and silent for the most part, though sometimes they join in extremely doleful songs. Everywhere—in their mother's arms, on benches, on the bed in the corner, are sleeping babies. About two in the morning, people begin to think of going home; but those who have come from a great distance lie down in their wagons for a few hours rest. At ten the next morning, dancing and eating begin again.

Shortly before noon on Thursday two of Paraska's small brothers, who have been watching for the bridegroom, come running in.

"Quick, sister," they call. "Damian comes." (Continued on page 56)

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The Pendant

By Theodora Horton

Cont'd from page 23

And then remembering Mr. Field's kind offer of assistance she went on more gently, "I am grateful to you for your kindness, but thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Manners I am well able to earn my living, and this I shall try to do immediately. You know I have had a business training and should be able to get a post as clerk or secretary somewhere."

"Yes," replied Mr. Field. "It is about your plans that I thought I might be able to help. Several days ago a client of mine, an elderly lady, asked me if I knew of any well educated girl to fill the post of companion secretary. Her daughters are all married, and she would like to hear of some one who would read to her, go visiting with her and act as her secretary, and I thought if she were not already suited you might care to apply for the position."

"It sounds nice," agreed Agatha, "and it is kind of you to think of me. I should like something like that much better than work in an office."

Agatha lay awake far into the night, thinking of the letter that seemed so completely to alter her whole life. After Mr. Field had left her she had examined the pendant, and found it much more valuable than she had supposed. It was in the shape of a tiny crescent, while on the back were engraved the initials A.G. She felt as she looked at it that had her foster parents decided to investigate the matter when they had discovered the pendant, they would probably have found out who her parents were. But from the bottom of her heart she was glad that they had not done so, and felt that she herself would never take any steps to discover her parentage.

A few days later found Agatha at the commencement of a new era in her life. She had decided not to wait until she heard from Mrs. Vance and Sylvia. She could not quite forgive the former for her persistent coolness to her even though she now understood the reason for it, so she obtained from Mr. Field the address of the lady he had told her of, and with a note of introduction from him went to see her.

Mrs. Dean received her kindly. She seemed of the opinion that any one recommended by Mr. Field must necessarily suit her requirements, so she asked Agatha only a very few questions, and evidently took it for granted that she was capable of fulfilling the duties she required of her. So Agatha packed up her things and began her new life at Mrs. Dean's. She found it very much more interesting than she had expected. Mrs. Dean was fond of visiting and entertaining, and her friends were for the most part people worth knowing. It was part of Agatha's duties to accompany her on her visits, and to help to entertain her guests, and after she had been several weeks with Mrs. Dean she told herself that she could not have believed that she could be so happy and contented. She mourned deeply and truly for the friend that had gone, but Agatha's nature was not a morbid one, and she did not allow herself to nurse her grief and keep it always in the foreground. Instead she tried to look with thankfulness on the happy loving years that had been granted to her, and which she felt still remained with her a real possession which nothing could take from her.

She had been with Mrs. Dean somewhat more than three months, when one afternoon she heard that a Mr. Grey was coming among others that evening to dinner.

"A very old friend of mine, Miss Marks," said Mrs. Dean. Agatha had not chosen to continue calling herself Miss Manners. "He will like to hear you play, he is very musical and used to play well himself."

"I am afraid that he will be very critical then," said Agatha smiling. "You make me feel quite nervous."

"Fiddlesticks," answered Mrs. Dean. "You play very well you know, and I have never seen you nervous yet."

"Well, I don't show it," laughed Agatha, but she thought a good deal about the expected guest, and looked up eagerly when later in the evening he was announced.

Mr. Grey was what is usually described as a "fine old gentleman." He was tall and upright with a white moustache and rather piercing blue eyes. When he was introduced to Agatha it was his eyes that she particularly noticed. They seemed to look her through and through until she

thought she might almost accuse him of staring. She did not get much opportunity of speaking to him during the evening, but after she had played at Mrs. Dean's request, and sat idly turning over her music he crossed the room to the piano and begged her to play again. During the next few months she saw him constantly and grew to admire him as much as Mrs. Dean did herself.

"An invitation that will interest you, my dear," said Mrs. Dean one morning as she tossed a letter to Agatha over the breakfast table. Agatha picked it up and reading it found it to be an invitation from Mr. Grey to Mrs. Dean to come and spend a month at his country home. He was having a little house party of his friends he said, and it would not be complete without her. Also she was to be sure and bring Miss Marks with her.

"It will be delightful," said Agatha. "I have always wanted to see his place since you told me how beautiful it is."

"Yes, I always enjoy a visit there," remarked Mrs. Dean, "and you must get yourself a new frock or two, my dear, at my expense. I should like you to look your best."

Agatha thanked her warmly. It would be her first experience of a house party in a large country house, and she looked forward to it as a real treat.

Some days later she was standing in front of her looking glass in the pretty room that had been allotted to her at Grey Court. One of the new frocks hung in graceful folds round her slim figure, and she was turning over the few trinkets in her little trinket box wondering what she should wear. Then suddenly she thought of the pendant. She had never yet worn it, but now she took it up and looked at it lying in the palm of her hand, and wondered whether she should put it on.

"It is very pretty," she thought, "I may as well wear it to-night," and hanging it on a slender gold chain she fastened it round her neck and went downstairs. She was rather earlier than usual, and found her host alone in the drawing room. He rose as she entered and drew a chair near the fire for her. Then as she came forward he stood gazing at her as if turned to stone. Agatha thought suddenly of their first meeting and of how she had noticed that his eyes seemed to pierce her through and through. It was the same now, he seemed unable to take his eyes off her. It seemed quite a long time to Agatha that they stood thus, though in reality it was only a few seconds. Then he laid his hand on her arm and in a trembling voice asked:

"Where did you get that pendant?"

Agatha was so taken aback by the question and the old gentleman's evident agitation that she could only stammer, "It's mine."

"Yes, yes," he returned, impatiently, "but where did you get it?"

"It is quite a long story," said Agatha, "but if you care to hear it I will tell you about it." And as briefly as she could she told him of how the pendant had come into her possession. He waited impatiently until she had finished and then said quietly.

"And on the reverse side are engraved the letters 'A. G.'"

"Yes," replied Agatha, wondering, "but how do you know?"

"I gave it to my wife nearly fifty years ago," he said. "But say no more, now," he added, hastily, as several more of his guests entered the room. "You shall hear all I have to tell later."

The evening passed like a dream to Agatha. She dared not allow her thoughts to dwell on the extraordinary possibilities suggested by Mr. Grey's communication, for fear of seeming absent minded or preoccupied. But when at last she was in the quiet of her own room she had time to think it all over, and wonder if at last, without any desire of her own, she was about to find out the mystery connected with her parentage. The next day she learned from Mr. Grey the whole of the sad story. His only child, Agatha, who was left motherless at an early age, made a runaway marriage. The man she married was an actor. He was very delicate, and died shortly before the birth of his little girl, Agatha. The grief and trouble the young mother found herself in affected her mind, and caused her to believe that her father was still angry with her, though since her marriage he had often written to her begging her and her husband to come and see him. When the little Agatha was about four months

old the poor mother found her slender resources exhausted, and still believing her father to be angry with her must have conceived the idea of leaving her baby at a charitable institution. Later she was found walking about, and when taken to the hospital was able to give her father's address. He arrived there to find her dying, and the only words she spoke to him were:

"I thank God that my little Agatha has been spared living such a life as I have lived."

From this, of course, he concluded that her baby of whom till then he had not heard, had died, and he never thought to make any further enquiries about it. Mr. Grey had no doubt from the time he saw the pendant that Agatha was his grand-daughter. He had been struck the first time he had seen her by her likeness to his daughter, and investigations as to the time of her birth and the date of her desertion corroborated his belief.

Agatha at first could hardly believe that such a great change had taken place in her fortunes. With the exception of one letter from Mrs. Vance and Sylvia she had had no communication with them since Mrs. Manners' death, and in spite of Mrs. Dean's kindness had felt herself very much alone in the world. Now she suddenly found herself the heroine of the hour among the small circle of her acquaintances, and called upon to occupy a prominent position as Mr. Grey's heiress. But though as time went on she became much attached to her grandfather she never ceased to hold in the shrine of her heart's best affections the memory of the one who had for so many years given to her the unselfish and unflinching love of a mother.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?"

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—William Knox.

MANITOBA'S BALANCE SHEET

The public accounts of the Province of Manitoba for the year ended November 30, 1920, have now been tabled in the legislature and the estimates for the current year have also been submitted. Manitoba has the reputation of being a leader in financial matters and it possesses one of the best governmental accounting systems in the Dominion. The clear and comprehensive manner in which the financial affairs of the province have been presented to the public this year still further enhances this reputation.

The past year was a difficult and trying period for the provincial treasurer, Hon. Edward Brown. During the year the government had to borrow over \$10,000,000 and it was able to secure this money at an average rate of 5.46 per cent in Canadian funds, which is the lowest average rate in Canada during the year.

The province now has a funded debt of \$51,000,000, but \$31,500,000 of this is revenue bearing. The assets of the province now total \$94,108,069 and these assets exceed the province's liabilities by \$33,603,329.

The revenue for 1920 totalled \$10,482,471 and the current expenditure totalled \$10,942,808, leaving a deficit for the 1920 period of \$460,336. This deficit is practically accounted for by the following extra expenditures made necessary during the year: Additional amount for grasshopper campaign, \$138,000; additional amount for widows' pensions, \$63,000; additional interest, \$130,000; additional school grants, \$90,000.

The estimated expenditure for 1921, not including telephones is \$9,740,078, and the estimated revenue totals \$9,770,172. No new forms of taxation have yet been announced, but the provincial treasurer hopes to get an increase in revenue from an addition to the wild lands tax and by increased auto license fees. It is understood that the government also has a provincial personal income tax and a tax on net profits of corporations under consideration.

The Board of Health (Nurses' department) announces "The Provincial Board of Health will be glad to conduct Baby Health conferences wherever desired in the Province of Manitoba. Where a Public Health nurse is stationed she will arrange equipment and advise re management. Where no nurse is stationed, we will arrange to send a nurse to conduct the conference. The usual thing in the old-time baby show was the awarding of prizes in money or kind to the winning baby, but now it is preferred to see the money used to provide for a child specialist to examine the babies. The Board of Health provides certificates. All applications for conferences should reach the Provincial Public Health nurses before May 31st, in order to facilitate arrangements."

A Ready-Witted Patriarch

"The old man was a glutton for work," Deacon Thomas told the new minister. They were speaking of Moses Rogers, who had lately died after an active life of ninety-one years. "Folks used to work in my young days," Moses would always tell ye.

"He was a little might cocky in former years, and one day he challenged John and Jim Boardman, thirty year younger'n him, to pitch up a load of hay's fast's he could load it.

"All right," they says.

"The hay wag'n was driven round to the medder, an' they begun. Moses held his own aw'f well for some time, and if the boys stopped to breathe a minute, he'd call out:

"More hay! More hay!"

"But after a while he had to struggle round to keep on top of the heap, all disordered and half-trod down as it was, and it started to roll, and then to slide, and fin'ly a lot of it tumbled off, and Moses with it.

"Hello!" sung out the boys. 'What you doin' down here?"

"I come down after more hay," says the old man, beginning to pitch, cool's ye please."

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

During the month the first publication of the Department of Health at Ottawa to reach my desk arrived. It is the Canadian Mother's Book, beautifully printed with a

The Canadian few practical illustrations, and what seems, in my judgment, plain, practical directions for the expectant mother and for the care of the newly arrived baby. It is written by Dr. Helen McMurchy, chief of the Division of Child Welfare, and carries the baby forward from the pre-natal period until such time as the baby is able to toddle. The last illustration but one in the book is types of shoes suitable for children learning to walk. This book is free to every mother and expectant mother throughout Canada by writing to the Deputy Minister of the Department of Health, Ottawa. There are 200,000 babies born every year in Canada, and if all these babies arrived under healthy conditions and grew to vigorous maturity it would be the best and cheapest immigration that Canada could ever know. The book is being issued in French as well as in English. The French edition will be available in the course of a week or two. Not only is this little book valuable upon the standpoint of the baby, but it is exceptionally valuable in its directions of the care of the mother. During the recent visit of the soldiers' wives to Winnipeg

everyone was so pleased and delighted at the general physical well being of the babies, but it is a matter of supreme regret that, for lack of proper care of themselves and proper medical attention at the time their children were coming, a very large percentage of the mothers were seriously in need of medical care. Some of the ailments could not have been avoided in the conditions under which their children came, but very many of them could have been either entirely avoided or materially lessened had these young mothers had practical direction as to how to care for themselves. I would like to emphasise very very strongly the wisdom of every mother, and especially every new mother, sending for this book.

During the war when the conference of 100 women was called at Ottawa, one of the things which they specially emphasized in their reports to the government was the need of a Dominion Department of Public Health. This has been provided, with its special division of Child Welfare, and now it remains for the women, and especially the mothers of Canada, to make the most of the services which this department is in a position to render. Far too often there is a tendency on the part of the public to belittle government departments, and then complain that they did not receive service. This Department of Public

Health is established for service. You have a right to demand service from it. If you do not make that demand you will have no right to complain if service is not given.

It must certainly be discouraging to these members of the government of the Province of Manitoba, who are laboring to improve health conditions for children that so much op-

Child Welfare position was offered to the Child Welfare Act,

which it was proposed to pass this session. Quite possibly the act was defective. Nearly all new acts are. Possibly all the people who might feel they had a right to be consulted had not been consulted. Mistakes along this line are frequently made, but the act in itself was a step forward. The other provinces of Canada have come to look on Manitoba as the source of advanced legislation along the betterment of conditions for women and children especially.

It was in Manitoba that the mother's pension had its birth, and the province has led in many other lines of progressive legislation, and the Child Welfare Act was certainly a step in advance. If it was not all that people desired, it would have been very easy to amend it later. Perhaps one of the most curious objections was brought forward by an officer of the Salvation Army. This was the objection to the inspection of foster homes of children.

This gentleman declared he had a foster child in his own house, and would resent any government official coming to enquire as to whether or not it was being properly looked after. Coming from a religious body of the standing of the Salvation Army, this attitude is most extraordinary. Surely the officers of the Salvation Army, in the course of their work, must have realized the danger to children being handed over to people who are willing to adopt them with no check on how these children are to be treated. People in the past have, and people in the future will, adopt children very often for other than philanthropic motives, and in any case people's ideas as to what is suitable physical treatment and mental training for children varies widely. Every child is an asset of the government, and it is just as essential that the government of a province or a country look after the assets it has in its children as the assets it has in its natural resources, and so far from objecting to a government inspector visiting his home to see how his foster child is progressing, one would have expected that an officer of the Salvation Army would have warmly welcomed this evidence of protection of all children who, having lost their own parents, are being provided for in foster homes. To the writer it has always seemed extraordinary that people who are willing to give much time, labor and frequently money to good works are so exceedingly touchy of their dignity in regard to being enquired into as to how they are conducting the work in which they profess an interest. Surely every publicity that can be given philanthropic and benevolent work is an aid, and if they were as earnestly anxious for the betterment of those in which they profess interest as their work and their protestations would lead one to believe, they would not be so hair sore about small matters which may, to some extent, infringe upon their dignity or their so supposed prerogatives. Had all the people in Winnipeg and in the country, who are taking an active interest in child welfare, got behind this act, made suggestions for its amendment, and in any case accepted the offer of it as a step forward, Manitoba might have had on its statute book the first progressive legislation of this kind in Canada. That such legislation is needed the results of the enquiry of the Public Welfare Commission amply proved.

Among other matter coming to my desk this month is a copy of the Manchester Guardian of March 11th, which contains the following sketch, written for the Guardian by an

The Woman English woman residing Immigration in Canada:

"The emigration wave has set in at full tide in Canada. That is as we would like to see it, if the inflowing wave comes from British shores. The truth is we already have

as many foreigners as we can easily digest, with the Oriental backwash threatening our Pacific shores. I would warn all and sundry incoming settlers that the cities and towns are congested with the chance-job man and woman.

"British women are needed everywhere in rural centres. Let me cite a case in my own experience while engaged in emigration work in England. There came to my office one afternoon two ladies, no longer young. They had a small income, insufficient for venturing in any business way, and were quite incapable of undertaking work in any special capacity.

"It looked pretty risky work for them to go to Canada. I gave them some booklets and also some facts concerning Canada's needs, and invited them to call again if they still considered the matter. A month later they returned, accompanied by a brother, a clergyman, who sharply brought me to task for "encouraging the wild idea!" But the women were level-headed; they said they "wanted" to go to Canada.

"Briefly, I put the plain facts before them. If they would go to Canada, take the first job which offered (allowing their small patrimony to lie in England for at least five months), and accept every condition that might arise, then I would guarantee success. I gave them a week to decide.

"They promised. They kept that that promise. One sister actually wore a housemaid's cap for a time. The other took charge of a ladies' club dining department, and to-day, in the same city, nine years after, the sister who donned the cap has a flourishing music class with good social standing. The elder sister became manager of the club aforesaid, and is to-day holding the post of secretary to a wealthy New York woman who met her there. Their capital they have never touched for nine years. It is their intention to return to England later to spend their last days, or, in the words of the younger, "if we can make up our minds to go at all!"

"Here you get pluck and British sense. These women have bought their independence, and so may all British women who come to Canada with the right spirit, and that is to give Canada something as well as get all.

"At the present moment I can see where five hundred British women might start to-morrow in a portion of British Columbia where the climate is delightful. The skies are coaxing clear and blue. There is a need for capable British women, and they would find a future as secure as they might wish for. It is not in settled centres. It is along a line of railway. It is in the fringing settlements of a timber land, with fuel for the next fifty years at the door and with logs for house-building for the asking; with land free and without cost to the home-seeker; and with a market at each end of the line. Here in little "settlements," five hundred women homesteading, with a knowledge of gardening, beekeeping, dairying, poultry-keeping, would find independence. The cost would be that they would give up the theatre, the shops in Regent Street, street cars, and five o'clock teas. And in return they would get and gain experience in life, with the sure and certain result of utter independence later on."

YELLOW TREE

A yellow tree,
That standeth by the road,
Speaks much to me
In nature's mystic code.

Full-ripe, she broods
With laden arms of gold,
Afraid to stir,
Lest she should lose her hold—

And spill her board, ♣ ♣
Of dreams, matured to deed,
Which soon must drop,
And mould upon the mead.

When frost and wind
Come with the short'ning days
May I gleam in the sun
Thus burnished by its rays.

Standing as brave
To meet the wintry blast,
Holding my hoard of joy,
The gold of a full-lived past. "

Eva Fraser



Everywoman's Dream Complexion

—A skin as soft as velvet, without a blemish, tinted lily-white with soft peach-like shading.

There have been, and there still are, thousands of women with skin and complexions like that—their dream has become a reality through the use of

"BLUSH OF ROSES"

a liquid preparation that is a tonic to the skin and a toner to the complexion. It is more effective than powder in removing the shine, and, unlike powder, does not clog the pores. The color it gives the complexion is a natural one.

"Blush of Roses" will positively remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Moth-Patches, Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

FOR TRIAL, a full-sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c.

Address: LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont. Also for sale by

The T. EATON CO. Limited
Toronto, Winnipeg and Moncton, N.B.

WOMAN, AS VIEWED BY A WOMAN JUROR

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

Woman has always occupied a peculiar position in the world's history. Hers has been more the evolution of a pet animal than of a human being. Her status has always been absolutely dependent upon that of the particular male of whom she has been a mere annex. So uncertain always was her standing that, no matter what the Lord intended her to be, she has become, as must become all weak, defenceless creatures, a being of subtleties, of watchfulness and sensitiveness. We read of those pampered beauties, who were one day a king's favorite, the next, supplanted by a fairer face, and put to drudgery. Reading the history of woman's struggle upward reveals why she should be subtle and suspicious and why she should doubt her own sex. If she climbed in those olden days, it was into some man's favor and climbed by means of other women's necks.

Christianity has been women's greatest ally. Christ was pre-eminently the Saviour of women, and, generally speaking, passionately and ardently have they accepted His teaching since Mary bore Him, and a woman was "last at the cross and earliest at His tomb."

Christian man has put woman upon a pedestal, and women are more than ready to occupy it, agreeing amongst themselves, that, considering their history of bondage, that it is no more than their right.

But now that women are entrenched by law and admitted to full citizenship with all privileges attached thereto, it is time that she should begin to forego some of the privileges that appertained to her old status as a petted and irresponsible chattel. In short, the pedestal attitude is becoming trying, and we want men to either come up beside us or let us come down beside them. Their coming up would, no doubt, be better. So let us give them "a leg up."

In the first place the canonization of mothers to the exclusion of fathers as inferior beings, has been overdone. The mere fact of a woman bearing a child in wedlock does not make of her a saint, any more than her husband who protects and provides for her and her young, and the mere fact that she gives it reasonable care and attention shows that the maternal instinct is not deficient in her any more than in any of our domestic animals.

And then the fact that a young girl preserves her chastity may be either a matter of morals or of good policy, or from the admonitions of a mother who is doing her work of raising her children, as that job should be done. The young man who keeps sexually clean is probably deserving of more credit than is the girl for his temptations are greater and the results are not so disastrous should he fall.

A great many mothers, aside from merely mothering and petting their children, shirk their job abominably. I have seen many instances of women where the husband was away working hard every day, gossiping around, shirking their housework, and, worse, letting their daughters, mere school girls, run around the streets after four and on Saturdays, not knowing where they were or whom they were with. First thing you knew these girls were in an unfortunate situation, and the mother was "broken hearted, disgraced, etc." Every one pitied the mother! I didn't. I pitied the father who faithfully dug up a living and trusted his home to the care of his wife. She could stay at home, but he had to go ahead, plugging away, facing the work and dreading the pity or contempt that he saw in the eyes of other men. In a case like that whom do you think I would "go after" in regard to the girl's case? The mother, for wilful neglect, I would call it.

No, the duties of the mother of a family should be better defined. And, suppose the mere housework is never done the family should be better looked after, and erring girls and truant boys brought to time. If the excuse is "that there is so much work to do," that is the solution, too, for if they were put to work there would not be as much time for mischief. Too much work never did as much harm as idleness.

With the average mother, to insinuate that her children can do wrong is to insult her. The neighbor children may err, but hers, never. The awakening is sometimes disastrous. This is a matter

of education. Mothers have a tradition amongst them that "their" children can't do wrong, that it is disloyalty to admit it, even to themselves, but it would be to their own interest and their families to look the facts square in the face and attend to their business freed of such sentiment.

The narrow-mindedness of women is seen in their attitude toward step-children. Any woman can do good to her own children, but to be fair and square with another's, that's another story. Generally speaking, the woman whose maternal instinct is best developed toward her own children is the greatest fury toward some dead woman's. If a woman were ever so chaste can that atone for the cowardliness that causes her to abuse some dead woman's child entrusted to her care? In the sight of God no matter what the world might think the chances are that an offence against "one of these little ones" would be the greater sin.

So, fellow women, pedestals aside, let us take stock of ourselves as citizens of this Dominion. Are we, as good citizens, doing our work and bearing our responsibilities toward society and to the home as we should? Or are we shirking and living in a fool's paradise, thinking ourselves martyrs and saints when we are no such thing? Let us do our share toward making this a better, cleaner, safer, saner world for both men, women and children.

THE MOTHER AS A WIFE MARRYING FOR YOURSELF

By no means all the unhappy marriages are caused by a fundamental difference of temperament. The inability to allow for the tastes, interests, and desires of others—to put yourself in another's place—is quite as fatal to married happiness. A man comes home night after night to a dreary boarding-house, or perhaps to a home still drearier—crowded, noisy, turbulent—where there seems to be no real place for him. He looks forward with delight to having his own little fireside, with peace and quiet. He does not realize that there will be some one else at that fireside who may have interests and hopes that will be quite unlike his own.

A girl has her round of home duties. How she looks forward to freedom, or to the household duties which, done for herself, will be only pleasures. Unfortunately, those duties must be done not only for herself, but for another, and to please another. And under these circumstances they sometimes become more burdensome than they were before.

Put thus, it sounds as if humanity were abominably selfish. But selfishness has quaint and curious disguises.

James adores Margaret. His one object in marrying her is to make her happy. He is sure she will be happy in her own little house. All day she can tidy it up, while a simple but delicious dinner cooks, to be ready when James comes home. In the evening he will sit down with his book and watch Margaret busy with her needle. But it turns out that Margaret is not very tidy, hates the cook-stove, and prefers an evening away from home to an evening with her needle. Poor James is confounded.

As for Margaret, she adores James. Her one object in marrying him is to make him happy. How happy he will be in a home where they can have their friends about them every night for some merry-making, with a neat little supper from the caterers! But little entertainments from the caterers are expensive. James, it seems, hates company, and likes quiet. Margaret has done her best to make him happy and has failed.

If you think of marrying a man, study his way of being happy, and consider whether you can make him happy in that way. If you cannot, give him up.

Sir Henry Lucy, in his interesting book of memories, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," tells an amusing story about Sir Francis Burnand, who was long the editor of "Punch." Sir Henry and Sir Francis were talking together at a big public function when a very important-looking guest, arrayed in brilliant uniform, came up and effusively shook hands with Burnand, who appeared surprised.

"I see you don't know me from Adam," said the stranger.

"My dear sir," answered Burnand gravely, "I didn't know Adam."

Government of the Province of Manitoba

COMBINED BALANCE SHEET

As at November 30, 1920

Assets

Cash on Hand.....	\$ 2,645,429.03	
Available for—		
Public Works and Undertakings.....	\$ 2,017,249.56	
Drainage Districts Capital Outlay.....	101,644.25	
Current Expenditure.....	57,416.06	
Extinguishment of Bonded Indebtedness and held in Trust.....	433,593.75	
Patriotic Purposes—Unexpended portion of Treasury Bill.....	35,525.41	
	\$2,645,429.03	
Investments:		7,810,428.61
Capital Moneys.....	\$ 3,319,045.00	
Sinking, Replacement and Trust Funds.....	4,491,383.61	
	\$7,810,428.61	
Secured and Other Accounts:		13,079,584.58
Secured Accounts—Capital Moneys.....	\$4,259,511.33	
Other Accounts—Revenue Moneys.....	2,204,263.08	
Outstanding Revenue.....	1,752,634.82	
	\$8,216,409.23	
Add:		
Land Agreements, Judgment and Succession Duties (See Deferred Balance Sheet).....	4,863,175.35	
	\$13,079,584.58	
Dominion of Canada.....		\$13,046,973.93
Public Works and Undertakings (Book Values).....		37,821,154.19
Drainage and Judicial District:		
Capital Expenditure (Net).....		6,275,318.07
Unsold Lands—See Deferred Balance Sheet.....		13,429,181.31
		\$94,108,069.72

Liabilities

Treasury Bills and Accounts Payable:		\$ 6,516,389.81
Payable out of Capital—		
Treasury Bills.....	\$ 1,479,000.00	
Payable out of Revenue—		
Treasury Bills.....	3,290,000.00	
Provincial Savings Office.....	900,000.00	
Accounts Payable.....	50,563.70	
Interest and School Grants Accrued.....	796,826.11	
	\$ 6,516,389.81	
Stocks and Bonds:		49,700,870.34
Revenue Bearing.....	\$31,227,510.52	
Non-Revenue Bearing.....	18,473,359.82	
	\$49,700,870.34	
Sinking Funds, Replacement Reserves and Trust Funds:		4,924,977.36
Acquired by Levy.....	1,238,750.96	
Appropriated from Revenue.....	3,109,722.91	
Obtained from Trust Deposits.....	576,503.49	
	\$ 4,924,977.36	
Being excess of Assets over Liabilities.....		33,693,329.48
Capital Surplus.....	\$15,661,025.99	
Revenue Surplus.....	35,566.28	
Deferred Surplus.....	17,996,737.21	
	\$33,693,329.48	
Deduct:		\$94,835,566.99
Appropriation of Revenue for Extinguishment of Bonded Debt—Telephone Stock Sinking Fund held in London.....		727,497.27
		\$94,108,069.72
Note:		
A. In addition to the above Liabilities the province has guaranteed the principal and interest on securities as follows:		
Canadian Northern Railway Securities.....	\$25,663,553.33	
Municipal Debentures, etc.....	3,261,358.84	
Manitoba Farm Loans Association.....	\$3,958,847.38	
Less: \$2,400,000.00 Bonds held as a Capital Investment, with interest accrued to date.....	2,417,397.39	
	1,541,449.99	
	\$30,466,362.16	
B. The province has also guaranteed the Interest only on Municipal Debentures of a total par value of \$99,500.00, and has guaranteed the rentals payable to the Northern Pacific Railway Company in respect to certain Railways in Manitoba leased.		

Correct
ROBERT DRUMMOND,
Acting Comptroller General.
February 11, 1921.

To the Honorable.
The Provincial Treasurer of Manitoba.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Sir: In accordance with Orders-in-Council Nos. 24740 and 33982, we have conducted a periodical audit of the books and accounts of the Acting Comptroller-General of the Province of Manitoba, for the fiscal period ending 30th November, 1920, and we hereby certify that the attached Balance Sheets (Capital, Current, Deferred and Trust) are in accordance therewith as at that date.

The accounting work of the Comptroller-General's Department, involving the verification by the respective auditors appointed for that purpose of all receipts and disbursements, and the correlating of the whole transactions in the Comptroller's books, continues to be carried out in the same manner as in the previous years.

The securities representing the Investments in Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, have been produced for our inspection and these are set forth in detail in our report thereon, submitted to you herewith. The cash in banks have been verified by certificates furnished by the banks concerned.

We further beg to certify, that in our opinion, the attached Combined Balance Sheet is properly drawn up, so as to show a true and correct view of the financial position of the province as at 30th November, 1920, as shown by the books of the Acting Comptroller-General.

We have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
JOHN SCOTT & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

JOHN SCOTT & CO., Chartered Accountants, Scotland and Manitoba
Winnipeg, Calgary. 290 Garry Street, Winnipeg



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It is the straw hat dye which gives new hats for old and brings to Milady's summer millinery the essence of all that is dainty. There are sixteen beautiful Ram-co shades from which to choose, and bottle and brush are sold for twenty-five cents.



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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The prize in our contest has been awarded to Mrs. Alex. Colter, Butts Corner, York Co., N.B. Mrs. Colter wrote her own story in a clear hand at the age of eighty-three. The contest has been so successful that we have decided not only to open a contest for the stories of pioneer men as promised in our last issue, but we shall also open another contest for our pioneer women. The stories contain very interesting and valuable information and our readers appreciate the experiences of these courageous women and brave men who opened for us the opportunities we enjoy to-day. Every month this year we hope to publish one story of a pioneer woman and one story of a pioneer man. The contest for both pioneer men and women will close the first of July. A prize of ten dollars will then be awarded to the writer of the best story of a pioneer woman in Canada and also a prize of ten dollars will be awarded to the writer of the best story of a pioneer man in Canada.

Let me call the attention of our soldiers' wives from overseas to the excellent story and experiences of Mrs. Jas. Randall, Silver Stream P.O., Sask. Mrs. Randall came from England 31 years ago. She closes her letter with this excellent tribute to Canada: "I believe Canada has a great future ahead. May its foundations be built on truth and righteousness." And she says she has never once regretted leaving the Old Land.

This contest is far-reaching—one letter published this month comes from New Brunswick and another from Alberta.

PRIZE STORY OF PIONEER LIFE

PIONEER LIFE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Written by Mrs. Alex. Colter, Butts Corner, York Co., N.B. Mrs. Colter is 83 years old and she has written this herself.

After the Revolutionary War, 1776, a number of soldiers who had served for seven years in the war were granted land in the wilderness of New Brunswick on the Nashwaak, which empties into the St. John River opposite Fredericton. The officers were given the land from the mouth of the river up for about seventeen miles and from that up for about seven miles was granted to the 42nd Highlanders. One of the officers was a land surveyor and to him was entrusted the laying out of the soldier lots. He saw that though it was a wilderness then that there was a beautiful spot at the mouth of the Tay Creek, which empties into the Nashwaak. So he surveyed and laid out for himself what is now nine farms instead of taking his land with the rest of the officers farther down the river. This curtailed the soldiers' lots and made them very small. The officer's property did not do him much good. He did not live long and the property passed out of the hands of the second generation. Many of the soldiers sold their lots and went elsewhere. My paternal grandfather, Angus Mac Bean, sold his and bought the farm next below the 42nd block. His descendants of the fourth, fifth and sixth generations are occupying it now.

My maternal grandfather lived at the upper end of the block and in time bought out six other soldiers. His descendants still hold it all. At the time they took possession of the land there was only one house at Fredericton, then called St. Anne's. The government gave them provisions for one year and I think a few implements. These brave men and women went to work, built houses and barns and cultivated the land as best they could, dug saw pits to saw lumber, had hand-mills to grind their own grain, dug out log canoes to travel as the roads were almost impassable, made maple sugar and honey. They did not have any "store molasses" until thirty years after. But the land was good and produced plentifully. They had plenty of meat and fish. The river was full of salmon and trout. I heard my father tell one night he and his father and a neighbor caught twenty-seven salmon in one night.

They lay on a big rock and watched their nets. There was plenty of moose and caribou and there were no restrictions on moose or salmon killing then. My maternal grandfather, Peter MacLagan, had thirteen children, who all married and had families and lived to a good old age. My mother was the sixth child and she has often told me of her early days. When she was thirteen years old she went to keep house for her old blind grandfather, Alex. MacIntosh. He lived a mile from her home or any other house. She stayed with him for two years. His descendants own the farm yet. The railway runs through it now and there is a station at the place. Great changes in something over a hundred years. My mother and her sisters used to shear the sheep, wash, card and spin the wool. One man, Mr. Alexander Cameron used to weave for all the neighbors but when he got too old to do it, the women learned and did it all. They raised flax and manufactured all the linen they used. They had no cotton except print for a Sunday dress. For these sturdy old Scotchmen and women always kept Sunday. My grandmother used to try to have the work done so they need not work Saturday evening. They used to walk four or five miles to attend Sabbath service and walk back home without their dinner. The old church they used to attend was built about a hundred years ago and was fixed up for a school house and used as such until two or three years ago.

They used to ride on horseback as they did not have carriages and the roads were not fit for them. When a couple were going to be married they, accompanied by their friends, went to the squire as no dissenting minister was allowed to marry until about 1834. that is, to perform the ceremony. I think they used to ride double when it was a wedding, but when they went on a journey, as they would sometimes go over the portage of twenty miles to Miramichi, they would ride and tie. A party of three or four would go together and they would not have horses enough for all, so two would mount the horses and ride on for three or four miles and then tie the horses by the roadside and walk on. When those who were walking behind came up they took the horses and rode on past and tied. Some of the Nashwaak people lumbered in Miramichi and some settled there. One of my father's brothers was burned to death in the Miramichi fire of 1825. Just here I would like to correct a mistake I have seen at different times about the number who were burned to death in that fire. Some say hundreds but I have heard my father and mother say there were not more than thirty. I have talked with people who lived there at the time and they said the same.

I can hardly claim to be a pioneer, but I am eighty-three years old and I can remember when things were different. My earliest recollection is eighty years ago when a lucifer got into our goose house and killed all the geese. The hired man killed him and got \$1.50 for the skin. I remember a little later of going to school in a little log house to an old drunken Irish schoolmaster and how he used to frighten me.

All the work on the farm was done by hand. They planted with a hoe and dug with the same implement. They made their own harrows, sometimes they bought iron teeth and sometimes they made wooden ones. They sowed the grain by hand and reaped it with a sickle or cradle. They mowed the grass and raked and pitched it by hand. I think it was in 1872 we got the first mowing machine and horse rake. We manufactured our own wool, spun and wove it and wore it. We would be very proud of our new homespun dresses. We used to color with butter-nut bark and also with golden rod and samas. We did not raise flax in my time.

I can remember when there were very few light wagons and on Sunday they would harness a span of horses to a big farm wagon, lay boards across for seats and the whole family would go to church. There would be a half

Great Bargain Offer



THE New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper, with features of interest to every member of the home.

"The Farm and Its Interests," "Sunday at Home," "The Poet's Corner," "Woman's Domain," short and serial stories, are only a few of the many features that have made the New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine the most popular newspaper published west of the great lakes.

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Enclosed please find \$1.25. Mail to my address for one year, *The Western Home Monthly* and the *New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine*, also the *Parisienne Embroidery Outfit*.

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dozen or more of these wagons and anyone who did not have one would be invited to ride. People were kind to the poor in those days. Now the children and grandchildren of these people are rolling about in their automobiles, living in fine houses with every convenience and having every kind of machinery to work with. I am afraid I have written too much but I could write a great deal more but I do not want to make this article too long.

A PIONEER GRANDMOTHER

The Story of Mrs. Jas. Randall, Silver Stream P.O., Sask.

Dear Editor,

Your invitation in your very interesting magazine, W.H.M., has brought back my own pioneer days of thirty-one years ago. Well I remember the lump that came into my throat when I saw the shores of dear old England fade from my view. After sixteen days on the ocean we landed at Quebec. To my dismay I could not understand a word any one said, as I did not know the French language.

My husband had come to Canada the previous fall, but I with my three little boys did not have much trouble getting to our destination as the railway officials were very kind to us.

Then life began in this wonderful country. I thought the women were wonderful, so resourceful, when I saw them make bread, quilts, and soap and, oh, so many other things.

The young girls too, how I admired them. They could play the organ, and just as well move out the furniture and paint and decorate the house. Then in the evening laughingly go and milk their cows.

But one thought would ever come to me—shall I ever learn it all? But I met with so many kind neighbors that were willing to show and help me. It was only a matter of a few years that I could show my products with the rest at our country fair and take my share of prizes.

I must tell you an incident of our first gardening. A neighbor came to see me and told me to be sure and grow some corn; as it was "the loveliest thing that grew in a garden." Well, the corn was planted and in due course of time it grew and the cobs were formed. I forgot to make any inquiries about the cooking. One evening I decided we would have a corn supper. I decided that about an hour would cook it, so at the end of that time I tried it with a fork and found it was very hard, so I continued to boil it for four hours and still found it very hard, but we decided we would eat it and oh, to our dismay, we could not get our teeth into it. So I first put it aside and decided that the Canadians were not very hard to please along the corn line.

The next day a neighbor came in and I was telling him about it, so he asked me to show it to him. He laughingly told me the corn had never been formed on the cob. I sure did feel I was a green Englishman.

But we have had many lovely corn suppers since those days.

My family have now grown up and most of them in homes of their own out here in this big grand western country. I have never once regretted leaving the Old Land as our boys have so much better chances in Canada.

When I meet our soldiers' brides I tell them to be patient and after a few years they will not want to go back to the Old Land except to visit.

How I wish the thousands of poor suffering and starving people of other lands could be transplanted onto the thousands of acres which are waiting in this great west for some one to make a home on.

I believe Canada has a great future ahead. May its foundation be built on truth and righteousness is the earnest wish of an old pioneer.

A PIONEER GRANDFATHER

A Trader of the Early Days

By Irene Wilson, Red Deer, Alta.

A few days ago I talked with a man who had come to Alberta in the early days and established a trading post half way between Calgary and Edmonton. Although he is now a grandfather he has not forgotten the amusing incidents of the early days, and being

MANITOBA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

Announcement of Proposed Rates

THE Government of the Province of Manitoba has announced the proposed new schedule of rates for Telephone Service in this province. For the further information of Rural Telephone Subscribers, the proposed rates, compared with the old rates, are given hereunder:

For comparison, rates in the Cities of Winnipeg, Brandon and Portage la Prairie are also included.

	Winnipeg		Brandon		Portage		Carman, Dauphin, Minnedosa, Neepawa, Russell, Selkirk, Souris, Virden		Other Exchanges with 24 hour service		Rural Exchanges with day service	
	Old Rate	Proposed Rate	Old Rate	Proposed Rate	Old Rate	Proposed Rate	Old Rate	Proposed Rate	Old Rate	Proposed Rate	Old Rate	Proposed Rate
Individual Line												
Business Service...	60.00	84.00	40.00	50.00	35.00	45.00	25.00	38.00	22.00	36.00	20.00	30.00
Residence Service...	30.00	38.00	25.00	30.00	20.00	25.00	20.00	25.00	15.00	24.00	15.00	20.00
Two-Party Line												
Residence Service...	25.00	30.00	20.00	25.00	15.00	22.00		22.00		21.00		
Rural Party Lines												
Residence Service...	40.00	54.00	25.00	40.00	25.00	40.00	24.00	38.00	22.00	36.00	20.00	30.00

(Above rates are for wall sets. Desk sets are \$3.00 per year additional except in Winnipeg, where the additional charge for desk sets on business service only is \$6.00 per year, and in Brandon, \$4.00.)

The increase in rates to rural subscribers, upon which the loss has been most heavy, works out at less than \$1.25 per month in the districts, Portage, Brandon and Winnipeg, and is less than 85 cents per month in the small exchanges.

Comparison With Other Systems

City	Present Business Rate	Proposed Business Rate	Residential Rate	Proposed Residential Rate
WINNIPEG	\$60.00	\$84.00	\$30.00	\$38.00
What People Pay Elsewhere				
City	Present Business Rate	Proposed Business Rate	Residential Rate	Proposed Residential Rate
Vancouver	\$72.00	\$90.00	\$36.00	\$42.00
Victoria	60.00	98.00	36.00	39.00
Montreal	60.50	108.00 (app.)	38.50	48.00
Minneapolis	102.00		42.00	
St. Paul	102.00		42.00	
Toledo	99.00		48.00	
Denver	120.00		42.00	

In this list Montreal is shown because the large non-telephone using section of the population makes a comparison of telephone installations more nearly equitable than the relative populations of that city and Winnipeg would at first indicate. Victoria, on the other hand, with most nearly equal rates, is a far smaller city than Winnipeg.

For the information of Subscribers of the Manitoba Government Telephones, and the general public, the MANITOBA TELEPHONE COMMISSION submits the following facts and conclusions:

- 1.—INCREASED EXTENT OF TELEPHONE SYSTEM DOES NOT DECREASE THE COST PER UNIT, BUT INCREASES IT.**
The larger the telephone plant, the more it costs per subscriber. Your cost is in proportion to the number of connections possible.
- 2.—THE PRESENT RATES HAVE BEEN IN EFFECT SINCE 1912—EIGHT AND ONE-HALF YEARS.**
In 1912—Manitoba Government Telephones had—
In Winnipeg, 20,299 Subscribers; in the Province, 17,300 Subscribers.
In 1921—
In Winnipeg, 38,271 Subscribers; In the province, 29,759 Subscribers.
- 3.—THE MANITOBA SYSTEM IS NOW OPERATING AT AN ANNUAL LOSS OF \$23 PER TELEPHONE for the Country, and \$10 per Telephone in the City of Winnipeg.** Here are the current year's estimates:

Revenue—Winnipeg.....	\$1,612,000.00	Revenue—Province.....	\$ 918,000.00
Expense—Winnipeg.....	1,877,000.00	Expense—Province.....	1,379,600.00
Deficit.....	\$265,000.00	Deficit.....	\$461,600.00
Add for Special Maintenance and Excess Plant.....	140,000.00	Add for Storm Repairs.....	100,000.00
Total Deficit—Winnipeg.....	\$405,000.00	Total Deficit—Province.....	\$561,600.00
Long Distance Revenue.....	\$282,000.00		
Long Distance Expense.....	213,000.00		
Surplus.....	\$ 69,000.00		
Estimated Total Deficit on System for 1921.....			\$897,600.00

- 4.—THE PROPOSED RATES ARE ONLY SUFFICIENT TO MEET PRESENT COSTS AND EXTENSIONS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO PROVIDE ESSENTIAL ACCOMMODATION TO THE PUBLIC, AND FOR EFFICIENT SERVICE.**
- 5.—THE PROPOSED RATES DO NOT HAVE TO PROVIDE FOR ANY PROFITS, AND ARE MATERIALLY LESS THAN THE RATES NOW BEING PAID, BY CITY AND RURAL SUBSCRIBERS ALIKE, OVER EASTERN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.**

The Manitoba Government Telephones provide a unique and valuable service to the people of the Province. Statistics show that the telephones of this system are used oftener, per day, than those of any other system of equal size on the face of the Globe.

Telephone plants require a certain percentage of extra lines, switchboard room, and instantly available equipment to guarantee continuous, flexible service and uninterrupted communication. All this contingent surplus has been used up. Self-supporting rates will allow us to restore this margin of safety and improve the service.

Your telephone is a delicate piece of mechanism. Use it carefully and watch the improvement. If your service is unsatisfactory, notify us.

MANITOBA GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES



Grandma is Their Doctor

"ON an old-fashioned bureau, in a house I know, lies a large-sized New Testament with the binding well worn, and with it a much-used old copy of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book. When the calves have the colic or the neighbor's baby the ear-ache, 'Grandma' hands out well-assimilated advice from the Dr. Chase Book. When 'Grandma' herself feels 'run-down,' Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stands ready on the dining-room table among the salt and pepper shakers."

In these few simple words Mrs. Bert Smith, Way's Mills, Que., beautifully describes the way in which many a grandmother is a blessing to her family and to

her neighbors as a guardian of health.

And what finer compliment can be paid to Dr. Chase's Receipt Book and Dr. Chase's Medicines than the approval of such mothers of experience as the one here described.

Just as in this home, Dr. Chase's Almanac hangs on the wall in the great majority of Canadian homes, and in the cupboard or medicine chest will be found one or more of Dr. Chase's Medicines ready for use in case of emergency.

If you did not receive a copy of Dr. Chase's Almanac it will be sent free by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

A Pioneer Grandfather

By Irene Wilson

Cont'd from page 41

a tenderfoot myself, the account of his pioneer days was very interesting to me, and perhaps it may be to you.

"I was only a boy of seventeen when my parents moved to Central Alberta in 1884. As our family was large and the wolf had the annoying habit of forever hovering near the door, my father decided to ease matters a bit by opening a store. The log building was soon put up, and as I was the oldest of the eleven children and father was needed on the homestead, I was given charge of the store.

"The store was situated in a beautiful valley, on the bank of the Red Deer River, the fording place for all traffic between Calgary and Edmonton. The place was very appropriate; for most freighters stopped here to water and feed their oxen and perhaps camp for the night.

"As my trade was principally with the Indians and the freighters, my stock-in-trade was not very varied. Tobacco, flour, tea and sugar were considered the four necessities of life, the rest, of course, were luxuries. This was freighted from Calgary, a distance of one hundred miles, generally by ox team.

"It did not require much skill to sell to the Indians; but it did require tact and some knowledge of their language and of furs to buy from them. But I was young and full of optimism, and had unbounded confidence in my success.

"Just after I had started business an Indian came in with a hide to sell. It would not be wise for me to turn away my first customer; neither would it be policy for me to tell him that I had no idea whether that hide once adorned a coyote, a beaver or a bear. I gave him tobacco to the value of twenty-five cents for the hide and when he muttered something in reply I was at a loss to know whether he was praising my generosity or cursing my meanness. I did not wish to tell father that I had bartered for a fur of which I knew nothing, so I lifted a board in the floor, pushed it under and awaited events. For some time I puzzled over that fur, and the hides that were likely to follow, but I found no solution to my problem. I ran over to see Thompson, a fine type of an Englishman who lived nearby and who had more knowledge of Western ways than I. Now, Thompson had taken to himself an educated half-breed wife from the Red River settlement, and after some thought he decided to let Mary come over and interpret for me. She was honest and shrewd, and always managed to make a good deal for me.

"The dress of the Indian women of those days consisted of a fine black merino waist and skirt, and with a thin black merino shawl thrown over the head, they looked very fetching, a vast contrast to the gaudy colors worn by the Indian women of to-day. The younger, unmarried squaws were allowed to wear a little color. When you look at the stolid, mask-like face of the Indian you would scarcely think that behind those rigid features lurks a spirit of mirth, and a real appreciation of a good joke.

"Every fall the Indians in great numbers camped along the river bank near my store, where they remained for about a month. Leaving the squaws with the tents the braves scoured the surrounding country, returning week ends with their catch of rats. The women had little to do during their absence but make merry. On these idle mornings they would gather in my store and amuse themselves by making fun of me. They would chatter and laugh, while they plied me with questions which I endeavored to answer with my scant knowledge of Cree. The result was a fresh outburst of laughter. Sometimes Mary came over for a short time and interpreted their talk for me; but Mary was an industrious soul and considered herself much above such common trash and ere long she would toss her head in disdain and walk out.

"There were very few white settlers in the country in those pioneer days and times were not very exciting. Sometimes a string of Red River carts a mile in length would draw up at the ford and camp for the night. The very

highest mode of travel at that time was a buck-board drawn by horses, with other horses to change off. The majority rode in a bain wagon behind a yoke of docile oxen. As it was quite a distance to my father's homestead, I batched at the store. Things went very well that first summer, and by fall I had picked up quite a little Cree.

"New Year's day dawned bright and clear and found me at my store as usual. As the Indians were at home the wives would be also and I looked for a quiet day. What was my surprise on New Year's morning to see every Indian woman of the encampment file into the store, each wearing a broad grin and watching me with an expectant look. They said nothing but continued to watch and grin. I realized that this was something beyond my ken and in a state of helplessness I rushed over to Mary and explained the situation to her. 'Why man,' she says, 'this is kissing day. A white trader is expected to kiss every squaw at his trading post on New Year's morning.' I was dumbfounded. I rushed to the back yard where Thompson was sawing wood. 'Say, Thompson, would you like to earn a dollar?' 'Earn a what?' he replied. 'Would you like to earn a dollar and earn it quick?' I shouted in nervous haste as I explained my difficulties to him. 'Na—do your own dirty work,' he replied. Crestfallen, I returned to the store to meet that bevy of expectant faces, still wearing the same broad grin, their faith in me and my adherence to ancient customs evidently not diminished. This was a bigger job than I cared to tackle, so I brought out the hard tack with plenty of syrup, in the hope that the latter would supply the sweetness they were looking for. I spent a very nervous time until their departure. You can rest assured that New Year's day never again found me at the store.

"In the spring of 1885 came talks of the rebellion. Late one afternoon I was boiling my tea behind the log store, preparing my solitary meal, when I saw a lone rider, leading an extra horse, approaching from the ford. The horse and rider looked jaded and weary. He explained to me that he had been sent from Edmonton to warn the government officials in Calgary that the Indians in the North had started a rebellion; and also to warn all white settlers to gather at the fort at Calgary for protection.

"Tea was not tea to me unless it boiled for fifteen minutes, so I allowed it to finish boiling while I tried to formulate some plans. I started for my home on foot, a distance of five miles. In those days every one carried a revolver, though personally I was in more danger from mine than any one else. Dusk was gathering and things were beginning to look very weird. I was taking a short cut and just bending down to crawl under some underbrush, when I was startled by a blood-curdling hoot. I jumped in the air the length of myself and fired my revolver straight up. After all, my aim was not so far-fetched, for it proved to be a harmless owl on the tree above me. I returned the revolver to its holster, deciding for my own safety it would remain there.

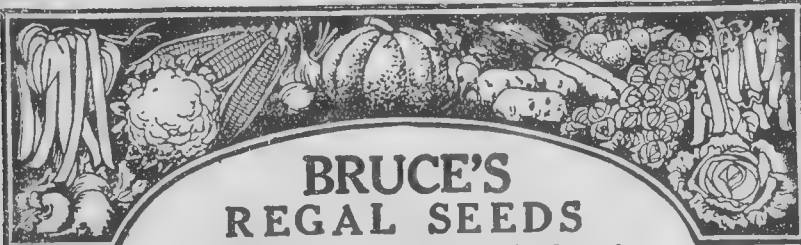
"By noon the following day, all the white settlers commenced the journey to Calgary. The trip was nerve-wrecking but uneventful. During the time we remained in Calgary there was a very heavy April snowstorm. At the end of a week, most of the men of the settlement including myself and two brothers, returned North, making the trip with a troop of half-breed scouts. We found things unmolested on the homesteads. A party of scouts had run out of provisions and had broken into the store.

"These were lonely and anxious days, full of anxiety and doubts. Shortly after my return to the store I was watching the trail, which had become a sort of a habit, when I saw a cloud of dust arising from the south. It proved to be the Fifty-second Battalion on their long march north to Battle River. They camped at the river that night and bought about everything I had in the store.

"Before long all the excitement was over, the remainder of the settlers returned, and things settled down to their usual routine. But I missed my old friend Mary, whom (Cont'd on page 45)



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insist on,
Gold Standard Tea
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NEW BURBANK'S TOMATO—By far the earliest, smoothest, solidest, most productive, and best of all early varieties—Fruit bright crimson, thick, solid, heavy, smooth, firm, medium size, superior quality, a heavy and continuous bearer, best keeper and shipper; unlike most varieties the skin peels freely from the flesh. Pkt. 100 seeds 25c., 5 for \$1.00. Postpaid.

NEW ALBINO TOMATO—Pure white in color, containing no acid whatever, very handsome, smooth fruit, a good cropper, and medium early. Pkt. 25 seeds 30c., 4 for \$1.00. Postpaid.

EARLIEST OF ALL CUCUMBER—The best extra early, white spine type, fruit uniform, tapering slightly and abruptly at both ends, color good deep green, and an excellent shipper. Pkt. 10c., oz. 30c., 2 oz. 50c., 4 oz. 90c. Postpaid.

BRUCE'S GOLDEN JUSTICE SWEET CORN. It is unequalled in flavor, sweetness and tenderness, and of fine table appearance, a rich creamy yellow—It is a medium early, a good cropper, and harder than most varieties. Pkt. 10c., ½ lb. 20c., ¾ lb. 35c., 1 lb. 60c. Postpaid.

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Music and the Home

HUNGER PARALYZES MUSIC IN BOLSHEVIKI RUSSIA

In Russia when revolutionary holidays are celebrated, government autos carry concert and opera singers to the halls or other buildings where they are to be heard. But despite all efforts of the Red government, music's outlook is not rosy, and music publishing, a state monopoly, has been almost entirely suspended. Scriabin's works are practically the only ones still printed.

Most great men of Russian music are living under a cloud of despair. Glazounoff can no longer compose because his stock of music paper is exhausted and there is no more to be had. Nicolas Medtner, the composer and pianist, is the head of a small village music school near Moscow, Jules Engel, the famous critic, has a similar position at a more distant music school for peasant children.

Yet at Petrograd there are three performances of opera with Chaliapin and Neschadanowa singing in the "Barber of Seville" and "Khovantchina" though the state has not as yet been able to stage the Stravinsky and Ravel ballets it had intended to produce. But hunger paralyzes all artistic endeavor in the end and as H. G. Wells says: "the great Russian musicians, artists, and scientists who have died as a result of existing conditions could no more live in the Russia of to-day than in a Kafir kraal."

STORY OF THE "MESSIAH" IS A SPIRITUAL FACT

The "Messiah", perhaps the best known of all oratorios was first performed in Dublin, Ireland, on April 13, 1742, under the direction of George Frederic Handel, its composer. Years have passed since that first production and so well beloved has the "Messiah" become through its numerous repetitions that its music has been incorporated into the principal festivals of almost every protestant church of any importance in the world.

There is no doubt in the minds of all musical authorities that the "Messiah" as a musical work was divinely inspired; the colossal task of its composition was completed in 24 days. However short the length of time of its actual writing, the selection of Bible texts required to express the story of the work and to convey the great message which has gripped audiences of the world must have required months, if not years, of thought.

Handel tells us through the "Messiah" a story with amazing clarity and coherency, a statement of gigantic spiritual truth. The general conception of the "Messiah" is that it is a collection of sacred musical selections, disjunct numbers having no relationship except as religious thoughts. This is erroneous, since it was written as a direct story of the greatest vital fact in the history of the universe, the story of Christ the Messiah. It is intelligible as a spiritual fact to all who desire to understand.

BLAME THE PUBLIC!

"Jazz" or its equivalent will be with us until the millennium. There are proportionately as many would-be Beethovens writing jazz as there are would-be Shakespeares writing trash. In either case there is either a lack of potential ability, a loss of ambition or a premature satisfaction with the ability to make a living doing the easy thing. The reception of the product by the public is due to the lack of knowledge or the willingness to be satisfied by the lowest type of stimuli. Just as it costs so much effort to become acquainted with Hugo or Tennyson that the desire for reading is satisfied by the consumption of "Deadwood Dicks", "Nick Carters" and easy flowing romances so the best composers are neglected for the easy rhythmical jazz.

Trash, kewpies, and circus-posters have a commercial value for some people but are classified by the public where they belong. Let us hope that with our present rate of progress in musical knowledge the public will soon recognize the relative position of "jazz".

MORE MUSICAL AMATEURS REQUIRED

Speaking recently in London, Lord de Walden expressed some views anent the musical amateur. He held that the sad thing about the amateur was that there was not enough of him, that he should be eighty-five per cent of the population and it did not matter how badly he played. The worse he played the more modest he was likely to be. From bad amateurs was drawn the audience who listened to good professionals. The ordinary taste of the amateur was just as likely to be good as bad, it depended upon what he was first offered. Cultured taste was really the only bad taste in England and he would rather trust the ordinary crossing-sweeper for an appreciation of music than the gentleman who had come from a public school. Lord de Walden also insisted that it was obvious that the English were as musical as that the French were not, and claimed that larger audiences of amateurs would result if all concerts in England did not take place practically in one plot in the west end of London where there were 4,000 times too many concerts for the ground on which they were given.

WHY NOT MUSIC?

Why should not music serve as a constructive influence in determining the world's peace? It is suggested that a tribunal made of musical statesmen, men cultivating the art which hath charms to soothe the savage breast and lovers of harmony would achieve the best results. On the authority of E. P. Raymond's new "Mr. Balfour": a biography that English leaders might fitly represent Great Britain: At Cambridge, Balfour showed himself fond of music to the point of becoming a proficient performer on the concertina and later on the piano which may be said to play a part in his life analogous to that which the banjo, according to Morley, played in that of Gladstone.

HOW FIRST HARP WAS MADE

O'Curry, an Irish historian and a writer of Celtic lore, has given recently some first scientific accounts of Celtic music, and in his writings tells the story of how the first harp came to be made. It is the tale of a man and his wife. "Cull" is the man and "Canoclach Mhor", the woman. Canoclach hated her husband and fled from him. He persistently followed her. Through forest and wilderness she flew before him, finally in her wanderings reaching the seashore of Camas. As she walked over the sands she came upon the skeleton of a whale, and the wind passing through the sinews of the dead monster made a murmuring sound. Listening to this strange music the woman fell asleep and her husband who was hard on her trail came up. He greatly marvelled how it was his wife had fallen asleep. Casting about him for a reason he decided it must be the sound made by the wind in the tightly strung sinews of the whale. Then the latent artist in Cull asserted itself. What nature had effected by chance he did by design. He went in to the wood and taking the limb of a tree he made it into the framework of a harp. He put strings upon it, made from the sinews of the whale—and that is how the first harp came to be made.

MUSIC NOTES

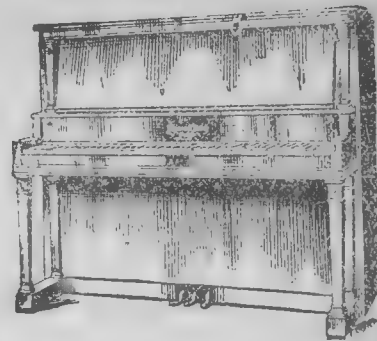
Quite a tempest has arisen in Paris, France, due to the fact that foreign operas rather than French were selected for presentation in the Grand Opera House, a government institution.

The City of Naples, Italy, annually awards a cash prize for musical works worthy of public presentation and submitted to a jury of musical critics. The prize was not awarded this year, none of the works measuring up to standard, though several received honorable mention.

Tokio, Japan, is to have a concert hall capable of seating 3,000 and built on the plans of Queen's Hall, London.

Portland, Ore., appropriated \$10,000 for concerts in its city parks this summer.

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The orchestras of Cheops' time in ancient Egypt were very simply composed—bass harps, tenor or alto flutes, and single pipes formed the tout ensemble.

Buffalo, N.Y., has a municipal orchestra and four vocal musical clubs.

Arturo Toscanini, the famous Italian conductor at the head of the equally famous La Scala Orchestra, is giving a series of concerts in America.

MUSIC MAKING FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

"The study of music should be a means of creating better home and civic efficiency," says Edward F. Schneider, head of the musical department of Mills College, Oakland, Cal. "The time has come," says he, "when we must get away from the idea that music is merely a side issue, an amusement. There is nothing in modern education which can do more toward improving our social conditions or in bettering us in every way than music. I am not saying this from the position of a music teacher, but from the angle of a practical citizen. Through music the home and civic life of our people can be vastly improved and advanced. If a child is brought up in the proper atmosphere and is at an early age taught the love of pictures, books and music then that child is going to grow up a better citizen for his training."

A FRENCH INCIDENT WITH A LESSON

How a little French town's band carried on.

"We were stopping one night in the old town of Compiègne, which was headquarters for the French during the war, and was in line of bombardment," relates Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, in speaking of his recent visit to France. "About dusk we were wandering through the narrow, quaint streets, when we

heard the sound of music. Following the direction from whence it came we soon approached a little old church, and there, inside, was the town's band of sixty-five pieces engaged in rehearsal. Its members were the small shopkeepers, mechanics and laborers of the town. The band has since been decorated by the French Government because it is one of the few that kept going during the five years of the war. As soon as one after the other of the young men went into service, older men and boys took up the instruments and kept the ranks of the band filled. It was an inspiring sight to watch them at rehearsal, and they really played surprisingly well.

"This, to my mind, is something which should become a feature of every town and city in the country. No small community should be without its own municipal band, which should be led by a professionally trained leader who would know how to train an organization of amateurs which would be able to develop the musical taste of their community and cultivate its appreciation for music."

Every large factory should also maintain its own band, providing first-class instruments and a good leader, so that its employees might have an opportunity to obtain a knowledge of music and be able to express the emotional side of their natures. It is an excellent way for Canada to grow from the bottom up, and in that way we can learn much from Europe.

Understanding and Music

It is not unusual to find that many people who enjoy certain kinds of music keenly, are insensible or antipathetic to others. Their understanding and sympathy move in a small circle; one person, to whom Bach's works are all in all, may think modern music nothing more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals; another, who revels in Beethoven, may find Palestrina

dull; a third, who loves Mozart, may loathe Wagner. The difference of idiom conceals from them those similarities of ideal which they might love—and loving enjoy.

The French say that to love is to understand—they say also that to understand is to pardon. Understanding, pardon, love—these three things, applied to the appreciation of music act and react upon each other. To understand is to distinguish essentials from non-essentials, and when the idiom in which music is expressed can be recognized as a non-essential, it is pardoned, and most of the difficulty in appreciating music belonging to an age other than our own disappears. The music becomes "contemporary."

What Gretta Kane Said

Happiness, or at least contentment, is within the range of everyone, no matter what station in life, if we will only reach out and grasp it. When things go wrong and nothing seems worth while, just make the best of it and smile. Believe that everything will come right some day, and it will, for "As a man thinketh, so is he."

"The darkest cloud has a silver lining," as the saying goes, and I find the silver lining in good music. No matter how downhearted I may be when things have not gone just right in business—as they sometimes do—a good vocal or violin solo by one of the great artists, on my old Victrola, will drive away the bluest mood and make me feel at peace with the world in general, giving me a new incentive to overcome all difficulties.

God certainly knew what was best for his creatures when he created the birds, the flowers and the sunshine—but when he gave us music to lighten our troubles and brighten our lives, it was the greatest gift of all.

Verdi Made Money

Verdi was born the same year as Wagner, but very different was his career. To be sure, he had his ups and downs, and more of his operas failed than succeeded. In Italy, however, the failure of an opera does not necessarily impoverish a composer; Mascagni and Leoncavallo have grown fat on their failures, backed by one huge success in each case.

At the age of twenty-three Verdi had the good luck to win the love of a girl who was not only worth having on her own account, but because of her wealthy father, on whom the young composer could count for help in time of need. For his master work, "Aida," he received \$20,000, with an offer of \$10,000 more if he would go to Cairo and supervise its first performances; and to this were, of course, added royalties from all countries, amounting in all to many hundreds of thousands. He made good use of his fortune in various benevolent ways, and at his death he bequeathed a large sum to found a Home for Aged Musicians in Milan.

Probably Verdi earned more money than his predecessor, Rossini, who stopped writing operas thirty-nine years before his death because he felt lazy and had all the money he wanted.

Public School Sight Singing

A great many music supervisors have felt that skill in sight-singing should constitute the principal end of school music-teaching, and that if the child could only be taught to read music as he learns to read languages, the music of the world would thus be opened to him, and having spent his school life in learning to read music he would spend all the rest of his life reading it. But this has not proved to be the case in actual practice, and in places where sight-singing has long been almost the only musical activity offered by the schools there seems to be no more choirs or choral organizations and no greater interest in music than in other places. As a matter of fact, the sight-singing ideal has probably been one of the most serious influences in hampering the growth of real musical feeling, for such work is easily taught by even an unmusical grade teacher, is readily evaluated and graded, and the results are so tangible that school officials are rather likely to be dazzled by them and to feel that if the supervisor of music get the children to sing at sight he is therefore a good teacher. In other words, sight-singing as an end in public school music has flourished because the work has been judged by immediate rather than by ultimate tests.

World Craves Music

That nations are individuals in miniature has been proven so often that it has long ago become a truism; but perhaps it has never been indicated more effectively than in the present attitude of the nations of war-shattered Europe toward music. From England, France, Belgium and Italy, not less than from Germany, Austria and even Russia comes the same story through the mouths of trustworthy observers returning to this country, as well as through other news channels. "Europe is mad for music," they all say. "No other words will describe the craving that has seized these countries for all its forms." There are tragedies which at their cruellest take from the individual all solace not to mention any delight, in the loveliest of the arts. "I shall hate sweet music my whole life long," wrote Swinburne in the bitterness of disillusionment, and happy is that human being who has not at least once in his life touched the supreme height of agony when to hear music is an unbearable thing. But with man so with countries in which disillusionment, far worse than bereavement, has yet followed close on its footsteps. One of the first signs of an ability to take up life once more in healthy human fashion is a returning willingness, even a longing, for the joys of music.

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AVE

A Pioneer Grandfather

By Irene Wilson

Contd. from page 42

I have never seen or heard of since we made the trip to Calgary. Mary had been through the Riel Rebellion and she was absolutely terrified. She hardly ate or slept from the time we left the settlement until we reached Calgary. I fancy she took the train there and continued to the end of the rail. I missed Mary, for she was a true friend.

"My little log trading post has now grown into a large departmental store. My customers are of a more aristocratic class; but not more interesting. Most of the Indians of those pioneer days have passed to the happy hunting ground, but a few old landmarks still remain, remnants of a noble race."

CANADIAN POETS

In the section of my library of Canadian literature I have a book containing the biography and poems of fifty Canadian poets. The editor states in his introduction these interesting facts concerning them: "Almost simultaneously with the Great War has come a renaissance of poetry, which is significant of that law of balance by which the heart turns instinctively from the terror and confusion of devastating human emotion to the purity of a clearer and serener air. Poetry, at its height, implies beauty and the driving force of passion. It implies also the austerity and emotional restraint which means spiritual strength, and it is, primarily, to the inherent strength of this art which faces and pictures the truth in nature and human nature, that the people have turned in times past and will turn in times to come. Many of these poems are indigenous to the soil—vitality, healthfully Canadian, others are tinged with the legendary and mythical lore of older lands; but all are of Canada, inasmuch as the writers have lived in this country, and have been influenced by its history and atmosphere at a formative period of their lives. Among them, one ventures to think, there are world voices.

It seems strange to look back upon the time, thirty-three years ago, when a successful Ontario educator felt justified in the statement that Canada had no national literature worthy of the name, and never would have until the country became an independent nation, with no shackling colonial ties. At the very moment that such a declaration and prophecy was made, Roberts had begun his brilliant career as a writer; Isabella Valancy Crawford was preparing for publication "Old Spookses' Pass," "Malcolm's Katie" and other poems; Charles Mair was thinking out the construction of his great drama, Tecumseh, and Lampman, Campbell, the two Scotts, Seranus and Bliss Carman were ambitiously fingering the chords. And, to-day, Canadians have no doubt of their national independence, are prouder than ever of their integral position in the British Empire, and have a school of verse, characterized by freshness, spontaneity, originality of theme and good artistry, that would reflect distinction on the literary genius of any civilized people.

The editor also says that "Bliss Carman must soon be widely recognized as a poet of pre-eminent genius. He is greater than some of more extended fame for the reason that his poetry expresses a nobler and more comprehensive philosophy of life and being. Bliss Carman has achieved more than many others of this generation, because he has realized more fully than they that the Infinite Poet is constantly and eternally seeking media of expression, and that the function of a finite poet is to steadily improve the instrument, to keep it expectantly in tune and to record the masterpieces."

Professor Allison, of Manitoba University, says in a recent editorial: "Bliss Carman, greatest of Canadian poets, has recently visited Toronto where he was the honored guest of the Arts and Letters Club. I sincerely hope the poet will visit Western Canada. Surely the Dickens Fellowship, and kindred organizations, could easily finance a Bliss Carman pilgrimage to Winnipeg. He is one of our immortals, and it would be a great thing for our students to be able to tell their grandchildren that they had seen and heard this man of genius, one who has sung more sweetly of our glories of landscape and season than any other Canadian poet."

This book, entitled "Canadian Poets" was published in 1916. The work is chosen and edited by John W. Garvin, B.A. No Canadian library or home should be without it. It includes fifty Canadian poets of the era between 1867 and 1916. There are fifty pages of portraits and three hundred and sixty pages of the best verse in Canadian literature.

Another book issued in 1919 entitled "Canadian Singers and Their Songs," compiled by Edward S. Caswell, should be in every home.

These books increase our pride in our native talent. This particular book is interesting because it is a portrait gallery of Canadian poets, it includes a portrait of each poet and a copy of manuscript on the page opposite the photograph.

I regret that there is not space to quote more than the following, but I would urge every young woman to become familiar with the poetry of our own men and women whose souls have been lifted to supreme heights.

Probably the best known piece of Canadian literature is "What a Friend we have in Jesus," by Joseph Scriven, who conducted a private school for children at Brantford, Ontario. From Bliss Carman we have a copy of the manuscript "Roadside Flowers."

"We are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds,
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds,

"If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

"And lo, the Lord of the garden,
He makes His sun to rise,
And his rain to fall like pardon
On our dusty paradise.

"On us he has laid the duty,
The task of the wandering breed,
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

"Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason
The Lord of the garden knows."

From Hilda Mary Hooke is a gem of verse for every one of us to learn.

Inspiration

A moment when the world is sunk in space,
And like a cloak eternity is flung
Across the shoulders of the lifted soul,
That stands tip-toe, outstretched to meet
the spheres,
And yearning upward, like a flower is
caught,
Against the bosom of the Infinite."

From Nora M. Holland:

The End of the Road

"There's many a path your feet may take,
O'er hill or vale or plain,
By noisy streamlet or lonely lake,
Where only the winds a murmur make,
And the silence falls like rain.

"But wherever the foot of man may go,
Or shoulders bear their load,
In joy or sorrow, in mirth or woe,
There's an end to every road, we know,
And God's at the end of the road."

The Pioneers

By Peter McArthur

"Our fathers toiled but in a glorious fight,
The God of nations led them by the hand;
With pillar of smoke by day and fire by
night,
They wrought like heroes in their
promised land;
The wilderness was conquered by their
might,
They made for God the marvel He had
planned,
A land of homes where toil could make
men free,
The final masterpiece of Destiny."

The immortal poem "In Flanders' Fields," by Dr. John McCrae, leads several war lyrics that must live for all time. Not only have they inspired Canadian people from Halifax to Vancouver, but they have touched the souls of men and women in all parts of the world. They have become international gems of poetry. (Continued on page 56)



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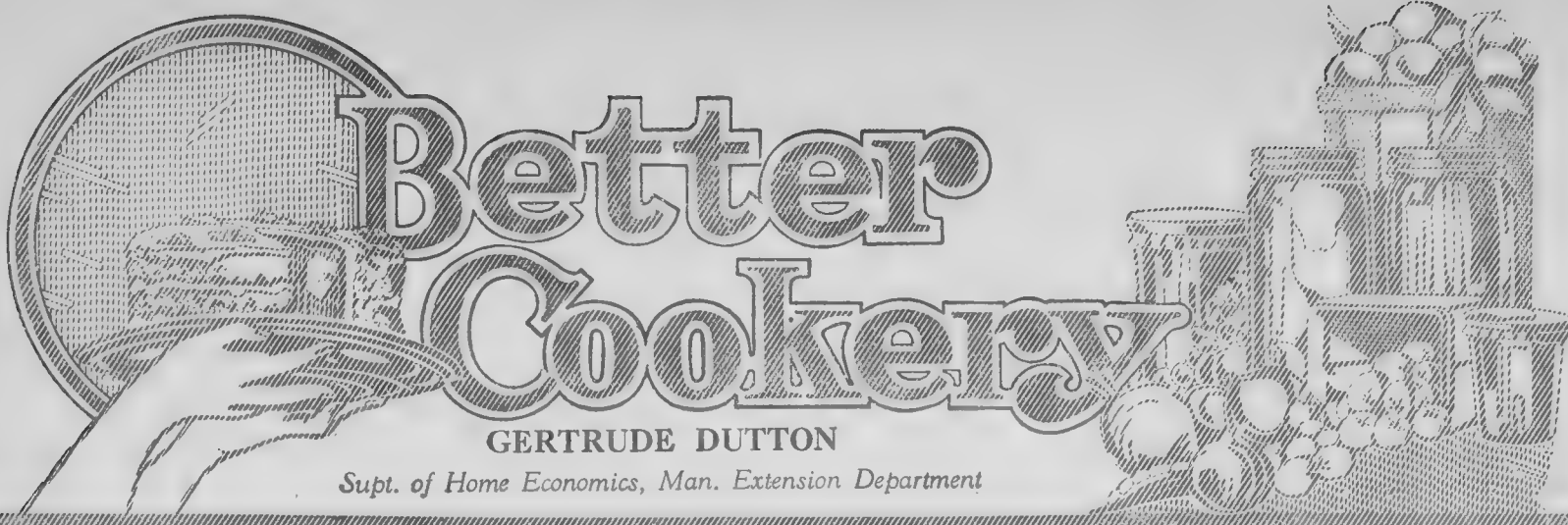
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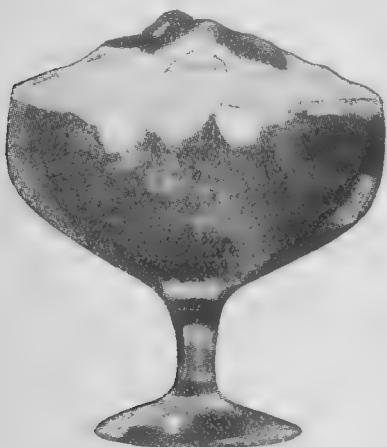
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PRUNE trees blossom in late March or early April and before the leaves appear on the trees, in the height of the blossoming season the Santa Clara Valley looks like a vast snowfield glistening in the sun. The prune blossom is almost a perfect white, it being very hard to distinguish any other color in the blossom, and the resulting color effect from this mass of white blossoms is one of the most beautiful sights which the tourist can hope to see among the many wonders of California scenes.

Prunes and Apricots

California produces almost 90 per cent of the dried prunes consumed in Canada and the United States each year. The average annual crop of California prunes is now about 200,000,000 pounds. Oregon produces about 25,000,000 pounds of dried prunes each year. The Oregon



Prune Soufflé

prune is what is known as the Italian prune, which has a tart flavor and sold for the most part to a comparatively restricted class of buyers in large cities.

Probably 95 per cent of the California prune crop consists of what is known to the trade as the French prune. Other varieties of the prunes grown are the Imperial and the Sugar prune, both developed from the original French prune. While Imperial and Sugar prunes usually run to larger sizes than the French prunes they are not as prolific bearers as the French prunes and consequently for that reason are not grown as extensively.

The French prune, which is bought ninety-nine times out of one hundred by the housewives, was first brought to this country by a Frenchman, Louis Pellier, in 1856. This Frenchman planted two trees near San Jose, in the Santa Clara Valley, California. After these trees grew to maturity other plantings were made from them and the industry slowly developed for a period of ten or fifteen years, during which time most of the fruit was consumed in California. Beginning in the early seventies prunes began to be shipped commercially to the states west of the Mississippi river and during the eighties and early nineties this trade achieved remarkable development. In 1896 a tariff of 2 cents per pound was placed upon foreign prunes imported into this country and the protection thus given to California prunes permitted them to compete with foreign varieties so that to-day California prunes are practically the only ones eaten in Canada and the United States.

Prune Dumplings

Make baking powder biscuit dough. Roll out to 1/4-inch thickness, cut in 4-inch squares. In the centre of each place 2 or 3 stewed prunes from which the pits have been removed. Press the four points of the square together at the top, place in a greased pan, or in muffin tins and bake in a hot oven. Serve with hot prune juice which has been boiled down till thick enough for sauce.

Moulded Prune Pudding

2 cups cooked prunes 1 lemon (juice)
1 cup prune juice 1-3 cup sugar
1 cup boiling water 1 envelope gelatin
1 orange (juice) 1/2 cup cold water

Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Remove the pits from the prunes, and cut them in quarters. To the boiling water add the sugar, prune, lemon and orange juice. Heat to boiling point. Add gelatin and stir till dissolved. After adding the prunes, pour into a wet mould and let stand till firm. Serve with whipped cream or boiled custard.

Prune Soufflé

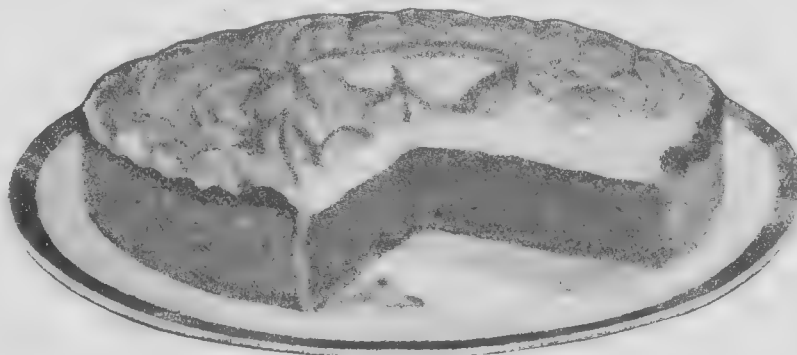
1 Cup cooked and stoned prunes rubbed through a colander.

Whites of three eggs beaten till very stiff.

2 tablespoons sugar.

1/2-cup chopped walnut meats, if desired.

Add the sugar to the prune pulp, and the nuts, if used. Fold in very carefully the beaten egg whites—pour into a slightly greased bake dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven till firm (about 15 or 20 minutes). Serve with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs, or with whipped cream.



Apricot Meringue Pie.

Prune Conserve

4 lbs. prunes
4 lbs. sugar
1 lb. raisins

1 lb. or less of walnut meats

Wash the prunes well and soak in cold water for several hours. Drain and remove the stones. Mix with sugar, orange juice, raisins and nut meats which have been broken in small pieces. Boil till thick, being careful not to scorch. Seal in jelly glasses. The whole oranges may be used if wished, cutting in very thin slices as for orange marmalade.

Stewed Apricots

Wash the apricots well. Cover with warm water, and soak for several hours. Cook slowly in the same water till soft. If necessary add sugar just before removing from the fire.

Apricot Tarts

Line patty pans with pastry. Fill with a mixture of drained apricot pulp rubbed through a sieve and grated pineapple in the proportion of three tablespoons pineapple to 1 cup of pulp. Bake. When cooked, remove from the pans, and place in each, half a cooked apricot, rounded side up, and cover with a glaze made by boiling down apricot juice, sweetened, till thick.

Apricot Meringue Pie

2 cups apricots cooked 1 tablespoon corn and mashed starch
Sugar to taste 1 tablespoon cold water
1 tablespoon butter 2 egg yolks

Heat the apricot pulp, sugar and butter in a double boiler. Stir the corn starch in the cold water, add to the pulp, and cook till thick. Pour over the well beaten egg yolks, and put in a baked pastry shell. Pile on top a meringue made of the 2 egg whites, beaten till light with 1 tablespoon sugar and a speck of salt. Brown in a slow oven.

Apricot Custard Pie

1 cup drained and washed cooked apricots 2 eggs
1 1/2 cup milk 1-3 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla, or a little nutmeg

Beat eggs, add the sugar, pulp and flavoring, pour into a pie plate lined with unbaked pastry, and bake till a silver knife comes out clean.

Apricot Cobbler

1 cup cooked apricots 1/4 cup milk
1 egg 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2-3 cup sugar 2 tablespoons butter
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Beat the egg well, add the sugar, and then the flour sifted with the baking powder, alternately with the milk. Add the melted butter and the vanilla. Put

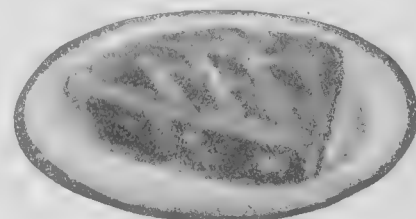
Apricot Mousse

1 cup cooked apricot pulp, mashed 1 cup sugar
1 1/2 cup apricot juice 2 egg whites
or hot water 1 cup whipped cream

Make a syrup by boiling together the sugar and apricot juice, or water, till the sugar is dissolved. Beat the egg whites till very stiff, pour over gradually, the hot syrup, beating well till cool. Fold in the apricot pulp and whipped cream. Pack in a covered mould, cover the joining place of the mould and its cover with a strip of cotton dipped in melted lard or oil, pack in equal parts of salt and ice for several hours.

Apricot Marmalade

Wash the apricots, soak over night, then cook in the same water till tender. Mash. Add 3/4-lb. sugar to every pound of apricots. Simmer till thick. 1/4 as much grated pineapple as apricot may be used if desired. Seal in sterilized glasses.



Prune Pie.

Prune Pie

Stew the prunes. Remove the pits and cut the prunes in quarters. To 2 cups prunes add one-third cup sugar, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Line a pie plate with pastry. Put in it the prunes, dot with 2 tablespoons of butter, and dredge with 2 tablespoons of flour. Cover with an upper crust, and bake. Instead of the upper crust, strips of pastry may be used.

Baked Prunes

Wash and soak prunes, put in a casserole, and cook in a slow oven till tender. No sugar will be required.

Stuffed Prunes

Wash prunes thoroughly in warm water, dry and remove the pits. Press a salted almond in the centre, dip in slightly beaten egg whites, roll in shredded coconut, and set aside to dry, or omit the egg white, and roll in granulated sugar.

Stewed Prunes

Wash the prunes thoroughly, cover with cold water and soak for several hours, preferably over night. Simmer slowly till tender, in the water in which they were soaked. When partly cooked, sugar, 1/2-cup to 1 pound of fruit, may be added if desired. Many persons will find prunes cooked in this way, sweet enough without the addition of sugar. 2 tablespoons of lemon juice may also be added if one wishes. For babies, the prune juice and pulp, without the addition of lemon juice, and very little sugar, if any, is rubbed through a strainer.

the apricot pulp in a buttered baking dish, cover it with the batter, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve warm with apricot juice, pudding sauce or cream.

Apricot Fluff

1 cup apricot pulp 2 cups whipped cream
or 3 eggs beaten 1-3 cup sugar, preferably powdered

Drain as much juice as possible from stewed apricots, mash well. Add the sugar. Fold in carefully to either whipped cream or stiffly beaten egg whites. Pile in individual glass dishes, and chill thoroughly before serving.

THERE are hundreds of ways in which raisins can be used, and the fact that they are recognized as being high in food value, makes them particularly attractive to home-cooking. In our May and June issues Raisins and their uses will be attractively presented on this page.

Home Doctor

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

A number of the conditions that affect the joints, especially of persons in middle and advancing life, are variously called chronic gout, arthritis deformans and chronic rheumatism. Even physicians do not always distinguish clearly between these different diseases, for their symptoms are very much alike. We have spoken before of chronic gout and arthritis deformans, and here we shall describe briefly the chronic form of rheumatism.

That condition sometimes follows an attack of the acute form, called rheumatic fever, but more often it exists as a chronic disease from the start. Although acute rheumatism may occur at any age, it is more common in adolescence or in early adult life; chronic rheumatism is essentially a disease of later life. It often attacks sailors and outdoor laborers, who apparently bring on the malady by exposing themselves to cold and wet or by overworking or failing to eat nourishing food.

When it occurs as an independent disease, and does not follow an acute attack, the beginning is usually gradual. The joints become somewhat stiff and painful, and gradually increase in size as a result of the effusion of fluid. The trouble is confined almost entirely to the joints, there is seldom any fever, the appetite is good—sometimes too good—and the patient feels well.

After a longer or shorter time the local symptoms subside and the joints return nearly to their normal size; but they are not as good as before—a little stiffness remains, and there are occasional twinges of pain. The stiffness and pain are worse in cold and damp weather, and the sufferer becomes a living barometer, able to foretell storms with greater certainty than the government forecaster. After a time the trouble returns, the joints stiffen and swell again, and after the attack subsides the disability increases.

So it goes on until little by little the patient becomes a chronic invalid and more or less crippled. The smaller joints—knees, elbows, wrists and fingers—suffer the most, and in addition to the stiffness and swelling there are often little pea-shaped enlargements on the finger joints that increase the deformity.

Treatment of chronic rheumatism is very unsatisfactory; no actual cure is known, and the most that can be done is to relieve the pain and stiffness during the attacks and try to prevent or delay their recurrence. Unless the pain is so bad as to call for an anodyne, much comfort can be obtained by rubbing and massage and the application of a hot-water bag to the joints. For constitutional treatment, in addition to internal antirheumatic remedies, benefit sometimes comes from a sojourn at a mineral-spring resort. The patient should have a simple, nourishing diet and should avoid exposure in cold and damp weather.

CHRONIC APPENDICITIS

Persons outside the medical profession usually associate the term appendicitis with an acute, painful inflammation that often forms an abscess that will rupture and cause fatal peritonitis unless the patient promptly submits to an operation. It is well to know, however, that there is a chronic form of appendicitis that is not manifested by violent symptoms but that may produce a condition of invalidism that baffles all attempts of the physician to relieve it. The condition is often diagnosed as neurasthenia, or rheumatism, or chronic indigestion, or even as consumption, and unless the underlying cause is discovered and removed there can be no permanent relief.

The patient may have had symptoms of an acute attack of appendicitis at some previous time, but as they subsided and never recurred he is pretty sure to forget them, or at least not to associate them with the condition of chronic invalidism from which he suffers. The troubles that arise from this condition do not always consist in symptoms alone, for actual disease, such as ulcer of the duodenum or of the stomach, may result from the chronic inflammation of the appendix. Constipation is almost always present, and there may be considerable distention of the abdomen. Indigestion also is of frequent occurrence, and the patient

runs through the whole gamut of pills and waters guaranteed to re-establish the digestive functions or to tone up the liver, without receiving any permanent benefit.

The constant dwelling upon the various disturbing symptoms often causes the sufferer to become a confirmed hypochondriac, and then naturally enough he becomes neurasthenic and may possibly get beyond the chance of complete relief even when the original cause of his sufferings is removed. The most fortunate of these patients are those in whom the chronic condition is occasionally interrupted by acute exacerbations, marked by fever and sharp pain in the abdomen, which call attention to the appendix as the seat of the trouble.

In most cases of chronic appendicitis the condition is so firmly established that nothing short of an operation and the removal of the diseased appendix offers any hope of relief. Even after the operation it is often a considerable time before the troublesome symptoms disappear, for when they are not caused by some actual lesion, such as ulcer of the stomach or duodenum, so firm a habit of invalidism has been established—or perhaps it is fairer to the patient to say that so profound a poisoning of the system has occurred—that the return to normal health is slow and tedious. But it almost always comes at last.

ASTHMA

Asthma is a very curious and baffling disorder. It cannot be properly treated until the underlying cause has been discovered, and that cause may be different with each sufferer. Any layman can understand that infection or irritation of the air passages by inhaling dust might bring on an attack of asthma in anyone who is predisposed to it, but no layman could guess that almost every organ of the body may at some time or other be at the root of the mischief. Asthma is at different times traceable to the kidneys, to the circulation, to the nervous system, the digestive organs or the lungs, to errors in diet, to gout or to skin lesions.

Most asthmatic people are nervous in temperament, and their family history is often poor. They should be taught to guard their general health with great care, to take exercises that will strengthen the chest muscles and to live an outdoor life as far as possible, with daily exercise that stops just short of fatigue. They should never let their feet get cold or wet.

Asthmatic people are susceptible to digestive disturbances, and their diet must be light and simple. Sea food, especially shell fish, will always bring on an attack in some people; and they must of course avoid it. But there is no routine treatment for asthma; and a good physician will always devote himself first to finding out the underlying cause of the symptoms, and then to trying to cure the kidney trouble, the gout, the malaria or the nervous disorder that he thinks is to blame for it. Often his efforts will be rewarded by the complete disappearance of the asthma.

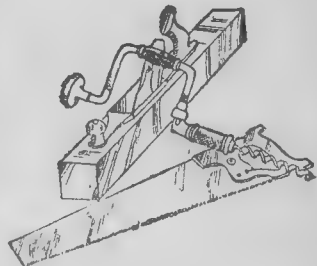
In obstinate cases the choice of a favorable climate may also be a matter of experiment. One person will find that his attacks disappear at once in a certain locality, although the friend to whom he recommends it will discover that he cannot live there in comfort for a day. Many people do best in a fairly dry climate where there are no wide extremes of temperature, and, above all, little dust, for dust is the arch-enemy of all asthmatics. Others do best in a climate that is exactly opposite to that in which they have been living, so that dwellers by the sea are better in the hills, and vice versa. In a really bad attack some form of sedative relief is usually demanded, and for that a physician should always be called, since self-administration of sedative medicines is never wise.

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"Can any one name a liquid that doesn't freeze?" asked the teacher.

There was a moment's silence. Then a voice in the rear of the room answered, eagerly, "Please, teacher, hot water!"

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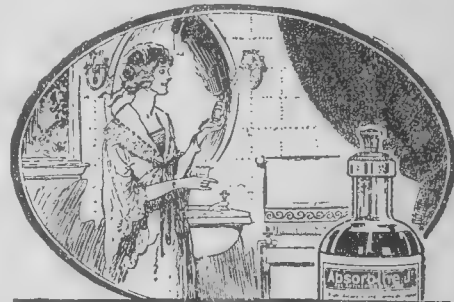
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Yours gratefully,
(Signed) (Mrs.) E. Walker.

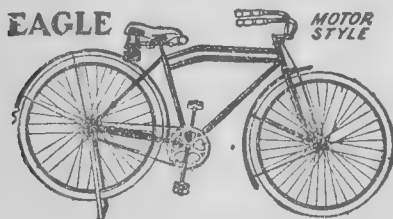
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A CROCHETED COLLAR FOR YOUR SUIT OR DRESS

You can wear a crocheted collar with your suit coat or with a wool dress to brighten it up. Dark wool dresses are more becoming to the average woman if there is a touch of white at the throat or neck.

COLLAR-AND-CUFF SET OF KNOT- AND-BEAN STITCH

This unusual collar-and-cuff set is made of No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton. It requires four balls of the cotton and a steel hook, size 10.



Knot and Bean Stitch are effectively used in
this Collar and Cuff Set

Chain 128, skip 3 sts, *1 dc in 4th st, ch 3, skip 3 repeat from *, ch 5, turn. 2nd row—Thread over hook, insert hook in center stitch of ch 3 (thread over, draw through same st), repeat four times; thread over, draw thread through all the 9 loops on hook, ch 1 to close (this makes 1 bean); *ch 3, d c in center stitch of next, ch 3; ch 3, a bean in center of next ch 3, repeat from *, ch 5, turn. 3rd row—*1 bean in stitch before bean of previous row, ch 1, 1 bean in stitch on other side of bean, ch 3, repeat from *; at the end of the row, ch 3, 1 t c, ch 5, turn. (Chain 5 and turn at the end of every row). 4th row—1 d c in 1st st of ch 3, ch 3, *1 bean between the 2 beans, ch 3, 1 d c in next ch 3, ch 3, repeat from *; after the last d c, ch 3, 1 t c in the end of row. 5th row—1 d c in ch 3, *ch 3, 1 d c in next ch 3, repeat from *. 6th row—*1 bean in ch 3, ch 3, 1 d c in next ch, ch 3, repeat from *. 7th row—Same as 3rd row. Repeat, working in the same pattern until there are 16 rows. In the last row or the 16th row, the last d c is made between the 7th and 8th group of beans, ch 5, turn, then make a d c in second ch 3, and 1 bean in third ch 3, repeat, making each row wider at the outer edge and narrower at the inner edge. Make 16 short rows, and make the opposite side the same, this finishes the center part of the collar. The 1st row around the center is 1 h t c in each stitch all the way around, adding more stitches in the corners if necessary. Then repeat the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th rows, increasing at the corners. Another row of 1 h t c, increasing at the corners.

The 8th row or the row of flowers:
1st row—Ch 6, 1 bean of 6 d t c in 1st st, *ch 8, skip 6, 1 d c in next st, ch 8, skip 6, 1 bean of 6 d t c, repeat from *. 2nd row—*Ch 5, 1 bean of 6 d t c in 1st st of this ch 5, ch 5, 1 bean of 6 d t c in point of bean just made, 1 d c in point of bean of previous row, ch 2, 1 d c in st after bean, repeat from *. 3rd row—Ch 6, 1 bean of 4 d t c in ch 2, ch 6, s c in same st as bean; *ch 17, s c in next ch 2, ch 6, 1 bean of 4 d t c in same ch, ch 6, s c in same ch, repeat from *. 4th row—1 d c in point of bean, ch 6, 1 d c in 9th st of ch 17, ch 6, d c in point of next bean. 5th row—1 h t c in each st, increasing at the corners. 6th row—*Ch 3, skip 1, d c, repeat from *. 7th row—1 bean in ch 3, *ch 3, 1 d c in next ch 3, ch 3, 1 bean in next ch 3, repeat from *.

For the cuffs, chain 86 and repeat the pattern.

TO MAKE DAINTY COLLAR AND CUFF SETS

One half yard of organdy muslin will make three sets. Cut the cuffs ten inches long and four inches wide, and finish one side and both ends with a half-inch hem.

The collar is twenty inches long and five inches wide, finished in the same way; with black or colored embroidery silk or floss, chain-stitch the hems—making the stitch about one-fourth inch long. In each corner of the collar work two or three flowers of six petals in lazy-daisy stitch, and the same in one corner of each cuff, being careful to use opposite corners, so that the decoration will come on top of the sleeve.

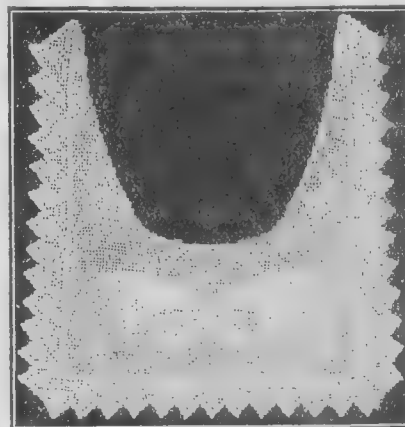
Finish the raw edge with bias binding. Such a set may be completed in an afternoon, and adds a dressy touch to the plainest gown.

DIRECTIONS FOR BUTTERFLY COLLAR

Materials—Mercer Crochet. No. 80.
Steel hook No. 14.

Ch 289. 1st row, 286 tr. 2nd row, 1 bl, 93 sp, 1 bl. 3rd, 4th and 5th rows, Like 2nd, then commence and follow design.

Edge—Ch 10. 1st row, 7 tr. 2nd row, 1 sp, 2 bl, follow design, adding 1 bl on lower edge till you get to the longest part of the point, then drop off 1 bl each time to the narrowest part. After finishing edge it is to be sewed to collar.



Butterfly Collar.

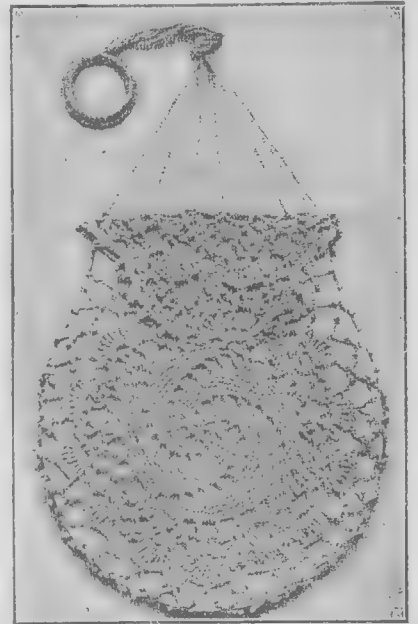
Make this attractive
filet collar to brighten
your spring suit



Yoke Pattern for Butterfly Collar

COIN PURSE

Make a chain of 8, join in ring (7 ch, 1 d in ring); repeat 3 times. 2nd row—7 ch, 5 d in 1st loop, repeat 3 times. 3rd row—7 ch, 4 d in 7 ch of last row and 3 d in 3 d (both loops) of last row, making 7 d in all; repeat 3 times. 4th row—7 ch, 4 d in 7 ch last row, 5 d in 5 d last row, making 9 in all; repeat 3 times. Repeat until there are 25 d in each point of scroll. When last point is finished, ch 6, p in 3rd st of ch, turning ch backward, 6 ch, p, 3 ch, d in 7 ch of last row, another double p, d in 1st d of next point



Coin Purse.

of scroll, double p, d in 4th or 5th d. Continue around, putting stitches close enough together so that the next row will not draw it into saucer shape. Make a 2nd row of double p, catching with d between last row double p. 3rd row—Double p, d between double p of last row, 5 ch, d between next double p, 1 ch, turn, 6 d over 5 ch, turn, 4 ch, 6 t in 6 d (both loops) with 1 ch between, 4 ch, sl st in last d (last t is also in this d). Another double p, another fan and repeat around. 4th row—Double p, 2 d in top of loop formed by 1st 4 ch in fan, 2 d under 1 ch and between t's in fan and 2 d in top last 4 ch. Another double p and repeat around. 5th row—Another row double p, putting 7 in ch instead of 6 and making p in 4th ch instead of 3rd. Make another row like last and fasten off. Make another piece like first up to last row when the back is joined to front thus: 7 ch, p, 2 ch, d between p of front piece, 5 ch, p in 2d ch, 4 ch, catch between next double p on back. Repeat around, leaving 2½ or 3 inches open at top. Work a row of double p across top of front, then a row of ch (7 or 8) to straighten top, catching between double p. Make a row of double p in last row of ch, turn, another row, narrowing each time by leaving off a double p. Chain 7 or 8 each time in turning. In 3rd row put 2 fans continue 2 more rows, narrowing down to 4 double p. Fasten off. This forms the flap for front. Join thread into right side of flap at top, make row of ch (7 or 8) around, turn, 6 d over ch, p of 5 ch, 6 d, p and repeat around flap. Shape back like front, catching at sides with d wherever necessary to close. On a straightening line of ch at top put a close row of d. When at end make a ch about 5 inches long, leaving 3 inches of thread on end. Break thread and join again in back, about 8th or 9th d. Make another ch of 5 inches. Continue across back in this way until there are 7 or 8 of these long chains. With hook pull each of these chains through top of flap. Take a brass ring 1½ inches in diameter, or smaller, if preferred. Put tips of two fingers through ring and wind ends of thread up to chain around fingers and ring, being careful not to draw thread tighter than brass ring, and over all put a close row of d. No. 70 old blue cotton thread was used in making this purse.

Sunday Reading

COME UNTO ME

By Uro Clydon

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

Sweetly, as strains of Divinest music, these loving words fell upon the troubled heart of a maiden as she was quietly reading in the family sitting-room. Quietly, did I say? To all appearances. But in the soul of that young girl, for many sorrowful months, there had been such fierce conflict raging, that to-night, in utter wretchedness and despair, she had taken the Blessed Book once more, with the hope that there she might find some soothing balm for her sore heart. She was, indeed, weary and heavy-laden. Could this gracious invitation be sent to one so insignificant, so unworthy, as she? "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." There could be no mistake; and, with the thought, the winning tenderness of those simple words came over her with such power that she was compelled hastily to leave the room, lest the tears which fill her eyes to overflowing might betray her.

Going into her own dark chamber she closed and locked the door, and then the long pent-up distress of many months burst forth. Falling on her knees, she poured out her soul in an agony of weeping and supplication to Him who had been drawing her to Himself through all that troubled time. She gave herself now entirely into His hands; there had been a long struggle, but she was conquered at last, and would resist His pleading no longer. She came just as she was—weak, foolish, sinful—and besought her God to make her His child, and giving her peace and rest in believing on His dear Son, and in serving Him for evermore. I do not know how long she knelt there; I only know that when, at last, her sobbing ceased and she rose, it was with a blessed feeling of relief and comfort, as if her fevered heart and soul had indeed been bathed in heavenly dew—in cooling, crystal waters. "Born into the kingdom of God." Aye, angels were that night rejoicing over a new-born soul brought into that glorious kingdom through the "new and living Way," the only Way—even Christ. And in that darkened room, where a solemn stillness reigned, she felt that she could almost take the hand of her Father—so very, very close He seemed to her. She could not break that holy spell, she could speak no word to mortal ear that evening; so she lay down, not to sleep, but to ponder, through the silent watches of the night, on the wondrous change that had been wrought in her.

Ah, wonderful love of Christ, which can thus heal the wounds and bind up the hurts of suffering mortals! Happy, thrice happy, are they who thus, in the first flush of womanhood, consecrate their lives to the service of their God; and blest, beyond all thought, are those who early find One upon whom they may freely pour out the love that fills their hearts—loving not less, but infinitely more, the brothers and sisters around them, and rejoicing, with a joy the world knows nothing of, in being permitted to labor, with the Son of God himself, for the salvation of a lost world.

FRAGMENTS NOT TO BE LOST

At one point of view, good works seem the whole of religion; and at another point of view, faith and its spiritual fruits seem the whole of religion. The reason is, that in each case we assume the other side. When we speak of good works as all, we assume their root in spiritual life; and when we speak of faith as all, we assume that the tree bears fruit according to its kind. There ought to be no quarrel about it. "Show me thy faith without thy works"—a thing not possible to do—"and I will show you my faith by my works." A tree that produces crab apples cannot be a Newton Pippin, and

the latter fruit is sufficient evidence of the nature of the tree that bears it. So, a really good life must have a good nature behind it. But inasmuch as very wicked men sometimes perform spasmodic acts of charity, it is never safe to assume "a really good nature" as the root of every external act. A man should be measured by his habitual, and not by his accidental, acts, and there are observable fruits of the spirit besides acts—"love, joy, gentleness," etc.

What are called innocent enjoyments, with much which makes up and adds to the happiness of life—poetry, painting, smiles and laughter, the sallies of playful wit, or the quiet chuckle, the delightful emotions—half smiles, half tears—created by humour, the family fun in summer evenings, in the open air—all that kind of life which we enjoy and remember with such enjoyment (albeit mingled with sadness, not for what it was, but because it is not)—why is this not associated in our minds with saintship and holiness?

A black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace and mind his home; whereas, a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time. However, others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles to conceal my comforts; for I perceive if I should find too much friendship in any inn in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Father's house and my heritage.—Dr. Lucas.

Alas! how defiled in Thy most holy sight are my garments and walk! No doubt from day to day I brush away the dust, but ah! how little good it does! Forgive me, O my Father, and cleanse me, granting me so to walk that I may at last enter, pure and unsullied, Thy holy city.

Let us keep our scorn for our weaknesses, our blame for our own sins, certain that we shall gain more instruction, though not amusement, by hunting out the good which is in anything than by hunting out the evil.

Love is circumspect, humble, and upright; not yielding to softness, or to levity, not attending to vain things; it is sober, chaste, steady, quiet, and guarded in all the senses.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or around us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them, and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of everyone to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do only show that they are departing from the true paths of common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.



BIG BARGAINS in Our New Spring Catalogue

This new folder is profusely illustrated with the very newest styles in plain-tailored and pleated skirts of fine quality serge, soft velour, all-wool Jersey cloth, and pique. The prices are so low you will wonder how we can make and sell them for so little. The secret is that you buy direct from our factory at wholesale prices. The catalogue also contains a number of illustrations of charming frocks for girls, from 6 to 14 years—beautiful dresses at astonishingly low prices. Send for your copy to-day.

Smart Pleated Serge Skirts

Every girl and woman should include in her Spring Wardrobe, one of these lovely accordion pleated skirts. Fine quality navy or black serge; 2½ yards around when drawn out. Neat belt with serge button. Money refunded at once if purchase is not in every way satisfactory. Send us length, size of waistband and \$6.25 Post Office or Express Order for and we will send you skirt at once, charges prepaid.

RICHARDSON'S Limited
13 Bredalbane Street - Toronto



Modern medical practice tends more and more towards prevention of illness, and this is where OXO is of such value; it imparts strength to resist the attacks of disease, and thus is a powerful promoter of health and well-being.



GRAY HAIR—NO! Not a Silver Thread

Silver threads among the gold are out of date. Science has discovered a way to stop it. It offers a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, which restores the original color in 4 to 8 days.

This preparation is easily applied. No one need know you use it. You simply comb it through the hair and the gray disappears.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Refined women who would never use repulsive, crude dyes, have no hesitation in applying Mary T. Goldman's.

The hair is soft and fluffy, ready to curl and dress. It doesn't interfere with shampooing. It won't wash off.

Don't take our word for any of these statements. Prove, yourself, that they are true. Fill out the coupon carefully and mail it to-day. You will receive a trial bottle and application comb.

Test as directed on a single lock of hair and watch the gray disappear. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us as you prefer.

But—be careful—be sure that you see the name MARY T. GOLDMAN'S. There is nothing just as good—there is nothing that will suit you—there is only one MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer. Mail the coupon for trial bottle.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
199 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
199 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is
black jet black dark brown
light brown medium brown light brown
Name
Street
Town
Co. Province

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Dame Fashion has grown indulgent and allows the widest range for individuality so that the spring styles feature not one definite style idea, but a choice of many. We all know that a woman desires in her first purchase of garments for a new season, that which will clothe her correctly and up to date. The long flaring lines of winter fashions are trailing into the spring styles, and flounces and puffs, so attractive for warm sunny days are trying to revive the bouffant silhouette that designers sponsored last season. Directoire styles are represented. Circular skirts are featured. The irregularity of outline on skirts and jackets is noticeable on many of the new models. Tailored frocks are extremely simple in design; many are in one piece effect; others in slip-on style. Always at this season of the year, interest is renewed in the length and width of skirts. Just now there seems to be a disposition to lengthen and also to widen them, but they will not be as short as last year. The circular skirt has come to stay, apparently. Plaited skirts and skirts with plaits are much favored. Flounces, ruffles and plaits are shown on dresses of silk, lace and wash fabrics. The favorite cut for tailored suits will be the scant straight skirt, and short loose wide sack coat; although the skirts will be narrow to all appearances, it will have panels, or laps contrived to give foot room. Straight hung dresses in one piece or one piece effect are still popular; with wide open sleeves, wide belts and attractive embroideries. Some of the new tailored costumes show a trimming of rows of narrow black silk braid; this is always an effective decoration on blue serge and on all shades of tan. Dresses of dark or neutral color, decorated with a wide belt embroidered in brilliant colorings are very much in vogue. Lovely tan color and beige cashmeres are shown with wide woven borders of embroideries in many colors. The bordered material is used on panels, vests, peplums and flaring cuffs, also on skirt hems. Blue and gray as a combination promises to be immensely popular. With a delicate shade of gray the blue may run from navy to delft or sky blue. A steel gray will look well with midnight blue. Beads and embroideries are important this season for dress trimmings. The blouse is a very important part of one's wardrobe. For general wear those made of crepe de chine, crepe, satin, tricolette, or georgette crepe are suitable, in brown, blue, dull red and in black, gray, white and combinations of two or more colors, when worn to match a tailored suit. In tailored models, blouses show high neck effects, long sleeves, and simple trimmings in collar and cuff forms or filet lace. Jabots are featured on some French models, eyelet embroidery is shown on thin stuff models, and those of satin, velvet and chiffon. New blouse features are the low shoulder lines, fitted basque effects, and girdles, wide and of strikingly contrasting colors and fabrics. The kimono sleeve is still worn, but for wear under a coat or jacket, the set-in sleeve is more comfortable. A blouse trimmed with embroidery in the effect of krimmer fur is new and novel. Short sleeves appear again principally in dressy models and sometimes in connection with high collars. A coat of duvetyn shows wing sleeves in cape suggestion and a deep shawl collar; with it is worn a skirt of striped satin and taffeta. A dress of blue serge is trimmed with bands of silk on a red-tinge tunic. A frock of brown serge has a vest and panel of contrasting duvetyn which material is used also for revers, collar and cuffs. A coat of broadcloth may be effectively embroidered with narrow silk soutache braid. Taffeta has returned with the spring fashions. First there is black taffeta, then navy and then comes the two-toned variety.

A Pretty Afternoon Frock—This illustrates Waist Pattern 3536, combined with Skirt Pattern 3539. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It measures 1 1/2 yard at its lower edge. A medium size will require 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for tunic, waist and skirt of one material with 3/4 yard of contrasting material for collar and cuffs. Figured foulard, voile, satin tricotine, serge, duvetyn and crepe de chine are attractive for this style. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Party or Best Wear—3091. For this style net or embroidered crepe and crepe de chine satin or silk could be combined. The design is also attractive for other combinations. The skirt is made with "pouch" drapery at the sides. The overblouse is finished with girdle ends, to which a sash of ribbon or material may be attached. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 4 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart New Gown—Pattern 3552 is here illustrated. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. This design shows the new long shoulder and has very attractive lines. Serge, satin, foulard, tricotine, linen, etamine, duvetyn, georgette, crepe de chine, gingham and pongee are all good for this design. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits, extended is about 2 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Gown—Pattern 3247 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/2 yard for the jumper or over blouse. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1 1/4 yard. As here portrayed, handkerchief linen was used, embroidered in blue. The girdle is of blue linen cord. Crochet buttons trim the jumper. This design is good for ratine, epouge, wash silk, chambray, voile, gingham, taffeta and crepe. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Gown—Comprising Waist Pattern 3538 and Skirt Pattern 3543. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. To make this dress for a medium size will require 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Crepe de chine or serge with floss or chenille embroidery or linen embroidered would be good for this model. It is also attractive in satin and taffeta. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is 2 1/4 yards. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular House or Work Dress—Pattern 3528 supplies this model. It is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 7 yards of 24-inch material. Gingham, percale, lawn, chambray, linen, poplin, repp, drill, flannelette, and henrietta may be used for this design. The width of the skirt at its lower edge is 2 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for the Little Boy—Pattern 3556 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. One could use drill, jean, or madras for the blouse and flannel, serge or khaki for the trousers, or make the entire suit of serge, gingham, linen, or flannel. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Dress for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3554 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 1 1/2 yard of 27-inch material for the guimpe and 3 yards for the dress. The model may be of one material or of a combination. Silk and serge, velvet and taffeta, linen and gingham are good combinations. The guimpe may have short sleeves and the puff on dress sleeve may be omitted. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Boy's Play Suit—Pattern 3549 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the overalls and 1 1/2 yard for the blouse. Galatea, poplin, repp, linen, kindergarten cloth, chambray and gingham are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



"My, but it's soft and warm, mother!"
"Yes, dear, it's the very nicest thing I could buy for my girlie."

Mother can say this with confidence when she uses either

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Unshrinkable Flannels

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Catalogue Notice

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A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Olex Compound and 1/4 ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

J. H. M. Carson

Manufacturer of
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Established 1909

The Latest in Hip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed.



A New Play Suit for a Small Child—Pattern 3522 was used for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Crash, drill, gingham, pongee, poplin, repp, chambray, lawn percale, flannelette serge and crepe may be used for this design. If desired the smock may be closed on the shoulders. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Dress for Work or Leisure—Pattern 3115, cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure is here portrayed. Size 38 will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Gingham in a neat check pattern or percale in dots or figures, would be good for this model. It is excellent for linen, drill, repp or cotton poplin, also for flannelette, lawn and serge. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3534 is portrayed here. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Plaid, woolen, jersey cloth, serge, gingham, linen, duvetyn, taffeta and velvet, also poplin, pongee and percale may be used for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Frock for the Junior—Pattern 3535 was employed for this design. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. Serge, challie, taffeta, tricotine, foulard, pongee, shantung, crepe de chine also gingham, linen and other wash fabrics are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

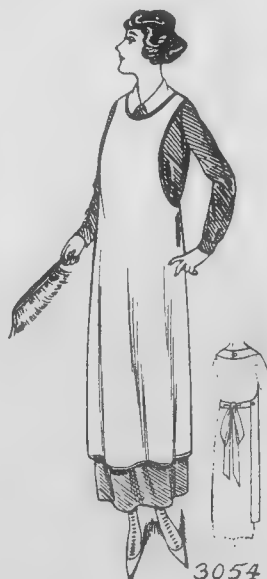
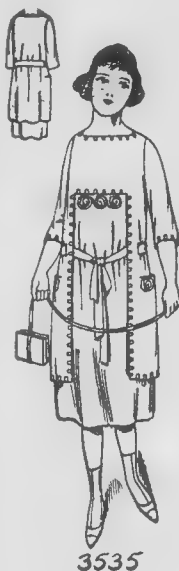
A Popular Style for a "Sleeping" Garment—Pattern 3540 is here shown. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Crepe, satin, silk, linen, voile, batiste, lawn, dimity and flannelette may be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple "Easy to Make" Apron—3054. This is a good model for drill, gingham, chambray, percale, lawn, sateen or alpaca. The pattern is cut in one size, medium. It will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch material, without tie strings. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1 and 2 cent stamps.

A Comfortable, Attractive Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3533 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. Serge, or gabardine, tricotine, velveteen, gingham, and other wash fabrics are good for this style. Blue serge with a decoration of running stitches in black or red yarn will be smart. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—Pattern 3542 is portrayed here. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 26-28; Medium, 30-32; Large, 34-36; Extra Large, 38-40 inches waist measure. A sook, crepe, silk, washable satin, dimity, medium size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Muslin cambric, naincrepe de chine and crossbar muslin are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Tea Apron—Pattern 3547 was used for this design. It is cut in one size: Medium. Lawn, dotted swiss, dimity, crepe, silk, voile, all over embroidery and batiste are attractive for this style. 1 yard of 30-inch material will be required for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



THE CHARM of MYSTERY

The art authority, Millet, has said that "Technique should hide itself modestly behind the thing to be expressed." The chief danger nowadays lies not so much in our failing to appropriate art's little aids but in being too lavish with them. After all, we live in a very subtle and sophisticated world, and the corset that through one fault or another obtrudes itself upon the observer, defeats its purpose and quite spoils the illusion of desirableness.

The mystery of the modern corset lies in its skillful adaptation to the natural lines of the figure. Its self-effacing artistry enhances a woman's points of beauty, hides her disharmonies and creates the impression of a gracefully poised body, faultlessly proportioned by nature. So Gossard technique hides itself discreetly behind the beauty it expresses.

Individual solution of the problem of corsetry is the only method that promises success. Study yourself and be mindful

that violent contrast between waist and hips and bust, not only makes becoming dress impossible, but violates that charm of mystery that proper corsetry enhances.

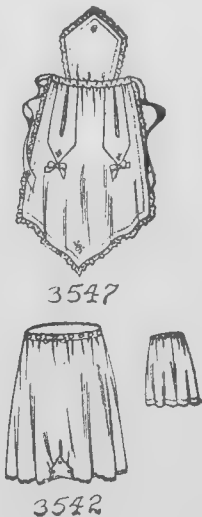
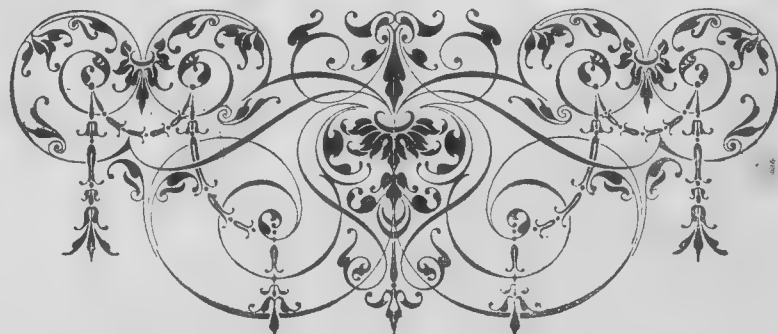
And this alluring mystery of beauty is for every woman, for Gossard artistry has made a study of every figure need from the little lady of slightest figure to the matron of full proportions. You will be delighted with the self-effacing Gossards that seem to have been created for you alone.

Because of the naturalness of its healthful support, your Gossard is relieved of all undue strain and so will wear far beyond the life of the average corset. Its original grace and shapeliness will remain unchanged to the last day you put it on. In the economy of this superior wearing service alone, these original front lacing corsets are worth their cost.

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GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS

are to be found at those stores distinguished by a corset department that offers a real service. When you buy a Gossard, you buy a SERVICE: a style service, a comfort service and a wearing service that must be unquestionably satisfactory to you. Gossard Corsets are fairly priced within the reach of every woman; and their superior quality which for years has been consistently maintained above imitation, assures the economical buyer a thrifty and lasting pride in ownership.



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Talcum

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Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c. each. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., West, Montreal.

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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—Robert Loveman

I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue,
Do I stoop I pick a posy,
Do I stand and stare—all's blue.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

How to Remove a Tight Ring

Sometimes a finger becomes so swollen around a tight ring that nothing short of filing the ring in two will remove it. There is however a simpler and better way: Wind a length of rubber banding or elastic around the finger beginning at the end. Lay it closely but not too tight. When the ring edge is reached hold the hand up in the air for a few minutes. Now release the rubber and wrap it over again. In the meantime rubbing the finger with oil, lard or soap. Keep the rubber on for about five minutes. This time the swelling should be all gone. But slip the ring off quickly before it comes up again.

To Clean a Milk Bottle

Take a few old gramophone needles. Place them in a bottle, partly filled with soapy water. Shake vigorously and the bottle will be well cleaned.

How To Make a Good Sandwich Filling

Stone a cupful of dates. Add the juice of a lemon, and a few walnut meats chopped. Place over a slow flame and stir until the dates are soft and easily mashed. Spread between slices of brown buttered bread. This is a delicious and satisfying sandwich.

The Grass that Sells by the Yard

Mr. MacDonald of Harpenden, Eng., has discovered that grass will grow on a bolt of goods, as well as in soil. He lays out yards of cloth on the floor of his greenhouse, sprinkles it with grass seed, and after the seed has grown measures off his cloth, rolls it up and sells it. The cloth is stretched on the level ground of the lawn to be, and in a few days the roots of the grass will have got a good foothold in the ground.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

There was an old person in black,
A grasshopper jumped on his back,
When it chirped in his ear, he was smitten
with fear
That helpless old person in black.

There was an old person of Ischia,
Whose conduct grew friskier and friskier
He danced hornpipes and jigs, and ate
thousands of figs,
That lively old person of Ischia.

Maggie had a new baby brother, which everybody agreed was such a baby as had never been seen before. One day the baby was being weighed, and Maggie asked what that was for.

"Oh," said her father, "Uncle George has taken a great fancy to baby, and he's offered to buy him for a shilling an ounce."

Maggie looked startled. "You're not going to sell him, are you, daddy?"

The class was just beginning the study of geography.

"James," said the teacher to the small boy in the front row, "tell me all you know about the North Pole."

"The North Pole is up at the end of the world, and the earth turns around it, and Eskimos live there and—and—"

"Well, James, is that all you know about the North Pole? What about the climate?"

James was embarrassed at being "called" in front of the class, and gasped at the suggestion. "Why, why, the Eskimos try to climb it."

Two British soldiers went in a restaurant at Saloniki and asked for Turkey with Greece. The waiter said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I can't serve," whereupon the Tommies cried, "Fetch the Bosphorus." When that gentleman arrived and heard the complaint, the manager said: "Well, gentlemen, I don't want to Russia, but you cannot Roumania." And so the poor Tommies had to go away Hungary.

The teacher had been reading to the class about forests.

"And now, boys," she asked, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine!"—Exchange.

"A burnt child dreads the fire," announced the teacher during the lesson in proverbs. "Now give me a sentence different in wording but meaning the same thing."

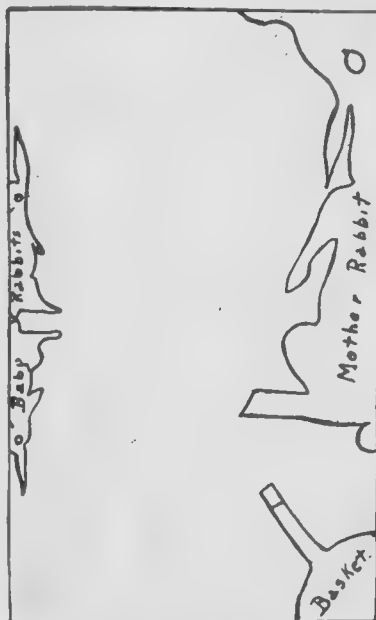
A grimy hand shot up from the back of the class.

"Please, teacher," came a small voice, "A washed child dreads the water."—"Blighty."

SOMETHING TO MAKE

The Envelope Rabbit

Do you remember that two or three months ago we gave you some envelope animals. Well here is another one pretty cute too, I think you'll all agree. Trace this pattern on the pasted edge of the envelope. Cut out with scissors. Fill in the eyes with pencil or pen. Cut out the tiny mouth and the slit at the back of the neck. Place finger in the head and press it open. Press ears forward toward eyes. Curve paper at the top of the head by working it a little with fingers and thumb. Bring the head down and slip the lap under the chin, through slit at back of neck. Paste to make firm. Press tail upwards. Of course anyone can see what to do to make the basket. You can paint the basket in bright colors and fill with lace paper flowers or tiny eggs made of plasticine.



SOMETHING WE HAVE RECEIVED

A very nice letter from Juanita Emde, Tyvan, Sask. Receipts from Lizzie Houck, Hartney, Man., Mary Fyson, Hartney, Man. Drawings from Eva Boberg, Harwarden, Sask., and Evelyn West, Ogilvie, Man. A letter of thanks for his W.H.M. C.C. button from Leo J. Lubiniecke of Dauphin, Man., who admires the button very much and is proud of having won it.

Three letters on "How We Encourage Birds" are worthy of a place in the Cosy Corner, and their writers will be the

It takes a joint of beef to make a Bottle of Bovril

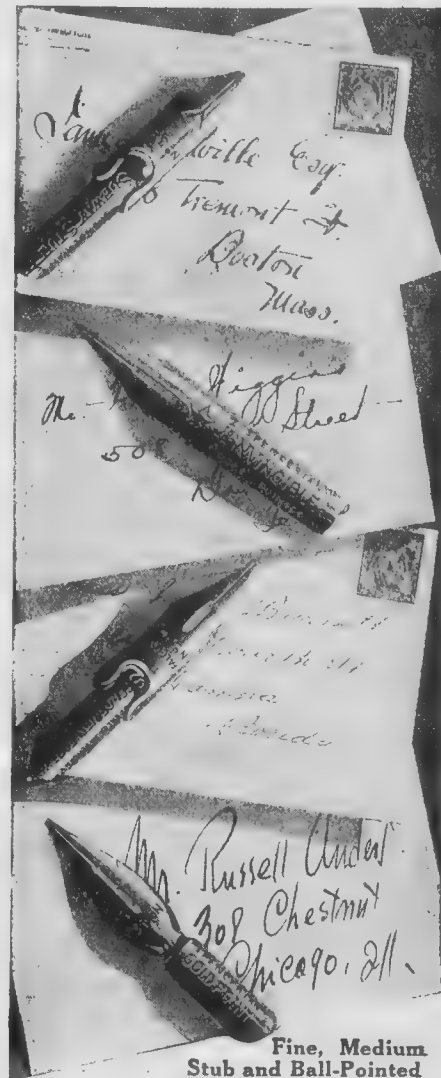
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The Western Home Monthly

lucky owners of W.H.M.C.C. buttons. Turn back to the March number of the W.H.M. for 1920 and look at the cut and directions for making a "catless bird bath," and try this out for this summer.

To Encourage Birds

To bring the birds to our homes in summer build little houses and put them on high poles and plant trees and shrubs around the house with fruits agreeable to the birds. A shallow dish set on a pole or the window ledge supplied with water occasionally, will be a great convenience to birds as a place for drinking and bathing. Birds render service to the country which is worth millions of dollars. They live mostly on the seeds of weeds and destructive insects. The English sparrow is a bird that should be destroyed. They should be poisoned but great care should be taken not to destroy useful birds.

Duncan Robertson,
1741-36 Ave. East, South Vancouver, B.C.

How I Will Bring the Birds Around My Home This Spring

If there is one thing I love to see around more than another it is the birds. But as there are no trees around here to attract them I make boxes big enough for bluebirds, robins, etc., to build their nests in, and nail them up on fence posts, the side of the house, or any other place that is out of the cat's way. Then place feathers, grass, string, horse hair, etc., inside, leaving some hanging out of the hole. When the birds come they see these boxes and it isn't long before they take possession. As the robins and bluebirds often take a fancy to the same nest it is necessary to make some entrances small so that the



On Guard

robins cannot enter. This has proved a very satisfactory method in the past years and so I will do the same this spring.

Joyce Abbis, Coleridge, Alta.

How to Encourage Birds

I think one of the best ways to encourage birds is to feed them during the winter. We have been feeding the sparrows during the winter and now about twenty can be seen waiting on the trees every morning for their breakfast.

Another way to encourage birds is for people who have trees on their premises to let the birds build their nests in them without molestation. If they are not interfered with while building their nests and are let alone at other times they will look upon the place as a sort of refuge where they cannot be harmed.

If little wooden houses are built and put in trees in a secluded part of the grounds the birds will probably build in them.

A thing a bird dearly loves is an ash bath. If ashes are placed on the warm side of a building the birds will spend many happy minutes in them. Pans of water placed where the water will keep

cool also helps to encourage birds. A difficulty in connection with this is that cats and dogs might drink the water. However if the water is placed in a tree with thick foliage the dogs cannot reach it and probably the cats will not see it, while the birds are almost certain to do so.

Donald Edwards, Broadview, Sask.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO

1. Draw a map-plan of your own farm or grounds, showing where the buildings are, the garden, the chicken run, the pasture and the different grain fields. If there are woods or a river or hills near you show these on your map.

See who has the best idea of their own home. There will be a W.H.M.C.C. button for the winner.

2. You all have favorite books. Choose the one you love best and tell in a few words why you like it. There will be a W.H.M.C.C. button for the writer of the best reason.

Who wants a button? You'll have to hurry. All drawings and letters to be in before May 5th. Results in June number.

Uncommon Wants

Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without the author's intent, are to be found in almost any number of any newspaper. The following announcements were printed in all good faith in the advertising columns of various English newspapers, and, as a whole, they won a prize offered by a London periodical for the best collection of such specimens of unconscious humor:

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away, in a strong iron frame.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Two sisters want washing.

Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.

Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.

Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays.

For Sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

A boy who can open oysters with reference.

Bulldog for Sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

Carrying Out Orders

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building.

When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind. He sent for Dan, and inquired, "Where's the castle?"

"The castle, my lord? That could thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

The Professional Point of View

The mayor of a small Western town sat in the barber's chair, having his hair cut. The remnants of the local Grand Army post, thinned by death and old age, marched past the shop on their way to a flag-raising at the high school.

The mayor remarked to the barber, "Well, they're getting few and far between now."

"Yes," replied the barber, "but you won't be bald for some time yet."

Solve These Riddles!

			
When a bear goes into a dry goods store, what does he want? Answer: SLIM NU	What is it that every living person has seen but will never see again? Answer: DRY E YEAST	What is that which you break by just naming it? Answer: ICE LENS	What is the difference between a 1920 dime and an 1899 cent? Answer: NICE NETS N

WIN This Car! 1921 Model

HERE are four riddles for boys and girls with wise heads. We told the artist to draw the pictures to represent the riddles, but he guessed the right answers—and put them in too! So we barred him from the contest and told him to keep it a secret. Luckily, he got the answers all jumbled up, so you won't be any the wiser.

If you can unscramble the jumbled letters beneath each riddle picture and put them in their right order to spell the right words, you will have the right answers. It isn't an easy task. Good thinking, patience and perseverance may find you the answers. Try it.

If you think you have found the answers, write them carefully on a sheet of white paper. Put on nothing, but your four answers and your name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the page. Handwriting, spelling, punctuation and general neatness will count if more than one answer is correct.

We will write and tell you immediately if you are correct and send you a handsome illustrated list of all the prizes that you can win.



Dosens of boys and girls have won them and are proud of them.

The Genuine Culver Racer is the niftiest auto for girls and boys ever built. It is a genuine motor car—not a toy. Has real steering wheel and gears with shifting lever, steel springs, powerful brake, pneumatic tires handsomely enameled body and good upholstery. Runs up to 25 miles an hour and uses very little gasoline. You will be proud of it if you win it.

THE PRIZES

	VALUE
FIRST PRIZE, Genuine Culver Chummy Racer...	\$250.00
Second Prize, Real Typewriter	40.00
Third Prize, Genuine Autographic Kodak Folding Camera	35.00
Fourth Prize, Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain or Girl's Wrist Watch	25.00
Fifth Prize, French Baby Doll and Wicker Carriage	15.00
Sixth Prize, Moving Picture Machine with Film	10.00
Seventh to Tenth Prizes, Self-filler Fountain Pens, each	5.00

What Others Have Done YOU Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

Earl J. Beattie, Surf Inlet, B.C., Chummy Culver Racer, Value \$250.00.	Typewriter
Harry Dwyre, Elgin, Ont.	Seven-Jewelled Watch
Earnest Fisher, Montreal	Shetland Pony and Cart
Helen Smith, Edmonton, Alta.	Shetland Pony
Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.	\$100.00 Cash
Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.	\$50.00 Cash
Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.	\$25.00 Cash
Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.	\$15.00 Cash
Bryden Foster, Leamington, Alta.	\$15.00 Cash
Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.	\$15.00 Eastman Kodak
Mary Proctor, Vancouver, B.C.	\$15.00 Bracelet Watch
Eva Casson, North Bay, Ont.	\$10.00 Doll and Carriage

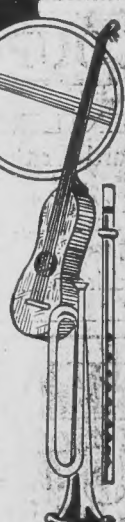
The contest will close on June 30, 1921, at 5.30 p.m. We will send you the names of many others too. Only boys and girls 17 years of age and under may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us. Send your answers this very evening to

THE RIDDLEMAN

Dept. 33 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



Mail Orders Shipped Promptly

This department in our organization is stocked with complete lines of best makes of instruments and supplies, at lowest possible prices.

Violins.....	\$ 8.00 up	Auto Harps.....	\$ 5.75 up
Banjos.....	10.50 up	Ukuleles.....	5.75 up
Guitars.....	15.00 up	Metronomes.....	6.00 up
Flageolets.....	.25 up	Mouth Organs.....	.50 up
Violin Bows.....	1.00 up	Accordeons.....	15.00 up

All Carrying Charges Prepaid on Orders of \$3.00 up.
Write to-day for fuller Particulars.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. LTD. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

How About Your Subscription?

Reference to the address label on your magazine may show that your subscription has expired—or may shortly do so. The small sum of one dollar will insure uninterrupted service. **Do it now!**

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Western Home Monthly Chat

By B. Dale

Cont'd from page 6

down thar. Want to make a wee written contract with me for ten dollars. Cost nothin' if no water found. No! Do tell! Perhaps you don't think I can find water. Yes! Do tell! Perhaps you are goin' to live here without a well. No! Do tell! Perhaps you are not comin' back soon! No! Do tell! Perhaps you beant never comin' back! No! Well, tarnation, why couldn't tell a feller so in the first place." And we heard him muttering all the way down to the boat and all the time he shoved her off, and all the way across the silent fiord.

Then we got into the tent and the much rattled and banged typewriter flies, or the note book and pencil are busy and Laddie raises his merry brown eyes to the great solemn ones of the guides and asks, "Won't you fellows ever go to bed. Another day coming right along to-morrow."

In closing I want to talk to the many cheerful correspondents which make the "correspondence column" such a bright part of the good old magazine. You want to be careful asking all us readers to write you and at times almost inviting us to see your beautiful farm homes, or you will have an old fellow like me packing up bag and faggage and jumping on the first C.P.R. train for the Western home. You have a glorious part of Canada to live in. I know it. I have lost my way in a blizzard in Brandon in early days. I have shot ducks in numbers near Moose Jaw. I have lived in Portgale, Calgary, Regina and the muddy old Winnipeg of '90. I have seen it 40 below in Fort MacLeod. Goodness knows what above in Medicine Hat. Nearly all Indians on the platform there in '90. I bought imitation buffalo horns from them, real cow horns those. Oh! the poor Indian and my new nice five dollar bill. Saw a pair sold for two dollars later. Even then the crops were attracting the attention of the world. Go on! Write some more of those letters, and you'll see me out there again in the land of No. 1 Hard and good fellowship.

About the Farm

By A. Campbell

Cont'd from page 33

during the spring. These periods may be guarded against by making sure that the bees have a few pounds in reserve, but if the periods of bad weather be long, feeding will have to be resorted to. From early spring onwards, a weekly inspection of the hives should be the rule.

SPRING PREPAREDNESS

In spite of what may have been done over winter, there are always a number of tasks to accomplish in the spring in the general rush to the land. In the stable, the harness should have a final inspection for the summer season's work and also receive a good oiling. The horses' feet should be in first-class order; this rule should be applied to their teeth as well.

By all means have the harness fit snugly to avoid soreness of shoulders and back. When our boots hurt us we soon investigate the cause, but the horse must depend on the intelligence of his driver to save him from unnecessary pain during the performance of his work. Especially in the spring season when horses are more or less soft, it is necessary to guard against the event of sores caused by, harness. Loose hames, loose sweat pads, collars too large or too tight, and sweat pads with poor surfaces are unfair to the horses.

All machinery should be ready for instant use in the field and all axles have their share of grease. Sometimes the application of axle grease is not nearly as hard a task as the hunting up of the grease tin from the place where it was left the previous fall.

When Mrs. Siddons was acting in the "Grecian Daughter," her part was one night taken by an understudy. But the character of Isabella was a moving one, and an Irish lady present was almost hysterically affected by it.

"It is fortunate Mrs. Siddons is not acting to-night," said the gentleman beside her. "If this moves you so much, you would hardly be able to bear that at all."

"Mrs. Siddons not playing!" cried the weeping lady. "I thought she was. I never should have cried if I hadn't."

A Ruthenian Wedding Feast

By Sara G. Mosher

Cont'd from page 36

In a moment all is bustle, for Paraska is still wearing her maiden's wreath of artificial flowers, and this must be exchanged for the matron's hoostea before her husband and his kinsmen arrive. But the new white hoostea has been mislaid.

"Stupid one!" Paraska cried, shaking her sister Tatiana. "Did I not tell you to have the hoostea ready? Damian will beat you when he hears of this."

"That little man?" Tatiana laughed scornfully. "Let him try. When I marry, I shall at least choose a man who is able to beat me when he wishes to do so!"

"Saucy good-for-nothing!" Paraska raged. "You will indeed be lucky if you get a man at all, with that temper—though of course I shall do my best for you," she added, mollified by the sight of her mother coming with the missing head-kerchief.

Tatiana's retort was cut short by the arrival of the bridegroom's party. There is a mock fight, the bride's friends pretending to defend her from her captors. A volley is fired from some dozen rifles, and the bride's friends, pretending to be overpowered, fall back, and Paraska is carried out to the democrat waiting to take her to her father-in-law's house.

The wedding guests stay until late that night also, but the fun is not so furious now; three almost sleepless nights are beginning to tell. Shortly before dawn, having shaken hands with the last departing friend, Tofan and his family threw themselves on the sleeping benches for much needed repose.

"A fine wedding," Tofan said, as he tucked his sheepskin coat under his head in lieu of a pillow. "Now that Paraska is off our hands, time it is to think of somebody for our Tatiana."

But that damsel careless of her future fate, is already sound asleep on the mud floor.

In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

"We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' fields."

(This is quoted from the copy of manuscript in "Canadian Singers and Their Songs," where the word "grow" is written instead of "blow.")

Then there is Mrs. Jean Blewett, who writes the everyday kind of poetry, her verse puts us in touch with the highest of ideals. Her lessons are of self-denial and of the power of love to mould men and women. One of her poems, "Spring" won the prize of six hundred dollars, awarded by the Chicago Times-Herald several years ago.

Her poem, "For He was Scotch and so Was She," is an example of her sympathetic soul.

"They were a couple well content
With what they earned and what they spent,
Cared not a whit for style's decree,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"And oh, they loved to talk of Burns,
Dear blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!
They never wearied of his song,
He never sang a note too strong,
One little fault could neither see,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"They loved to read of men who stood
And gave for country life and blood,

Who held their faith so grand a thing
They scorned to yield it to a king,
Ah, proud of such they well might be,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"From neighbors' broils they kept away;
No liking for such things had they,
And oh, each had a canny mind,
And could be deaf, and dumb and blind
With words or pence was neither free,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"I would not have you think this pair,
Went on in weather always fair,
For well you know in married life,
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;
They couldn't always just agree,
For he was Scotch and so was she.

"But near of heart they ever kept,
Until at close of life they slept;
Just this to say when all was past,
They loved each other to the last.
They're loving yet, in heaven, may be,
For he was Scotch and so was she."

Next month I shall quote some gems from our Western Canadian poets. Trust teachers will use more poems from Canadian poets in the schools. Patriotic poetry, songs of praise of Canadian scenery, nature beauty and love are all wonderfully expressed in language of music.

A teacher of several years' experience told me the other day that she knew very little Canadian poetry. A rich treat is in store for any one who determines to study and learn the poetry of Canadian men and women.

His Face

It would be difficult to find a more caustic comment than that in the following brief dialogue from the Passing Show:

"I 'spect they refused Jim 'cause 'o that growth at the back of 'is nose."
"No, 'e wouldn't. 'E calls it 'is fice."
"Growth?" 'E never mentioned no growth to me."



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United States & Great Britain
by Francis Dickie

In these days of great house shortages in all the civilized countries of the world, and when rents are high, and even apartments hard to get at any price the average city dweller may well look with envy on the group of houses shown here, owned by people in lands where the landlord never troubles and rent days ne'er come round.

Photograph one—The last word in South Sea architecture, a Samoan Island home of poles and thatch. The walls work like theatre curtains and are dropped in bad weather.

Photograph two—Homes of savage Solomon Islanders; the interiors dark and

dirty. Human heads often adorn the interiors.

Photograph three—Ornate and beautiful house made by Battick natives of Sumatra.

Photograph four—Summer home of modern Eskimo in Northern Canada. The stovepipe is innovation borrowed from white man. The houses are of canvas, or seal skin, or caribou laid over bone or wood framework.

Photograph five—Houses of Malays built on piles out in shallows of sea. Fishing can be carried on from the front door and the sewerage problem is eliminated by ocean.

Photograph six—Fiji house in Mountainscool. Clean but dark. After using a little while these are deserted for new ones.

Photo seven—A trapper's cabin in Canadian wilderness.

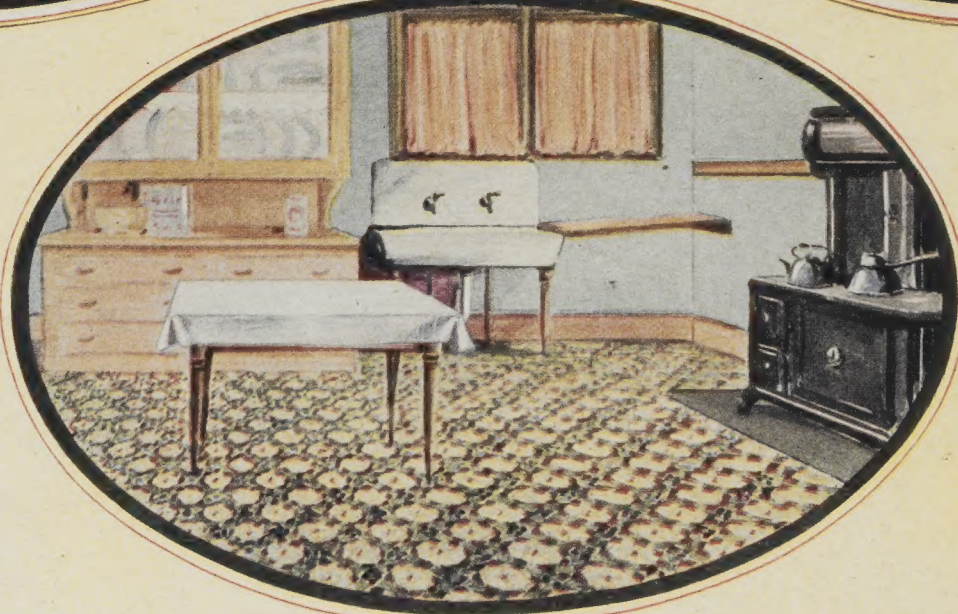
Photo eight—Winter home Yellowknife Indians, Northern Canada. Made of caribou skins and poles. In foreground part of white is snow, part white foxes offered for sale.

Photo nine—New Guinea village. The houses built on piles high off ground requiring a ladder to enter.

(Photo collection from Francis Dickie)

Kitchen Floor Covering

*that is
Serviceable Sanitary
good to look upon*



It Is Easy To Keep Clean and Soft To The Tread

In fact for the kitchen there are no floor coverings more satisfactory, more economical or easier to keep clean than these Made-in-Canada Floor Coverings.

LINOLEUM Floor Oilcloth and Feltol

Floor Coverings may now be purchased at lower prices than have prevailed for years. But it is not only their low first cost that recommends them to the thrifty housewife—their wear-resisting qualities make them the least expensive as compared with hardwood or other types of floor coverings.

Your dealer will show you a wide variety of pleasing designs in Linoleum, Floor Oilcloth and Feltol, suitable for any room in the house, as well as a wide choice of Linoleum and Floor Oilcloth Rugs in many attractive patterns.

To-day it is important to insist upon getting Made-in-Canada goods—insist therefore on getting Floor Coverings that are made in Canada, by Canadian workmen to withstand Canadian climatic conditions.

What Linoleum is

Finely ground cork, scientifically combined with linseed oil, embedded in strong base of selected burlap, making the most durable of sanitary washable floor coverings. Wears like iron.

What Floor Oilcloth is

Selected pigments are applied, layer after layer, to burlap back. Pattern is then printed and surface coated with wear-resisting varnishes.

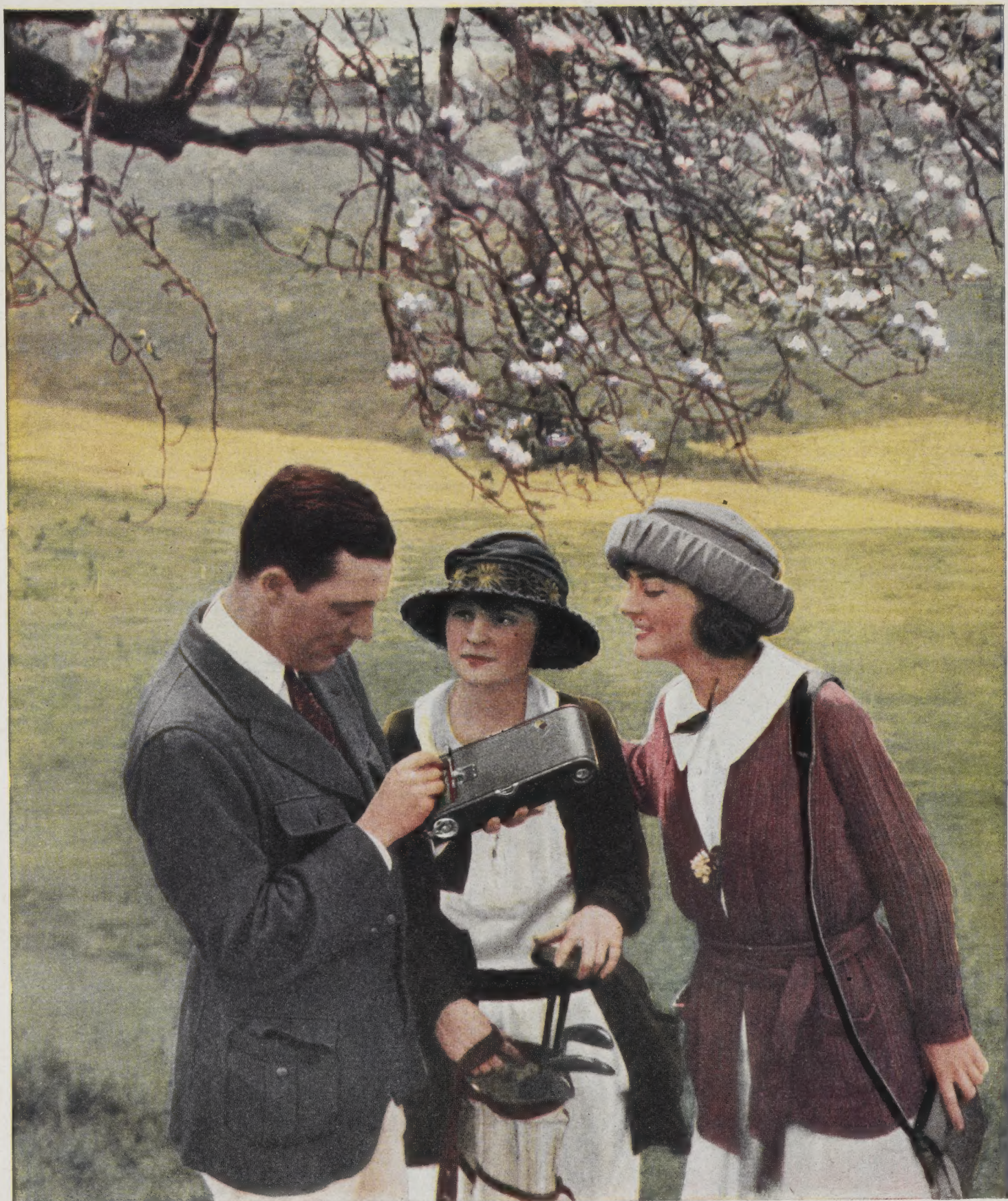
What Feltol is

A new process felt base floor covering made under a similar process to Floor Oilcloth. Most moderately priced sanitary floor coverings.

*Pattern shown
suitable for use in
kitchen or pantry*



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